

PTSD

Rod Wave

Ooh, this a Mac beat

Ayy, yeah

See, it's a lot of shit left me scarred
I need chains to protect my heart
It's a lot of shit left me scarred
But pain makes us who we are
And they say true love never dies
But I felt that way when Deja left
Even though they say I can't blame myself
Still ain't forgave myself

From the 'jects to a private jet, reminiscing and wishing
I could take back the past and I could do it somethin' different

Way before the rapping, the record labels, and bitches
Way before my homies was dead and goin' to prison
But the good go young, them other niggas, they don't last, yeah
Chaz caught 20 at 18 and it was last year
One down, 19 more to go
Mama told me that karma real, son, slow your roll
Go ask them niggas, we never spoke
So many fake friends and smiling faces
I try to smile to hide the pain but I can't seem to shake it
It's like that shit be on my brain on a daily base
Remember Deja died, I cried just like a baby, that pain shit made me

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But I felt that way when Deja left
Even though they say I can't blame myself
Still ain't forgave myself, yeah