

Manna From Heaven-Rasheed Chappell Lyrics

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“Manna From Heaven”

From where the shells pop telephone.
Why is living with Shelter?
From the cast,
a memorial site in the else Park?
Smoke blown treated like kings.
When niggas come home.
Never help me son in his hand or use a cell phone
liquor stores.
White.
Don't faint squeaking on Finn No,
he's missing out at a mouth smell,
like the day before.
Faison wore army fatigue,
you know,
the uniform heat up right in a jeans,
my niggas.
Keep it all dice game.
See niggas raw beat up with bike chains.
Metal scrapping,
stealing copper snatching bike,
frames hood shit.
Daily revolved around this whole shit Corners.
Like a checkout line.

Who got the good shit.
Pray rub,
not in the stack.
That's all I give me.
Poppy seed,
Manna From Heaven.
We got mouths to feed.
Open cases,
suspended license till a nigga.
Chase it revolvers generous,
you keep the cases,
it's just the basics.
The pine box old I am bracelet,
I am bracelet bylaws Grace.
I skate to still respected Silent Partner because I'm
still invested still connected and never eat all face,
Baby.
My reflection.
You were discretion for this televised.
They want in life,
so I gave him mine.
