

Trauma Mic

Billy Woods

Attention, attention
Calling all motherfuckers who don't keep they word
Word, yeah
Say that, say that

Metal is my weapon
Credit all my blessings, yeah, yeah
I don't debate, make exceptions
So if you say, "Is this better?"
Put your chest on it, say that
Play back, say that
I ain't heard a word you said
All they say like debris in the lake, s'gone, s'gone!

Dead pan in the crisper, dead rapper, no pin dropped
Day tripper, dead planet, no state, no worth
Fuck you know? What the fuck you know?
Neo-folk, trauma mic, echo chamber, deep fake
Fake deep, talking wound, say it to my face, nigga
It only matters when I'm needed, nothing else
Your magic grows weak with every lie you tell yourself
No slave, no world, no slave, no world
Who needs to think when your feet just go?
Who needs to think when your mouth just run?
I am the mud
Waiting for the flood that they said would never come
Highwater pants on the shoulders of my elders
I be knowin' better, but ain't done it yet
Some don't know no better and they won't
There's no healing in the light, White Jesus got jokes
Call me if you're close

All against all
My brother in Christ, there's no I in team
Never wore a fitted in my life, big head bustin' out the seams
Pressure bust pipes, lose your mind gettin' out our dreams
Brothers tryna rhyme
Told 'em it's a hundred niggas doing that right up the street
Hate to say it, love to see it (love to see it)
Brother dropped a project every month
Got the nerve to ask if I peeped it (You can't make this shit up, man)
Let me tell you a secret
Them niggas ain't dyin' for you
It's the other way around if you actually read it
Storefront preacher, bring 'em in out the cold
Hot lunch, folded chairs, couple space heaters
Any one of you bums could be Jesus
Fingers numb, tryna work the light
That white like Mother Theresa
Hype when I first laid eyes on Bathsheba
Bust down, middle part, big laugh, she still called grass 'cheeba'
Missionary 'cause I know God see us