

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 p
ermission! 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,
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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!