

PTSD

Phora

Yeah

I should slide to the body shop, go and bulletproof the Benz
I should cut all my exes off, leave 'em blowin' in the wind
I should keep all my publishin', go and pass it to my kids
I should stay independent, fuck around, make a hundred M's
Look, can't fuck with the label 'cause they used to turnin' the
ir artists to slave
Tell me what good is the money and fame if your soul is locked
in a cage?
You seen her Instagram, I saw her Twitter and trust me she cann
ot be saved
My baby loyal to me, got PTSD 'cause I'm used to bein' betrayed

Yeah, ayy
I'm used to bein' too loyal
I'm used to bein' used by people that don't have good intention
s for you
I'm used to people prayin' for my downfall, watchin' from the s
ideline
I'm used to people close to me gettin' jealous of me when it's
my time, damn
I know some people relate
You ever tried to show love, all they got for you is hate?
Wait, shout out to God watchin' over me
I know I'm right here where I'm supposed to be
When I get stressed, remember I'm blessed, I can't let the devi
l take hold of me, ayy
I pray for my niggas that's trapped in the system or stuck in a
cell
They ain't design that shit for us to win, they wanna see us al
l struggle and fail, damn
I pray for the women all over the world that look at themselves
And don't see how beautiful they really are 'cause people they
evil
I know that it's hell but just know you're worth it
Look, even when these people disrespect you on purpose
You gotta disappear, glow up then you resurface
Yeah, old friends, fake friends, got 'em all nervous
At the end of the day, all you got is you when you close the cu
rtains (Yeah)

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