I'm not jealous of those other women
Because I think you want to be with them
If there's something that makes me envious
It's in the way they receive love

Angel, why you got to be so tough

I remember sitting in the room with them
Hearing what they said, when talk about women
Joking about killing, dismemberment
And I said nothing
Cuz I believed them to be true
And I can never tell that they're not you, too

I'm not always scared about the men
Just that sometimes hard to trust in them

Angel, why you got to be so tough