

# 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  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the...  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the trap  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the trap  
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  
Tears in the trap  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the...  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the trap  
It ain't nothin' but them tears in the trap  
Tears in the trap  
Tears in the... trap  
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>