Trapped

Flatbush Zombies

Victimized, scrutanized
I am here to survive
How you live? (trapped)
How you die? (trapped)
All the time is what you really feel inside (trapped)
Insecure (trapped), what you need?
How you not here to be
1 percent or 99, I want it all
I swear to God, by myself
Anxiety, anxiousness, misery
Lose your dreams, lose your mind
I can travel inside my mind like all the time
Do what I gotta do to get into your vibe
No right or wrong been moving when we moving right
Say my name in the mirror 30 times
When this song is over, we will lead a normal life
These eyes, they won't be fake, no
Screwed up, but I'll be gentle
Been drivin,' been drinkin'
Lord help me, this is not right
State your claims and play your games
This is no rap embrace
We just rhyme, press rewind
Let's replay, and let's get down
These eyes, they won't be fake, no
Screwed up, but I'll be gentle
Been drivin,' been drinkin'
Lord help me, this is not right
State your claims and play your games
This is no rap embrace
We just rhyme, press rewind
Let's replay, and let's get down
Let's get down, let's replay
Let's get down, let's replay
I see happy peopleIn the middle of no where I see happy people
In the middle of no where the bloodsheds thy people
In the middle of no where I see happy people
In the middle of no where the bloodsheds thy peopleI woke up this morning and I asked myself;
"Is life worth living, should I blast myself?

And when I'm gone would they remember?"
Only son of Deborah, born in late December
Would my women cry for me when they get the news
That they future baby daddy
Hanging from a noose
I don't wanna cry, be a better way
Don't ever want to see her die, so I found an escape
Should I leap in head first off the fire escape
Or should I take the easy way, shoot myself in the face
I can't really explain
What got me feelin' this way
To all my fans, I'm truly sorry that I have to end it
But keep your minds open, and my verses in your memory
In disbelieve, at least I made it to a quarter century
Just tryna give you a good ending for the documentary
I won't give you reasons why I had to do it
Just know I'm going through it
And I really had to do it
Get it together, fuck is you doin'
God got my number blocked
My calls, he never answered
Who's to blame, myself, the bullet or the handgun
The night time's the hardest time to be alive
Only sleepin' with women I love
I got insomnia
I got a bad case of 4 A.M. regrets
You know, like when you can't sleep, layin' in your bed
Replaying all them things you wish you never did
Voices in my head, sleep paralysis
Countin' sheep all week
I'm half-past dead
Vision clouded
Voices, whispers, are they talkin' about me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/