

PTSD

Pop Smoke

My PTSD startin' to kick in so I gotta get high...

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Trey shot that nigga out my car so now I gotta get low
I ain't no city boy 'cus I love my bitch
Nigga but that don't mean that I don't love my hoes
Niggas tried to smack me up so now I'm razoring him
Don't try and dap me up lil' nigga you are not my bro
Trey shot that nigga out my car so I gotta get low
They know we bend blocks, nigga welcome to the party

Got on the head of his only daughter
Then I dunk her head in that holy water
Niggas shootin' we gon shoot back
Sittin' at the table like the quarter 5
They know Imma do ya
Aimin' for medulla
Cooler than a cooler
Shoota with a shoota
AK on my shoulder like I'm Malcom X
'Cus I ain't goin' out like I'm Martin Luther
Nigga open up the door nigga I know you home
It's a hundred crip niggas standing on ya lawn
Gave up that cheese get that Provolone
And I ain't talkin' on the phone 'cus I ain't playin' with 'em
I got a K for the cuz if he hit you
If I call Nebby Bleu he come and get you
Call Dre that's the new Tom Brady
'Cus he be sendin' shots like it's Mason

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Niggas always talkin' hot and runnin' they mouth
Until I kick down the door and run in they house
Have they mother on the floor wit the gun in her mouth

Like what's that shit up on the net that y'all was talkin' bout
I put that on my son that Imma take it there
Cus where you come from and where I come from I ain't playin fair
My lil homie died and I ain't drop a tear
I just roll a spliff and put it in the air
I'm big 092 niggas know I'm woo
I look a nigga in his face like "Who you talkin' to?"
I need 25k or I ain't walkin' through
I need 25k or I ain't walkin' through
I spent 20 on my wrist and 20 on a chain
I be spoiling myself so I could ease the pain
Digital Dash I be switching lanes
I was sitting on the bench but now I'm in the game

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