

Triggered

Rhymefest

My theory is that the world divides into
Sort of like, intelligent and dumb, weak and strong
Which is awful, I mean it's really awful for me to say things like that
But there's so many stupid people

It divides not so much between the stupid and the bright
Cuz most bright people I've encountered many, are wicked!

There's trauma and then there's peace
And there's a little bridge you build between the body and relief
It's how I sleep under the cannon
Running plays with the dragon crossing waves with the Kraken
Believe me it's not all fiction
Poetry in motion to galvanize the description
Of safe harbors, when even safe has its limits
Hard to play possum when you're both the sufferer and witness
There's a part of me I don't wanna see
It's in a place within the soul where my primitive monster grieves
Triggered by what I read or see
Dangers in the room but it's not you, it's me!

You go through your life a long time, you think that
No one has ever suffered the way I've suffered
My God, my God
And then you realize, that your suffering does not isolate you
Your suffering is your bridge, that many people have suffered before you
Many people are suffering around you and always will
And all you can bring is hopefully

I leaned on you under pressure
Broke your heart in pieces and glued it all back together
That's the Japanese Art of Kintsugi
Every time we hammered, scars reveal the beauty
Imagine if, passions built like a male masochist
Enchanted by your beauty but thrives under the nastiness
I can never sit calm when the stress comes
We go to war throwin' F-bombs
But after the bombs fire, I post bond and bond tighter
We make love by the bond fires
See that's my trauma bonding disease
Dangers in the room and ain't you, it's me!

Let it go, what the world does to you
Is the world does it to you long enough and effectively enough
You begin to do it to yourself, you become a collaborator
An accomplice of your own murderers
Because you believe the same things they do

There's no canaries in the coal mines
Just a sense of fear in the passage ways of slow time
Scorched earth bare feet in the dirt
That's when all my grace leaves and I'm an animal first
Veins dripping out rocket fuel
Sweat pools swimming in trains without the ingenuie
If you care about what the ops would do
About to move the fourth wall, show you the obstacles
Mirrors ask the questions

Advancing on the shadows but the shadows teach the lessons
Inner alchemy's not guaranteed
Dangers in the room but it's not you, it's me!

My resolution to workout just didn't workout
I was goin' vegan till the chicken brought the jerk out
I was smoking Herbo, till the heathens brought that Durk out
Ask yaself a question - Is you better or you worse now? (I don't know)
Feel like I lost the 1st 2nd and 3rd round
Then traveled the world just vibin' on how the Earth sound
Beautiful - wild and unusual
We was tryna rhyme and our lives turned to a musical
Entourage turned enemies
But Imma turn this industry into to my ministry
Never left the southside, I be in the streets
Danger's in the room but it ain't you, it's me!

Personally, I'm just not interested in many things people are interested in
I'm not interested in a president or a congress
I wouldn't care, I just don't give a damn
Because it's still somebody tryna run my life
I'm not interested in movements and ideologies
Cuz I think that I would have a difficult time

You would have a terrible time

You know it wouldn't change one bit for me
Except maybe I'd have to go into exile!