

# Traumatised

Skept

(Yeah  
They ain't never took so much drugs as me  
As who?)  
(Hello, Sevaqk...)

Young nigga, I was broke, had to rely on the school for lunch  
Fast forward five years, sendin' youngins to cunch  
The jakes told me that it was one of you out of the bunch  
And I eat that pussy, she just serve filet mignon  
Love triangle, I call that a pyramid, boy  
Shotgun shots to the head just like I'm a Ritalin, boy, yeah  
And she told me that I'm pretty, so I feel like Floyd  
She ain't never took a pill on first flight, get you void

Yeah, I told bae to give me time, yeah  
Ten stacks on therapy because I'm traumatised  
I told bae that I need time, yeah  
Ten stacks on therapy because I'm traumatised

I'm close to the edge, so please don't push me, please don't give me a reason  
Where I'm from, you catch a body, that's an achievement  
Told my young G, "You can't be broke another season"  
Gotta wrap them things, burn the cling, you have to seal 'em  
'Cause if they burst in your belly  
We gonna have to carry you in a hearse to get buried  
Born into the greaze, man, it's a curse, boy, it's tekky  
Keep my eye on the P's, nah, we ain't flirting with no jezzys  
Free my niggas in the cells, Moss Side to Lozells  
This guy's like Pimpernel, crack in their fingernails  
They put the food in the street, we just tryna hit the sales  
Fuck the jakes, stay on my wave, man, I'm feeling like Bigavell

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Primary school days, we would play stuck in the mud  
And now my friends are trapping, just tryna get out of the mud  
Starter pack, food in the Persil bag, scales, and some gloves  
I wasn't funded by no label, I was funded with drugs  
I know the struggle  
I know the dogs who really bark, I know the muzzles  
Can't let your environment trap your mind, gotta clock the puzzle  
I know niggas who are down but up, I know niggas who are up but down  
Getting money don't end these struggles  
Things on the brain, but I don't complain  
More time, just hibernate and smoke weed  
Gyally wanna blow me off, I blow trees  
Tell 'em fall back, I'm working on me  
Late nights when I think 'bout shit that I've been through and the things that  
at I've seen  
Chattin' to A about PTSD long before you heard the CD

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I pray at night like, "Heavenly Father, can you help me?"  
All this weed and all this liquor so unhealthy  
Ain't feeling myself, but fans still want a selfie  
They can't read me like a book and they can't shelve me