

Will Smith, Afro Angel

(Ooh, Ohh)

Here I stand before you - brown.

Color of the mountains

Colossal as the earth

Wrapped so deliciously within my own joy and misery

Feathers of my wings paralyzed by the distance of my mind

Here I stand before you, the color of the night

Frozen by the potential of me

(Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh-uh-uh-uh) An Afro Angel

Afro Angel off your pedestal from perchin above

You on the prowl now, downtown, searchin for love

In all the wrong places, outside your radio stations

Hopin he with new hit single, is tryin to mingle

Today, he is me in your town, puttin it down

You in the car with your friends, followin my limo around

Puttin a bug in my boy's ear, your "S" is for free

You'll do anything for Omar or Phil, bring you to me

And then me, hypnotized by the devil as well

Hold out my hand as an invitation into my hotel

No need to RSVP, place your hand in my palm

As all your girlfriends getting jealous, damn she landed the bomb

Willing to trade your spirit for some crass, whack wage

Something small, something simple as a pass back stage

But now I lay me, down to creep

And I - pray the Lord my soul to keep

Chorus:

Afro Angel, born against the world

You don't have to sell your soul and throw away your pride

Afro Angel, sent from heaven above

Never forget that you are loved

You know that you are loved

Lil Bobby got a gun now, age fifteen

Destined to spend his life inside a cage it seems

Rage inside, pride, been denied respect

He can't take it though he gotta earn it

But he ain't learned that yet

Out on the town, reckless abandon he's been bullied before

But now he straps, so no more

Attitude high

Flexin on every guy that walk by

But don't start pal

Asif the gun came from the whiz, Cowardly Lion, got heart now

Let's pull it on a stranger

Ahh, fun for the crew

Surprised when he realized, damn dude got one too

Smile's upside down now, games ain't so cute

Bobby's a deer in a headlights

Pumk, drop it or I'll shoot

Then like a sniper, cleanin his rifle, Bobby disobeys his commands

One shot rings out (gunshot) then only the stranger stands

Could of sworn Bobby's blood formed the shape of an angel's wings

But for what?

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Back in high school, Tamika was the sweetest, the bomb

Hot to death, though in tenth grade a teenage mom
Knocked up by some thug named Russ in the drug game
But had the cutest kid you ever seen
Then off of pressure from her mom
She stepped to Russ
Said it's either them drugs or us
Either them thugs or us
The ultimatum, either continue bein a thug in the world
Or start lovin your girl
And say God, bear me witness, no doubt, lovin ya dear
But to go from 50 g's a week to 30 g's a year
That ain't happenin
I guess he wasn't that strong
He came back the next week, and the whole family was gone
Yo they straight moved away, without as little as a word
Well, needless to say, Russ was a little perturbed
Then in a fury put the pressure on her girlfriend Shawn
And like a clumsy chef she spilled the beans on where they had gone

Upstate Schenectady,
Tamika answered the door
It was the last person she expected to be
They just stared
He said you love me for me?
You can do without the cars, vacations, and jewelry?
Down with me?
Period.
Through life's stress and strife
She said, Yeah, He said in that case
Would you please be my wife?
Then like a sign from the sky, the baby cried
Like an angel sings
I love y'all more than anything

Chorus:
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You don't have to sell your soul and throw away your pride
Afro Angel, sent from heaven above
Never forget that you are loved
You know that you are loved

(Repeat Chorus)