

Trap Tears (feat. Key)

Raury

Mama cryin', can't survive
She lost her mind, she's stressin' out
She needs to pay bills
Son took her money, daughter hungry
Bought the shit, there's no refunding
She's high still
He owes the gane, they gave him weight
But he was weak, he has a week
Or he will be killed
And papa died, he used to trap
His son's a man, but men don't cry
Unless they're trapped tears
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap
Tears in the trap
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Tears in the...
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Tears in the trap
Tears in the... trap
They taint the future, newest noose
To hang the youth imprint your mind
Before you turn twelve
The sex and drugs and rock and roll
Before hormones we've been exposed
Before we know ourselves
Her baby's early, papa workin'
16, 13, what the tragic story I tell
He lost his job, his homie Breaded
Got connected to the plug
His family needs help
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap
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So who's to say that youth today
Cannot be shot or robbed or slain
By someone, yourself
And who's to say that he was wrong
His story's long
He wakes and sleeps in everyday hell

So mind your manners, Ps and Qs
Cause nothing new No nothing new can happen to the trap We think it's cool and harmless too
But who are you?

Yes look around, you might just be trapped The street preacher's anger grew violently as he
continued to voice his truth. Unaware that his passion to justify these views of hatred were also
rooted in love. Much like

fog on a Georgia morning, love can shroud our eyes, make us blind, blind to who we
are, blind to who we are

This is DJ Smooth Jazz on the 1-2-2s bringin' it back to you, clap your hands, everybody
come on. Put your hands up, put your hands up! I meant to tell you about that fantabulous
laser show on fire. It's a laser show spectacular mountain vision presented by Humana.
It's a not-to-be missed Atlanta tradition y'all that will wow your family with state-of-the
art digital graphics. An awe inspiring laser show and fire effects, baby. So bring
everybody on out and have a good time! Tell 'em big DJ Smooth Jazz on the 122 told
you to come, fool, haha. Clap your hands, clap your hands

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