

# The Gathering

Trae

Yeah

Aw, man

Swear it's been crazy

Yeah

Ayy, spot out at the Grammys

Spot out in Texas for my mama, say she miss me

Spot out in Texas for my BM, said fuck me, she still love me

I guess it's fuck you too (Bitch)

I always feel like Tee Marie, the one from Peachtree, the one that need me

The one I wanna be with, the one I'd see a priest with

Know I'll be down bad, heartbroken if she switch

Especially 'bout a bitch

Especially 'bout a bitch who don't mean nothin' to me

Especially 'bout a bitch who don't do nothin' for me

I moved to the Carolinas, got closer to God, I guess it's workin' for me

I guess my angels, they been workin' for me

I guess my angels, they been searchin' for me

Oh, baby, here I am, yeah

It's hard to count on friends when my numbers been counted wrong all along

All that energy projectin' on me, might get somethin' smacked

They know I'm doin' my bids and I'm prayin' for days that I don't react

Why should I be the bigger man? I'm lookin' at them and they takin' they gloves off

Tryna assassinate a nigga character, crazy, I guess the Lord was off

Shit, I guess they mad I been hangin' on, I been hangin' on

I'm at the top lookin' at views and they confused of what was next, I'm on t hey necks

Ain't no respect when it was disrespect, I chose to get a check

They livin' foul, them niggas play the tech (Damn)

Hop in this Maybach, get to coastin' on 'em

Just know my driver from that section

Twenty-six'll walk in smooth with no aggression, pay attention

If you was smart, you'd keep your distance

All them passes given, I won't

They better hope God forgive 'em 'cause I don't

They'd rather see a nigga dead and gone

Ayy

I even hate I had to speak on this

It's like that nigga, he can't speak for shit

The tables turn, you gotta sit back and just look at this

(I don't get it)

It's like the tables turn and he ain't sayin' shit

That's the type of shit that get me pissed

And the bullshit that my BM tried to pull, that's the shit that get your ass dismissed (Ah)

How you gon' talk like you been down with me?

You like them same old hoes, same old clothes

No friends, just same old foes, stay exposed

New chapter, that old one closed

Everything here new beginnings

Sincere

The bitches in your school, used to scare them

But they don't know that you was raised by two or three Karens  
You the type of bitch I send off, run my errands  
You the type of bitch was hideous through middle school, but high school, started to care then  
You had to get in where you fit in  
I say if the shoe fits, then wear it then  
I'm only stoppin' what I could've said from respect for the nigga who's engineerin' him  
Yeah, but you ain't hearin' me  
Yeah, you niggas must be deaf

I feel like I been on the edge  
Everybody wanna watch what I do and I feel like I'm duckin' the feds  
Why they wakin' up to get in my business? Laughin' at me 'cause they thought I was finished  
And I just started  
A hundred thousand on my wrist, just went retarded  
I was sick with it, uh

Yeah, why hit below the belt?  
Yeah, like fuck a job, girl, you should work on self  
Yeah, maybe you should work on self  
Yeah, maybe you should work on yourself  
Yeah  
You're thirty-plus, but still needed my help  
Yeah, go tell him that