

Street Love Song (PTSD)

EBK Jaaybo

(SparkyMadeItSlap)

Post traumatic stress disorder, head on a swivel
First band that I touched, I went and bought a pistol
Made a commitment to these streets
CasinoWorld, I really stand on what I preach
Thirty poking out the gleek
Got the drops on the opps, but you ain't wanna go
Is it love or is it hate? 'Cause I can feel 'em both
I got some questions I just wanna know
They never understand until you gone
Ayy

When I told you I was damaged, I was serious
Sometimes I cry 'cause my pops ain't get to hear this shit
Even a thug be in his feelings
Fuck love, I'm reminiscing 'bout them killings
Having dreams about me drilling every human moving
I hate pissing on my hands, but I'm in love with shootings
Scars I needed you to heal, but your love ain't do it
She don't really love a nigga, she just love my music

When Casino lost his life, that was the saddest day
I ain't even shed a tear, my mama had to pray
She knew her baby changed
Quit sports and starting digging graves
They say I'm hiding, but I'm through they section everyday
Ayy
Tryna make a way, this for my future kids
They might revoke me for my life or they might sentence it
Just be prepared for whatever come
And don't leave the house without your gun
Ayy

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What's up with y'all, man?
It's your boy Rari, man
You already know, man

I'm in the lab right now, man
My lab, you know?
It's official, man
All real family, man, you know?
It's finna get crazy, man
We'll give y'all a little-
I'ma let y'all see what we doing over here, man, look
This how we doing it over here, man
We getting it in over here, man
We is not playing, man
You already see, I got the-
I got my niggas in here, man
They in the lab, man
In the lab with me, man
All day
Still in the lab, my nigga Mac Fully, man, fully paid, man
You feel me? We ain't playing, man
Show them that shit, man
I'ma let y'all see the-
I'ma let y'all see the booth, man
Take y'all to see the booth, man
It's the booth, man, this where it all get- (SparkyMadeItSlap)
It's where it get crazy at