

Trauma

Meek Mill

Used to be a dreamer
Dreamin' of a fire Uh, my mammy used to
Pray that she'd see me in Yale
It's fucked up she gotta see me in jail
On the visit with Lil Papi
It hurt even though I seemed to be well
They got a smoker
With a key to my cell, damn
And even worst, my judge
Black don't wanna see me do well
It's either that or black people for sale
Gave me two to four years like
"Fuck your life, meet me in hell"
And let it burn like Lucifer
You look even stupider
Tryna impress them people in
Power when power abusin' us
For 44 dollars a hour
You coward they using ya
Is it self-hate that made you send me upstate?
This where the so-called
"Real niggas" sweeping up for cupcakes
And that's your phone time
If you ain't got no money, you ain't online
Hey call your son
Call your daughter just to wish them more prime
Oh God, don't let them streets get a hold of 'em
Your daughter fuckin' now
It's gon be a cold summer
Your son trapping now and
Your homie giving nose to him
And if he fuck that paper up
He puttin' holes through him
And you just wanna make it home
So you can show it to him
And them people ain't finna
Give no parole to ya
They want blood, we all hangin'
With a noose on our neck

Marcelli mom just died
He wanna use my collect
And he won't make it to the wake
Unless he give 'em a check
We still niggas though, what you expect?
I just won
I was on the corner with the reefa
And they got us warring for our freedom
See my brother blood on the pavement
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?
Uhh, trauma
When them drugs got a hold of your mama
And the judge got a hold on your father
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker Ain't no PTSDs, them drugs keep it at ease
They shot that boy 20 times
When they could've told him just freeze
Could've put him in a cop car
But they let him just bleed
The ambulance, they coming baby, just breathe
That's what the old lady said when she screamed
This nightmare on Elm Street
Friday the 13th
And in the 13th amendment,
It don't say that we kings
They say that we legally slaves
If we go to the bing
They told Kaep' stand up if
You wanna play for a team
And all his teammates ain't
Saying a thing (Stay woke)
If you don't stand for nothing
You gon' fall for something
And in the 60's, if you kneeled
You'd prolly be killed
But they don't kill you now
They just take you out of your deal
Kill your account, look where money get spilled
Check it, and they don't kill you
Now, they just take you out of your deal
Kill your account, look where money get spilled
I just won
I was on the corner with the reefa
And they got us warring for our freedom
See my brother blood on the pavement
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?

Uhh, trauma
When them drugs got a hold of your mama
And the judge got a hold on your father
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker How many times you send me
To jail to know that I won't fail
Invisible shackles on the king
'Cause shit, I'm on bail
I went from selling out arenas
Now shit, I'm on sale
Them cold nights starting to feel like hell, uhh
Watching a black woman take my freedom
Almost made me hate my people
When they label you felon
It's like they telling you they not equal
11 years going to court knowing
They might keep you or drive you crazy
23 hours in a cell, somebody save me
I'm on a jail card, trying to explain it to my baby
I gotta do the calendar twice, and that's a maybe
Trauma I just won
I was on the corner with the reefa
And they got us warring for our freedom
See my brother blood on the pavement
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?
Uhh, trauma
When them drugs got a hold of your mama
And the judge got a hold on your father
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>