

# Trauma

## Meek Mill

Used to be a dreamer  
Dreamin' of a fire Uh, my mammy used to  
Pray that she'd see me in Yale  
It's fucked up she gotta see me in jail  
On the visit with Lil Papi  
It hurt even though I seemed to be well  
They got a smoker  
With a key to my cell, damn  
And even worst, my judge  
Black don't wanna see me do well  
It's either that or black people for sale  
Gave me two to four years like  
"Fuck your life, meet me in hell"  
And let it burn like Lucifer  
You look even stupider  
Tryna impress them people in  
Power when power abusin' us  
For 44 dollars a hour  
You coward they using ya  
Is it self-hate that made you send me upstate?  
This where the so-called  
"Real niggas" sweeping up for cupcakes  
And that's your phone time  
If you ain't got no money, you ain't online  
Hey call your son  
Call your daughter just to wish them more prime  
Oh God, don't let them streets get a hold of 'em  
Your daughter fuckin' now  
It's gon be a cold summer  
Your son trapping now and  
Your homie giving nose to him  
And if he fuck that paper up  
He puttin' holes through him  
And you just wanna make it home  
So you can show it to him  
And them people ain't finna  
Give no parole to ya  
They want blood, we all hangin'  
With a noose on our neck  
Marcelli mom just died  
He wanna use my collect  
And he won't make it to the wake

Unless he give 'em a check  
We still niggas though, what you expect?  
I just won  
I was on the corner with the reefa  
And they got us warring for our freedom  
See my brother blood on the pavement  
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?  
Uhh, trauma  
When them drugs got a hold of your mama  
And the judge got a hold on your father  
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker  
Ain't no PTSDs, them drugs keep it at ease  
They shot that boy 20 times  
When they could've told him just freeze  
Could've put him in a cop car  
But they let him just bleed  
The ambulance, they coming baby, just breathe  
That's what the old lady said when she screamed  
This nightmare on Elm Street  
Friday the 13th  
And in the 13th amendment,  
It don't say that we kings  
They say that we legally slaves  
If we go to the bing  
They told Kaep' stand up if  
You wanna play for a team  
And all his teammates ain't  
Saying a thing (Stay woke)  
If you don't stand for nothing  
You gon' fall for something  
And in the 60's, if you kneeled  
You'd prolly be killed  
But they don't kill you now  
They just take you out of your deal  
Kill your account, look where money get spilled  
Check it, and they don't kill you  
Now, they just take you out of your deal  
Kill your account, look where money get spilled  
I just won  
I was on the corner with the reefa  
And they got us warring for our freedom  
See my brother blood on the pavement  
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?  
Uhh, trauma  
When them drugs got a hold of your mama  
And the judge got a hold on your father  
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker  
How many times you send me  
To jail to know that I won't fail  
Invisible shackles on the king  
'Cause shit, I'm on bail

I went from selling out arenas  
Now shit, I'm on sale  
Them cold nights starting to feel like hell, uhh  
Watching a black woman take my freedom  
Almost made me hate my people  
When they label you felon  
It's like they telling you they not equal  
11 years going to court knowing  
They might keep you or drive you crazy  
23 hours in a cell, somebody save me  
I'm on a jail card, trying to explain it to my baby  
I gotta do the calendar twice, and that's a maybe  
Trauma I just won  
I was on the corner with the reefa  
And they got us warring for our freedom  
See my brother blood on the pavement  
How you wake up in the mornin' feelin' evil?  
Uhh, trauma  
When them drugs got a hold of your mama  
And the judge got a hold on your father  
Go to school, bullet holes in the locker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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