

James Wade

"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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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

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