Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Pharoahe Monch

Fuck you know about struggle? The boy in the plastic bubble

When I drink away the pain I guzzle

My life is like a complicated mathematical puzzle, for real

Seen death twice, it's ugly motherfucker man

But you conversate with him when you suffering

He said, "Let go of the pain, you'll never rock the mic again

Your choice slug to the brain or 20 Vicodin

I kinda likened it to Ortho Tri-cyclen

Disturbing the natural cycles of life and it's trifling

Fuck what you heard, less money more problems

4 years removed from the game with no alblum

I put the gun to my brain, but first I wrote a note to explain

Put the Luger in my head, and these are the words that I saidSure as kingdoms rise the same kingdoms were sure to fall

And wash away like memories, as if they weren't there at all
Like broken limbs of trees that's lost its leaves to Winter's wind
Spring will come again
LiveWhen your cerebral ceases to administer silence
And the only faith you have left is a CD

Tomorrow is never Hope is abolished

From a singer who had a son with Christopher Wallace

Mind and soul have little to no unity

Life threw a brick through my window of opportunity

My immune system lacked diplomatic immunity

Where do you go from there?

Where do you go from there?

Long walk, short pier

Thought I knew all it was just to know of the ledge Till I glanced down at all ten toes on the ledge Before I heard what sounded to me like a pledge Emerged from the darkness, and this is what it said

Do not despair, breathe, fight
For there is more life to live, believe
More insight to share, retrieve
Was the dead at the illustrious
Exhale, hold, inhale, receive and live

LiveSure as kingdoms rise the same kingdoms were sure to fall And wash away like memories, as if they weren't there at all

Like broken limbs of trees that's lost its leaves to Winter's wind Spring will come again Live

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