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
From a singer who had a son with Christopher Wallace
Tomorrow is never
Hope is abolished
Mind and soul have little to no unity
Life threw a brick through my window of opportunity
My immune system lacked diplomatic immunity
When asthma attacks the black community
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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