

## P.T.S.D

Scarlxrd

I'm chilling and cruising  
Always repeating the movement  
These niggas they get it or lose it  
I'd rather turn it to ruins  
They want to tell me I'm ruthless  
I think it's so fuckin' stupid  
I want my sound to expand  
Fuck it I don't need a plan  
I'm 'bout to bring on the press  
They went from riches to rags  
I can't be dealing with trash  
I'll give your girl to my mans  
She wanna party and smash  
I want em chewing on xans  
You won't be getting her back  
Come lemme show you my hands

I just got right back, from my latest phase (Yah)  
Thought it would clear my mind out  
Nope, still got rage  
Really took some time out  
Counting up the wrong deeds  
If you flow to my mouth  
Whole squad get stayed  
Still got bars in the back of my head top  
Twisted and unlocked to my skull like dreadlocks  
I played the game of life so good  
I don't think I'll ever get sent off  
Reset button, fresh start  
Wake n' bake then make ten songs  
I do the tricks when I take off  
On the ground in my skatepark  
Crushed all my Jack Joe's spot my jeweler  
Nobody's home so nobody calls  
I could take shots with no eyes  
And without no legs and I still would score  
Talk the real talk some more  
I'm just that guy, cool to the core  
Mr. Freeze would melt in war  
I got the heat in store  
I do the things that you love cause I'm bored  
I made sure everything was raw  
They said Maz when you get it you really gon' run me  
But I got it all and I called  
Memories cloudy, don't remember it all  
Feel like I'm Jason Bourne  
Was on the grind from night till morn'  
Same fucks deep when the blinds are drawn  
Spit two lines  
Some rhyme for sport  
You goin' drown if you run out jaws  
It's goin' take more than special force  
You want to take my man down like an A74 now  
Listen, I still think why not put mine down like wild dot silence  
Peace and quiet  
Live life private  
I made the moves on auto pilot

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I want to ride in my whip (aye)  
I want to chill with my woes (damn)  
I get high in my whip  
Stay down with ten toes like oooh  
All this motherfuckin' money change my mood  
I just cut that bitch off she was getting too rude  
I got so many bodies in the ground down  
All this liquor in my bloodstream, I should slow it down  
All you niggas wanna talk that talk  
And it's all the same  
But I do not pay mind to commas  
Swear that niggas getting paid  
I track tracks in my yard  
Scarlxrd still gets rowdy  
I'm just fine on my own  
Don't need no one 'round me  
Them men there some fuckboys  
Them men there some pagans  
I only do this music ting to let out the frustration, like damn

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Welcome to the 3 Voicemail Service

Message from:

Fuck you, you never text me back, fuckin' bipolar head-ass nigga I fuckin' c  
an't stand you. I don't know why you keep acting this way, one day you're fu  
ckin' this, next day you're that I really can't fuckin' stand you nigga, fuc  
k you

I hope it motherfucking hurts  
When you see me  
I hope it burns  
I hope it really fucking hurts  
This time  
You will burn