

# PTSD (feat. E-40)

Murs

Post traumatic stress, PTSD  
If you from the hood then you just like me  
Niggas kick in your door for a PS3  
How the fuck do you expect me to be stress free  
Home boy ask me if I been to the surface  
Standing on stage taking flicks got me nervous  
All up in my face when I'm trying to be working  
Sit your fat ass down behind that curtain  
Bitch I'm from the land of the Bloods and the Crips  
Niggas kill niggas just to fuck a bitch  
You could lose your life for that busta shit  
By the time I was 9, see that [?] shit  
Lost more homies than a Iraq vet  
Niggas skipping on groceries to buy that Tec  
Lost a few friends to a rival set  
And I'm still tryna process them side effects  
Extra clips, extra clips  
I see them niggas now when I'm [?] trip  
Gangbang party time, excellent  
Not giving a fuck's a prerequisite  
My testament is so trill  
For the represent is so real  
My residents got evidence I'm a legend [?]  
Pills to the crack game  
Stills in the rap game  
Every nigga rapping tryna feel up that lane  
Back to the backstage  
Punk for the photo [?] catch that fade  
Fuck your badge  
Now you wanna ask me why I'm so mad?  
Get your ass beat for a photograph  
Get the fuck out my dressing room 'fore I go bad  
The homies laugh, I kept it moving  
When they gon' learn that there's more to music  
I do this shit so I could feed my kids  
So they never have to know what a repo is  
You really think you know how my people live?  
You think you down because you know who Deebo is?  
PTSD on my emo shit  
Deep down in my heart, where the evil lives

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You really think you crazy? Bitch let's see I ain't playing with a full deck

I been going through a lot of shit

Put holes in you like a hairnet

Emptying the clip

You picked the wrong nigga to fuck with I ain't with that fake shit, I don't play it

I'm on some real time

Ain't no time to be dealing with these phony ass bitch boys

This a Rolley bitch, hell nah it ain't a false one

Used to push bricks, but now a nigga push [?]

Cause G's on your head like a [?]

Had a hood yelling brothel celebrating and whatnot

Happy cause he almost terrorizing the whole block

Breaking into homes, stealing anything they got

Nobody at his funeral, nobody cried a drop

Post traumatic, PTSD

My people wanna work, no J-O-B

These bitches wanna twerk, shake they boo-ty

To pay they college tuition, that's what they see on TV

They mommy and they daddy drop the ball on 'em

They ain't never there when they call on em

The ways of the world, the worldly ways

We living in the last days for our [?]

And all the real rappers with a lot of shit to say

The kids now-a-days think they whack today

Cause my favorite rapper doesn't sound like they

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

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