

Hungry Young Poets

"Trapped"

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[NOLA]
NOLA!

[Hook]
I feel myself sometimes trapped in my own world
I feel myself sometimes trapped as a little girl
I feel myself sometimes knowing what way I wanna be
I feel myself sometimes filled up with envy
Cause I can't get a job, should I rob
My pockets say yes, my mind is saying you should not
But welfare ain't supporting me
And this minimum wage is just shorting me

[Verse 1]
I feel myself sometimes thinking of the crime of the crimes
These criminals got me in a criminal state of mind
And now I can't maintain, it's overcome my brain
The government is loving it when they feel my pain
Cause poverty's got our souls bleeding
And money is the key to everybody greeding
It's 44 ways to do some dough receiving, when you's a fiend
Search for a scheme and the motherfucking green
The lute, now let me throw on my black suit
And me and my crew gon' do a robbery or two, but true
Cause if you dead I don't really care
I'm tired of being broke and fuck life just isn't fair
Now sit back and thank
Let's rob a bank
And anybody stepping in the way is gettin sprayed
Behave bank teller, where the money dwella
I'm sick of cleaning floors for stupid hoes like Cinderella
It's getting to the point where I can't deal with myself
This is just how I really feel with myself

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
It's off, how you do with your badge and suit

Wondering what the fuck I am up to, huh
Is this a friendly visit
Or am I just another black miss statistic, on your shit list
Cause when you look into my eyes can you tell
I be disguising myself, for other people's wealth
If you can't let me paint a picture of it clear
If I'm guilty no questions, lie detections
Regrets, only those who chose to cross up in my
section, confession
I ain't afraid to shoot ya
Cause prostitution in the projects seem to be this
bitch's only future
So put the money in the bag, don't push a button
Making false fucking moves all of a sudden
Even if I hear the wind blow
You gon' have a meeting with them nice folks, in the
clouds though
For sho', I'm tired of being broke busted and disgusted
At the end of my rope, labeled as dick sucking, trick
turning ho
Stealing a bunch of wallets, spreading violence, silence
Listen to the tick-tocking of the clock and
Watching the security guard attempting to play it hard
No time for fight, once we pull this heist
Trying to change my life, if the price is right
If the price is right now

[Hook] (x2)

[NOLA]

NOLA!

See that's how I be feeling sometimes
You be in another state of mind
You be trapped in your own little world
People can't understand, they wonder why you get high
You know what I'm saying you be trying to escape
Escape from reality
You know you be doing bad, your pockets broke and
shit
And people can't relate to how you be feeling

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