

## PTSD

Starlito

What we gotta do to get it right?  
Lately all we seem to do is fight  
I just had a dream 'bout you last night  
Driving, thought I seen you at the light  
Starlito  
Yeah  
I don't know, fuck

Still wartorn and scarred  
Forgot to remember anything next morning from off them bars  
Twenty bullets hit the car, all of 'em meant for Star  
Got to pay rent tomorrow, car too dark to disregard  
I miss my squad, at war with myself, pissed with God  
Now I'm feeling these changes, slowly turning to this old head, man fuck tha  
t  
Just an eighties baby with some old bread  
We used to pray just not to go fed  
Where would I be if I ain't, man free Roy Gold, homie hold your head  
I just been riding 'round lurking, I ain't go to bed  
Used to just ride around serving out an Oldsmobile  
Never in a million years thought I would outgrow the Ville  
I still would sell out my liil shows just so you know it's real  
Grind hard, received this as an opus, call it finally focused  
You ever really been in a shootout and you was tryna reload?  
Fuck, cry one tear, no bucket  
Two Glocks and they twins, call 'em Kirby and Puckett  
Tryna get it right and make it right, I keep it right  
Probably one of the reasons I can't sleep at night  
Tired of holding back tears  
Just checked my watch, it's time to let go of my fears  
Where I'm going, I have no idea  
My whole career, I'm just thuggin', but I made the most of it, yeah  
I'm just hustlin' but I made some folks love me  
So fuck it, here goes nothing, now it's something  
Went from nothing to something  
Way too private for my life to be so public and function  
I ain't gon' lie here, lately I been thinking kind of destructive  
Angry how I became allowed 'cause I got better judgement than that  
That nigga signed, why I ain't fuckin' with that  
My bitch hit me every hour like why I ain't loving her back?  
Mama even told me boy you shouldn't ever mistreat her  
She love you like I love you and you ain't gon' see it 'til she leave

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Driving, thought I seen you at the light, yeah

Skinny nigga, big dreams  
Since long braids and tall tees  
Whether I had a little bit or a lot, it was all me  
Thought like a boss even though nobody taught me  
Often took a smaller piece just to make sure we all eat  
Loyalty mean more to me than a tattoo  
Grind hard, and there's more to me than these rap tunes  
Take it back to the avenue  
You don't have a clue

Go to sleep grindin', wake up hustlin'  
Shit that's how we had to do  
Still have flashbacks too, ridin' 'round strapped with the [?]  
Shoutout the shawty that bought us all them bullets  
Tryna get straight, I always thought so crooked

Eh, Lito  
My common sense sayin' I should move along  
Ain't no love at home  
All my guns throwaways  
Just threw away another phone  
Underground underdog, the hood took me under, yeah  
GhettOut