

Lord, help me  
Lord, help me

When I was a little young ghetto child I wanted to be comic  
Dallas act maybe one day on the sonic  
Soaking up game from the Alges drinking gin and tonic  
See these streets right here this shit hard  
Lost souls equals spirits left, the walking dead  
Gruff workers shot at him and shot her instead  
Everytime we leave the house we take a chance  
Just a couple a obituaries programs  
Never make fun of the mentally challenged that ain't the biz  
And I was taught to never laugh at disadvantaged kids  
Where my real ones at we the last Mohicans  
A lot of OGs fell off thank God I'm still breathing  
My purpose on this earth your guess is good as mine  
When they put me in the dirt Heaven I hope I find  
Sit with God and John the Baptist sip some Jesus wine  
Everytime I write my rhymes my pen starts to cry  
She wanna go to the club and kick it with her homies  
But her Daddy is funny she can't spend her laundry money  
Plus her water bills sky high need a plumber can't afford to gamble  
The cupboard keep running gotta shake the toilet hands  
In the ghetto we got all kinds of home remedies and things  
If we catch a cold we drink the juice from collard greens  
Got a ear ache don't stress don't foil reach in the cabinets and grab some s  
weet oil

I'm out here in the cold  
Feels like nobody knows but can't they see me  
Lord I need some help  
I pray today's the day that one of your angels finally looks down and sees m  
e  
Caz I need some help  
I'm out here in the cold  
Feels like I'm all alone Lord can't you see me caz I need some help  
I need some help Lord  
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I need some help

I got undying niggas and undying hoes turn into foes  
I keep selling to many drops to put dollas  
Deal with it and go hard Black on the map to sell out for scraps  
3 things that you don't need to fuck with that's my family, my bread, and my  
rap  
Do people with deep scars ever get rewards  
Why is it that the most real never seem to get their cards  
Is my music about all these ways to lose but don't get hurt  
Am I just wasting more time painting pictures with words  
There's a lot a people that know love and but wasn't even have the time  
When they game got boring, why do I keep hearing it's the first thing they h  
ate you  
That they ain't as strong as you, and they not gettin blessed like you do  
Get the picture they forget what made love it's got so easy to betray love

And even tho I haven't found it I still have a positive mind frame  
It's why I always get one or at least four biscuits I know that I've been th  
ru some shit  
Seems like I done lost another friend every time my partnas come back home f  
rom the Pen  
Or has the pen just became home for them, it's too many parts to pain  
It's too many parts to pain man

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Heeeehhheeeeee, help me  
Heeeehhheeeeee, help me  
Make em cry mayne  
Make em cry mayne  
Make em cry mayne  
Make em cry mayne  
Make em cry mayne  
Help me, Help me  
Teach me, teach me  
Forgive me, forgive me  
I need some help  
Strengthen me, Strengthen me  
Help me, Help me  
Teach me, teach me  
Go head and heal me, give some help  
I need you to strengthen me, Strengthen me  
Save me  
Please save me, bring me my joy back, give me some help  
I need you to strengthen me, Strengthen me  
Please save me, bring me my joy back, give me some help  
Help me, help me  
Help me