

# Some of Us Have Angels

Nas

Some of us have angels -- the kingdom, the power  
Some of us have angels -- the power, the glory  
Some of us have demons -- greed, and lust  
Some of us have demons -- lust, temptation  
(2x)

Now this is you, dressed in all black, fatigue hat, ready for combat  
A good nigga, you don't leave tracks  
A hood nigga wantin G-stacks, do what you gotta do to get that  
You feel you need that, where the jooks at?  
These are your niggaz, creepin they be leavin niggaz sleep witchu  
Loc' style, quiet no smile, it's the official  
Sometime they grimy, speakin on they own people  
They snake you if they have to, raised tattoos  
Now these are your bitches, phonin lonely homey chickens  
All the homies stick em, you think you own em man listen  
She stab you in your sleep with a knife from out the kitchen  
Put a root on you, next week they find you missin  
Dead in your Expedition in the forest, fell off the cliff and  
tumbled til you blew up, Feds told her and she threw up  
Fake bitches, actresses, wicked witch practices  
Two sides of us, negative or positive

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Now this is your mom, your good luck charm  
Pushin you to do no wrong, prayin for you that you live long  
Nobody kill my baby, but she know her baby crazy  
In and out of jail, mom's screamin, "God take me!"  
This is your pop, chip off the old block that made him  
The man of the house, mom and pops seperatin  
Spittin image of a gangster the way pop walked  
the way pop talked, got older and you thanked him now  
This is your hood, poor folks drugs and robberies  
Turnin into the things moms wanted you not to be  
Crime followin the wrong dudes who have no values  
Life's cheap as the dime in the minds of those around you  
This is the test, the stress, the conflict the ups and downs of  
niggaz around you make threats  
They tell you keep it gangster, no matter the predicament  
Even though your decision won't help you benefit

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Now once again this is you, entertainin your desires  
Bitches money and guns, aimin and you fire  
Everyday is grief, if it ain't beef, it's feedin your seed  
Tryin to eat? You form material needs  
The weed make your brain sizzle, a pistol make it cool off  
by stickin up niggaz, make them take they jewels off  
His reputation is, bigger than his whole life span

He never planned to fail, he just failed to plan  
What does it take to realize, Satan's alive, he whispers  
And any chance he get, he can take niggaz  
He comes in all shapes and sizes, his best disguise is  
when he stand beside us, but God is inside us, within me  
You are your worst enemy - my mom's words echo in my head  
And if I let go I'm dead  
He stepped at my door, the ? motivate my spirit  
And now the body experience, so now I feel it  
Lookin at my blessings, the bullets - that missed me coulda hit me  
Them court cases coulda put me in the penitentiary  
I never hate, that's just wasted energy  
The past is gone, the present's a gift, so what's the mystery?  
The future - and time only reveals, what fear is  
False expectations, appearin real  
We only human, love thy neighbor, so I was told  
and I will til permanently, my eyes are closed

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