

Ptsd

Wiz Khalifa

Want me to come back and I ain't hardly leave
PTSD so I move cautiously
Money up, don't sleep, work constantly
They want me to stop but I'm in my bag unfortunately

I'm tryna find myself, the coochie tryna find me
If my dogs need me I'll be there in a heartbeat
Gotta watch myself 'cause satan out he on the streets
At my door when I'm at my worse and I'm feeling weak
I gotta fight the temptation, knowing damn well it's dangerous
but I like the sensation
Feeling bad today? It might feel better with the right medicati
on
I should try meditation or call up someone with the same proble
m have a nice conversation

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I got the key to the streets
They don't want me in the game because my hands be winning so r
ead em and weep
I can turn nothing to hundred mill just have Erin bring up the
beat
Might go to Eleven and blow twenty thousand like fuck it don't
need a receipt
I tell her don't ask me if I like her outfit because I'm gonna
keep it a g
Man this shit easy and breezy
I'm with the freak of the week
She doing snow think she Jeezy
I got Celine on my feet
It feel like the game is on easy
She know it ain't a thing I don't reach
Fucked me and became an elite

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