

Trap Tears

Raury

Mama cryin', can't survive
She lost her mind, she's stressin' out
She needs to pay bills
Son took her money, daughter hungry
Bought the shit, there's no refunding
She's high stakes
Older gang, they gave him weight
But he was weak, he has a week
Or he will be killed
And papa died, he used to trap
His son's a man, but men don't cry
Unless they're trap tears
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They tank the future, knew his noose
To hang the youth and print your mind
Before you turn twelve
The sex and drugs and rock and roll
Before hormones we've been exposed
Before we know ourselves
Her baby's early, papa workin'
16, 13, what the tragic story I tell
He lost his job, his homie Brandon
Got connected to the plug
His family needs help
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Songwriters

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