

# PTSD

Death Plus

Flashback, checks in my pocket gotta cash that  
Scratch that, can't somebody tell me where that acid at?  
Woods in my backpack, trees up in my snapback  
Bought another pack of [?], don't let me take a drag of that  
Think I got a bad batch  
Bummin' and I can't relax  
Smoking on that Osama bin Laden, don't know where we at  
Now [?] watch you bleed like this was [?]  
Cut you with the motherfucking saw, never had a gat  
Bitches like to talk that shit but watch me, I'ma handle that  
I don't even think, I just find out where the hatchet at  
Swing into your neck, bullets sweat down your fuckin' back  
Get rid of yo head, bitches dead after I attack  
Grippin' the pistol, go point it right at me  
You think that you hard 'cause you startin' a tragedy  
But I'm a ghost, don't try to [?] me  
Bullets go through me, that shit doesn't matter, see  
[?] that acid take over my system and paints my soul black  
And I'm dreaming of ways to take all that shit back  
When I think of the past, my brain start to blast  
On that Jimmy Neutron shit, my mind is Nickelodeon  
Watchin' all that, drinkin' green tea, rollin' spliffs  
[?] and hold it in  
Grab the gun and load the shit  
Point it at my face and let it blow, it don't ever end

PTSD in my soul, lost all of my friends  
To the outside, how to die  
Get a lesson in  
Killin' bloody murder 101 what I call this shit  
This ain't fuckin' rap, man, it's that fucking holocaustic shit  
Bitch