Trapped

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Victimized, scrutanized
I am here, to survive
How you live? (trapped) how you die? (trapped)
All determines really what you feel inside (trapped)
Insecure (trapped) what you mean?
I am not, here to be? (trapped)
One percent, or ninety-nine
I want it all, I swear to God
By myself (trapped) anxiety (trapped)
Anxiousness (trapped) misery (trapped)
Lose your dreams (trapped) lose your mind (trapped)
I get trapped inside my mind like all the time
Do what I gotta do to get into your vibe
No right or wrong been moving when we moving right
Say my name in the mirror thirty times
When this song is over, we will lead a normal life (trapped)

These eyes, they won't be fake, no
Screwed up, but I'll be gentle
Been drivin,' been drinkin'
Lord help me, this is not right
State your claims and play your games
This is no rap embrace
We just rhyme, press rewind
Let's replay, and let's get down
These eyes, they won't be fake, no
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Let's replay, and let's get down

Let's get down (let's replay!)
Let's get down (let's replay!)
Let's get down (let's replay!)
Let's get down
No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no no no no (let's get down)
No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no no no no (let's get down)
No-no-no-no-no nooooo

In the middle of nowhere, I see happy people

In the middle of nowhere, the bloodsheds thy people
In the middle of nowhere, I see happy people
In the middle of nowhere, the bloodsheds thy people

I woke up this morning and I asked myself
"Is life worth living, should I blast myself?
And when I'm gone, would they remember?"
Only son of Deborah, born in late December
Would my women cry for me when they get the news
That they future baby daddy, hanging from a noose?
I don't wanna cry, gotta be a better way
Don't ever want to see her die, so I found an escape
Should I leap in head first off the fire escape

Or should I take the easy way, shoot myself in the face?
I can't really explain
What got me feelin' this way
To all my fans, I'm truly sorry that I have to end it
But keep your minds open and my verses in your memory
In disbelieve, at least I made it to a quarter century
Just tryna give you a good ending for the documentary
I won't give you reasons why I had to do it
Just know I'm going through it, and I really had to do it
Get it together, f*ck is you doin'?
(And all of this shit will be gone)
God got my number blocked, my calls, he never answered
Who's to blame: myself, the bullet or the handgun?
The night time's the hardest time to be alive
Only sleepin' with women I love, I got insomnia
I got a bad case of 4 A.M. regrets
You know, like when you can't sleep, layin' in your bed
Replaying all them thangs, you wish you never did
Voices in my head, sleep paralysis
Countin' sheep all week, I'm half-past dead, vision clouded
Voices whispers, are they talkin' about me?

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