

Trauma

Meek Mill

(Used to be a dreamer)
(But you know I've found...)

Uh, my mama used to pray that she'd see me in Yale
It's fucked up she gotta see me in jail
On the visit with Lil' Papi, it hurt
Even though I seen her be well
They got a smoker with a key to my cell, damn

And even worse, my dad black, don't wanna see me do well
It's either that or black people for sale
Gave me 2 to 4 years like, "Fuck your life"
Meet me in hell and let it burn like Lucifer
You look even stupider tryin' to impress them people in power with power abu
sin' us
For 44 dollars a hour, you coward, they're using you
Was it self-hate that made you send me upstate?
This where the so-called "Real niggas" sweeping up for cupcakes
And that's your phone time
If you ain't got no money, you ain't online
Hey call your son, call your daughter just to wish them all prime
Oh God, don't let them streets get a hold of them
Your daughter fuckin' now, it's gon be a cold summer
Your son trappin' and your homie givin' O's to him
And if he fuck that paper up, he puttin' holes through him
And you just wanna make it home, so you can show it to him
And them people ain't finna give no parole to you
They want blood

We all hangin' with a noose on our neck
My celly mom just died, he wanna use my collect
And he won't make it to the wake unless he give 'em a check
We still niggas though, what you expect?

I just want
I was on the corner with the wreath
Man, they got us warrin' for our freedom
See my brother blood on the pavement
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?
Huh, trauma
When them drugs got a hold of your mamma
And the drugs got a hold on your father
Go to school, bullet holes in the walls

Ain't no PTSD's, them drugs keep it at ease
They shot that boy twenty times when they coulda told him just freeze
Coulda put him in a cop car, but they let him just bleed
"The ambulance, it comin' baby, just breathe"
That's what the old lady said when she screamed
It's Nightmare on Elm Street, Friday the 13th
And in the 13th Amendment, it don't say that we kings
It say we legally slaves if we go to the pen

They told Kaep "Stand up, you wanna play for a team"
And all his teammates ain't saying a thing (Stay woke)
If you don't stand for nothin', you gon' fall for somethin'
And in the 60's, if you kneeled, you'd probably be killed

But they don't kill you now, they just take you out of your deal
Kill your account, liquid money gets spilled (Check it)
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Kill your account, liquid money gets spilled

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How many times you send me to jail to know that I won't fail?
Invisible shackles on the king, 'cause shit, I'm on bail
I went from selling out arenas, now shit, I'm on sale
Them cold nights startin' to feel like hell, uhh
Watching a black woman take my freedom
Almost made me hate my people
When they label you felon, it's like they tellin' you they not equal
11 years goin' to court knowin' they might keep you will drive you crazy
23 hours in a cell, somebody save me
I'm on a jail car, tryna explain it to my baby
I gotta do the calendar twice, and that's a maybe
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