

# Traumatized

Dave East

[Intro: Dave East & DJ Holiday]

There's a power of pressure Dave  
Tomorrow ain't promised  
Holiday season, it's Karma 2 nigga, ain't no going back  
I lost Malik at 29, Mugga at 22  
From Harlem to Atlanta, fuck you talking 'bout  
Just happy to be here

[Pre-Chorus: Dave East & DJ Holiday]

Killed freaky, I was traumatized  
Still that nigga in my momma's eyes (they gon' feel this shit)  
Try to see a nigga momma cry  
All this money, don't matter when your homies is dying (oh they gon' feel this shit)  
Ain't trying to be a homicide  
Trying to see a nigga momma I don't trust a soul  
Trying to see ya lil momma cry (let's go)

[Chorus: Dave East]

They killed Freaky, I was traumatized, still that nigga in my momma's eyes  
Try to see a nigga momma cry, I ain't trying to be a homicide  
I got a daughter plus a little brother and my momma that I gotta be here for  
Bitch told me stop buying guns, niggas dying fuck you think I need 'em for

[Verse 1: Dave East]

Blue and whites, flashing lights, I ain't going back fuck you think I'm spee  
ding for  
I got homies I don't see at all, best friends I can't even call  
I ain't laughing ain't nothing funny, if you talking money shit I need it al  
l  
My youngin' died and I need my dog  
Devil on me, try to keep him off  
Mood swings, I got mood swings  
Move wrong and this tool sing  
Shooter came up on that new thing  
I could hold it with a shoestring  
They put my youngin' on the news, looking for a Xan I got the blues  
We was in there robbing niggas Locs  
Take him out his coat, I got his shoes  
I go to prison, I ain't coming home  
We on a mission, niggas running home  
My youngin' airing shit for free  
He ain't want the money, stashed a couple hundred for him  
He'll do it for a Rollie, take him to my jeweler, know I'm a flood it for hi  
m  
My vision is blurry, I just hope that I get to see thirty  
I pray for another morning  
Wake up with your bitch, she got nothing on  
I still wanna kill Freaky's killer  
I'm in my feelings, I won't speak to niggas  
My homies dying I'ma need a minute  
Broad daylight, if forever running to 'em, I won't even see the witness  
Blowed out on a Sunday, I'm high on the Oneway and I don't even see the spee  
ding limit  
Pac prolly had the same feelin', Biggie prolly had the same feelin'  
Alot of sucker shit I ain't feelin', I'm blowing sour out the Range ceilin'  
Niggas really got me hot, catch him in the drop, trying to leave his brains

in it

We never shaky and we ain't timid, ya momma lobby, I be waiting in it

[Chorus: Dave East]

They killed Mugga, I was traumatized, still that nigga in my momma's eyes  
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Got a daughter plus a little brother and my momma that I gotta be here for  
Bitch told me stop buying guns, niggas dying fuck you think I need 'em for  
They killed Freaky, I was traumatized, still that nigga in my momma's eyes  
Tryna see a nigga momma cry, I ain't trying to be a homicide  
Got a daughter plus a little brother and my momma that I gotta be here for  
Hot pistol on my side warming up the ride, feeling like the heater on

[Verse 2: Kiing Shooter]

They killed Ruger, bitch it's time to slide  
All my niggas know it's homicide  
Catch 'em lacking and they gotta die  
I'm sending niggas to apologize  
I don't care if we was cool or we went to school, nigga you an opp too  
Catch a nigga by they self, or they with they fam, fuck it they get shot too  
Ni-niggas know how I rock nigga  
Thirty shots in this Glock nigga  
I ain't scared to bend blocks nigga  
Send shots while the cops with 'em  
I been hype my whole life, dodging blue and white 'cause I don't box niggas  
Niggas talkin' like they tough til I pulled up and niggas called the cops on  
me  
Either you scared or pussy, but niggas know I ain't no rookie  
I've been in the field since they called me Chill, nigga that's word to Took  
ie  
Beat cases, I've been on my bully  
I'm strapped, I stay with the fully  
On edge, I dare you to push me, scared, we know that they pussies  
They killed Hardy, bitch it's time to slide  
All my niggas know it's homicide  
Catch 'em lacking and they gotta die  
I'm sending niggas to apologize  
I don't care if we was cool or we went to school, nigga you an op too  
Catch a nigga by they self, or they with they fam, fuck it they get shot too

[Chorus: Dave East]

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[Outro]

Warming up the ride, feeling like the heater on  
Warming up the ride, feeling like the heater on  
Warming up the ride, feeling like the heater on  
Warming up the ride, feeling like the heater on  
Bang, bang, bang, bang