P T S D (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 freeHome 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
Post traumatic stress, PTSD
If you from the hood then you just like me
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How the fuck do you expect me to be stress free
Post traumatic stress, PTSD
If you from the hood then you just like me
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How the fuck do you expect me to be stress free
You really think you crazy? Bitch let's seeI 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
How the fuck you expect me to be stress free?
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