

Help Me

Deuce

Hello?

Yes, hello, Aron, Deuce, yo you there?

Hey yeah! What's up!

So a little birdie tells me you're working on a new record, is that true?

B-Birdy, yeah that's

WTF are you thinking!?

Help Me...

Uhhhhh...I'm very busy I'm doin' shit you know?

WTF is goin' on through your brain? We're big, we're a fucking major label!
You ain't gonna be startin' your own band!

I'm gonna trash that record! No radio! You ain't not comin' out without my permission! Imma bury you boy, Imma bury you!

Help me I ain't got no brains,
Help me I can't feel no pain,
Help me I can't stand the rain,
Help me before I drift away!

Help me I ain't got no brains,
Help me I can't feel no pain,
Help me I can't stand the rain,
Help me before I drift away!

I'm the George Bush of this rap shit,
You can tell Randy Jackson to kiss my black ass,
I'm the white Obama bitch,
You could judge this when I flip middle finger up a little while I quit,
I'm sick of these people tryin' to tell me what I got,
These thousand drums make you want a little click,
Put 'em around in there, make 'em drown in with,
These other rap stars are like clowns it's sick,
Like Monica Lewinsky when She's sucking on a 6 inch toothpick bitch,
Just got her boobs in so she can do it do it
Make a new clit. While these kids are downloading and he sounds profound,
Yeah I ain't going down with my hand on my dick,
While the next world trade center blows up quick,
Hold up I think you need another doughnut Mr. officer,
Everybody go nuts!

Look what I've become,
This place I've begun,
Started as The One and still don't give a fuck,
These bitches gettin' love,
No more Grenade a' Dove,
You 30 rappers *blech*,
You still ain't gotta buzz,
You can dream, you can dream but you gonna suck,
I got the voice and the lips baby turn it up,
I don't need MTV when I sell this much,

I'd rather be on Carson Daily than Oprah, son,
I'ma be better than them,
I'm a veteran, kid,
Get these kids off medicine bitch,
Who's better than him,
I'mma ruin that bitch,
I'mma tell you once now I'mma tell you again,
At least fight back, pussy,
Give me a challenge,
I'm the BOSS motherfucker you don't want no static,
B-O-S-S, Deuce is back bitch,
Yo Truth (what's up),
Pass the automatic!

Yeah!

These labels want to put me away for good,
They wanna keep me in the hood,
But I keep swinging right back like you know I should,
Making history in the books,
You suck,
There's no butts,
The whole music industry can lick my nuts,
Motherfucker I ain't got no love for some fake ass wannabe Donald Trump!

Deuce can suck my fucking contract! You do what I say, I ain't making you famous! You're not fucking bitches without my permission!

Uh huh, uh huh!

Yeah I ain't even gotta fucking try!

You know why?

Cause I sound good Whenever I talk, whenever I spit, whenever I sing, bitch.
I'm the fucking white Obama bitch!

Hey Yuma, let's get the fuck outta here!