

## Jamie T

### "Sending Me Angels"

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Chorus:

You keep sending me angles  
Here they come a flyin'  
You keep sending me angels  
To keep me from cryin'  
You keep sending me angels  
Sweet and true  
You keep sending me angels  
Just like you

Verse 1:

These niggas selfish in my village - but I made it thru  
the slums  
And for what? To know they hate me - No one makes it  
where I'm from  
Just a Quest Called Tribe - with my eyes wide open  
Few with divine focus - who try then died hopeless  
Survived - to make a difference - no matter who is  
indifferent,  
A better livin - type of place to raise kids in  
And that alone could pay these dividends - so I get it  
I just make the team better, - like Jordan made Pippen  
Lord Willing, - to see this keep me humble and hungry  
And some days it sunny - but it aint so hard -  
I mean, School was my hustle - was just Kidz In the Hall  
It's what you learn from The Roots - when Things Fall  
Apart  
Who'll ride wit us - and side kick it - as my witness  
And for 5 minutes, I'll get high, defy limits  
No lie - my shine glistens - so I know that I've sowed  
what I'm reepin'  
Shyt is different today - the feeling is fleeting

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Verse 2:

I'll tell 'em - you gotta pay for this -  
and I remember when I use to pray for this  
I mean poor righteous teachers - I just read between  
the .....

In my mind - nothin' can stop me - I'd probably lead the  
blind  
Old heads - I pay homage - share the knowledge with  
my peers,  
and then I pray for the kids - who grew up like I did  
So yea, some people listen and they notice every line  
I Wish that I could have that moment for life  
But I'm alright - because I -  
could tell the growth - to sell my soul could be a risk  
Or be dope but don't exist - Out of sight, out of mind  
Think long as they breakin ' bread - I'll never step outta  
line  
I'll feel like I am entitled - I am free, I'm alive  
So I gotta rise up - I'm up, I'm tough, won't divide us  
When I get the tribe up - when they line up -  
Give em signs cuz my niggas willin' to die for -  
Keep the eyes up - Til times up on my grind -  
So I get fi(re)'d up - win or lose - refuse to keep it tied  
up  
Whatever it takes to remind us - What we need is still  
inside us and they

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Just like you

Verse 3:

And for what, to know they hate me, No one makes it  
where I'm from  
And pray for these kids - who grew up like I did  
Poor righteous teacher - I just read between the lines  
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want

em

Chorus:

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