

PTSD

J. Cole

Used to bend for me like the steel of a hatchback
You was there for Q like a fourth grade class fact
Q was in for me, never needed to ask that
PTSD, now I'm having a flashback
Told me I'm sweet, can't sleep in the trap trap
Enemy, envy, make the strap go brrat brrat
You the missing piece, no peace when I sleep now
Used to practice peace, finna sleep with the piece now
Know I'ma miss you long as I'm alive
You said you need to call me, be sure I tried
I wish I didn't have a song to write
I know you probably follow me with your light

My mama told me faith is all that I need
And back in the day I would've agreed, but now it's hard to believe
I still do not, 'cause I want, 'cause I need to
Believe in something greater than me without being able to see it
So fuck a watch, I wear my heart on my sleeve
Nobody knows my sorrow, nobody knows about the trouble I seen
A lot of dead niggas livin' through me, shawty, but not in the literal
Most 'em dead 'cause they ain't follow they dream
The power of a higher entity entered me
Mentally, physically, spiritually, I'm on a whole different energy
Fuck the world, but I need you to remember me
I had doubt in myself 'cause I used to fear that you would look at me differ
ently
If I ever changed, I'm numb to it now, I don't feel the same
A slave to the feeling, I'm breaking the chains
Tryna balance out the joy, the pain, the sun, the rain
My life and the fame, done lost the game
The gift, the shame, my skin, my veins
My soul done rained so much on my heart
Really I don't know where to start
The irony of finding self in the dark
My nigga, truthfully, feel like it's two of me, I should've been on that ark
A love-hate relationship with my thoughts, I'm tryna shine in my own light
The realest nigga left in my own right
Helping you with your vices but can't seem to get a grip on my own life, yea
h

I was on my way down, breakdowns, breakthroughs
Spit up out my debut, gotta say I stay true
Maybe why I stayed broke, I been on a goose chase
Gotta swallow pride when they see me, how the truth taste?
Off the beaten path like Blueface
On the North Side, had to be a Tuesday
Walkin' slow with your kids on a school day
Way past midnight suddenly my mood change
That's when the truth came, in New York hearing rumors
My sister was homeless, convinced her to often
Been years since we talked, number changed
Saw you and my heart broke in a couple ways
I can't believe when I seen you, I knew shit was true
Stared in your eyes and I saw a different you
Skated off fast 'fore I could address it
Hope I ran into you 'fore we both get to Heaven

We might, we might
You opened up my eyes and helped me see the light
We might, we might
You opened up my eyes and helped me see the light, ayy

Yeah, hahahaha
We just kickin' it, you know, ayy, woah
I'm here with all my friends
This is for the homies, for the homies, all the homies, what? What?
And the hoes
Hahahaha, yeah
Said this is for the homies, for the homies, all the homies, what?
And the hoes
Can't forget about the hoes, yeah
For the homies, for the homies, for the homies, what? What?
And the hoes
(Ayy, that shit sound tight)
This is for the homies, for the homies, all the homies, what? What?
And the hoes
Hahahaha, yeah
Said this is for the homies, for the homies, all the homies, what?
And the hoes
Can't forget about the hoes, yeah
For the homies, for the homies, for the homies, what? What?
And the hoes