

# Therapy Sessions

Kevin Gates

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Emotions caught, wellin' inside  
Lotta compartmentalized trauma, I ain't never talked with you 'bout mine  
Swear I'ma kill me a nigga mama, I ain't even talk, rrr, the bitch dyin'  
They sayin' hurt people hurt people, bitch, I'm destroyed on the inside

Might look cool, calm, and collected, bitch, I go hard on the inside  
Silly me believin' in a bitch nigga, these niggas fraud on the inside  
Put some work down, pull your skirt down, these niggas broads on the inside  
(Huh, huh, huh)  
Cartier lenses, I don't get offended, I quickly remembered I'm walkin' up out it  
Shit sentimental, no sense in pretendin', I'm no longer rockin' my Cartier watches  
Cartier water, my Tiffany diamonds, now I don't even like the name that go with it  
Before I go shoppin' or do any coppin', I want a nigga brain to go with it  
Big Luca Brasi a big trending topic, I put that on Mazi that I'ma get with you  
You know that it's floatin', I'm standin' on business, I get in they face and I hand 'em a fifty  
You know I'm on ten when I stand in the trenches, internet, I keep a positive image  
In the vicinity, I'm in attendance, you get in my presence, you know that it's tension  
Took care of ho-ass niggas, helpin' broke-ass hoes wasn't even worth it  
Speakin' on me, keep my name out your dick-sucker, get off the 'Gram and commit you a murder  
Know you ain't never been off in no gangster shit, back up in rank and I'm back on my purpose  
When I was with y'all, I was goin' in circles, you hang with a clown, you a part of the circus  
I figured it out, I got back in my bag, yellow caliper matchin' the 'Rari convertible  
Hold up, yeah, I might've went over your head  
I push a button and all of a sudden, the ceiling go over my head  
You still live at home with your mother, ho, go to your room and go get in your bed (Right now)  
You know I'm controllin' the gutter, you know that I'm thuggin', I'm one of them men (Yeah)  
You know if I put you to sleep, tuck you in with a switch, you won't get up again (Good night)  
Look how they perpetrate a nigga image, won't even tell the public where they get it (Damn)  
Imagine you taken away from your family, you guilty of charges you haven't committed (What the fuck?)  
Everyone else get a slap on the wrist, every time you go in, it's a different facility

Emotions cartwheelin' inside  
Lotta compartmentalized trauma, I ain't never talked with you 'bout mine  
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Man, you ain't no factor (Uh-uh)  
You don't get saluted by shooters and jackers (For real)

Respect be on heavy whenever you steppin', I'm willin' to make an example (I kill)  
Cutter mexicano, the Mexicans call, been recruited by people who matter  
Call for shovel, come tell, I just went on and said it, I knew that you ain't understand it (Lingo, ayy, beep, beep)  
Really get active (Yeah), Bread Winner be on my jacket (Yeah)  
I don't listen to nothin' but Gates, I'm uppin' rank, you know that's my daddy (You know that's my daddy)  
Remember when he used to want me to rap, but showed me how to unwrap it (Showed me how to unwrap it)  
Bread Winner, Major League Mafia boomin', a lot of these niggas be actin' (A lot of these niggas be actin')  
Tell 'em to speak on it, you know they missin' a lot of them factors (They missin')  
You touchin' what we touchin', take off the glove and your fingers supposed to be ashy (Good dope)  
Brasi sent it, warehouse package delivered in pallets (Ding-dong)  
Just got off the horn with the Bread Winner don, he throw me the alley, I'm slammin' (NBA Jam)  
Beacoup bands, name ring, I don't post up on the 'Gram (Uh-uh)  
Post up in the trap, pray the weight could take these extra grams (It's large)  
Love my swag, know I'm yeah (Yeah), I don't really go nowhere (Yeah)  
Out of town shoppin', saw me park, my smoker pump the gas (Let's do it)  
Take my number, let me dap, no strings attached, I'm 'bout to shag (Yeah)  
When the business gettin' handled, I be quick to cancel plans (Yeah)  
Say you still be thinkin' 'bout me, thank you, ma'am, no, thank you, ma'am (Huh)  
MetroPCS be jumpin', sales be bumpin' back to back (Lingo, Lingo, ayy)

Done had everything took from me  
I swear to God, the next nigga  
Next nigga play me, I ain't got time to be chasin' you niggas down in the streets  
You bitches hide good as a bitch  
And talk good as a bitch  
I'ma put your mama feet down, bitch, I'ma make you come outchea  
Just come outchea  
Get your gangster ass out my face and go get you a hat