

# Trap Tears

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  
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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

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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