

## No Help

Trae tha Truth

Don't come around my way, cause I don't need a  
'Nother fat weather friend, with a trick up his sleeve  
Acting like you really my nigga, but he after my cheese  
Y'all niggaz get me congested, move around and let me breathe  
I remember when you niggaz, ain't want me to hit the weed  
Now that I'm rapping, you see me and tell me to hit the weed  
Thinking you can get a VIP pass, and get in free  
But Joseph McVey, is enough company for me  
Wanna kick it with me, cause I kick it with the high class  
Y'all didn't wanna kick it, when I was down on my ass  
In my cordoroy britches, y'all was in Louis Vatone  
Laughing and pointing at a nigga, trying to ruin my fun  
For using the millennium, or money by the ton  
You niggaz ain't help me get it, I did it with no one  
Fuck showing love back, I ain't showing none (y'all niggaz don't have to)  
Come to none of my shows, or buy none of my tapes  
Cause who the hell should I support, I'ma still be straight  
The less niggaz around me, the better I can concentrate  
When I came face straight, or open up my chest plate  
It could be ya death date, get beside yourself  
We ain't cool, I think you better rewind yourself  
Before a cemetery, be where you can find yourself  
So beat your feet, and let the do' close behind yourself  
I don't need no friend, I don't need no broad  
Only thing I need, is the help of the good Lord  
Trying to kick it, but motherfuckers sing to hard  
Cause I'ma be keeping it real, they gon be keeping it fraud  
A hundred and fifty-two percent, are real with me  
So instead of keeping my niggaz, get the steel with me  
I can do bad one deep, so I chill with heat (fuck y'all niggaz)

I don't need no help my nigga, I can do bad on my own  
And I don't need no company lil' mama, stop ringing my cellular phone  
When I be down and out, nobody wanna come and kick it  
I'm a nobody, until I can shine  
So when my money is long, I don't need nobody to visit  
Leave me lonely, like you did last time

I'm a asshole, and I ain't trying to be rude  
But I don't really give a damn, about none of y'all  
You use to hate a nigga tough, from way back in the day  
First off, fuck each and every one of y'all  
I be a loner on my own, alone hang with my chrome

These motherfuckers play, life so fraud  
I peep game, to the T  
Cause I don't want nobody, to catch a nigga slipping on the Boulevard  
And on the other hand, just to make matters worse  
I feel, they want me headed to the grave  
And I ain't ready to leave, I got my back planted against the wall  
With a nine, about to misbehave  
Same old shit, with a friend or a foe  
Pack your shit, and get the fuck out the do'  
Ain't no way, you hoes finna be a part of my life  
A.B.N, is all that I know  
You can try what you wanna, but I ain't gon fail  
Look at me now, and all the shit that I sell

I'ma beat a nigga trunk off, coast to coast  
And everybody who doubt that, can go to hell  
Sometimes I'm right, sometimes I'm wrong  
And I don't give a fuck, cause I'm in my zone  
All that hate you got, it only make a nigga strong  
So I like how it feel, when I'm left all alone

You must of thought I forgot, when I was stuck on the block  
And I was broke, everybody laughed a lot  
And now the tables have turned, you niggaz fraud  
And you know see Trae, with his foot up on the gas a lot  
Cause I don't trust you niggaz  
Give me fifty feet, 'fore I rush you niggaz  
Move it around, cause I don't fuck with you niggaz  
To tell the truth, I'm allergic to you niggaz  
Asshole for life, until a nigga fly  
Nigga don't stop, better go on pass by  
And hoes, don't call my cellular phone  
The only thing, that y'all know how to do is lie

Why y'all niggaz wanna rob wanna steal, that ain't real  
How the fuck I'ma kick it with you, you ain't gon get me killed  
I done seen a lot of blood, on the battlefield  
Even though I'm tired, I be climbing up the ladder still  
Ain't nobody words gon hurt me, even if they dessert me  
I'ma still be grubbing, and drink a drink when I'm thirsty  
Just to be in my position, motherfuckers ain't worthy  
So they feminine conversations, don't even disturb me  
I'm a gangsta, don't need another nigga to grade me  
If I'm in trouble, don't need nobody to save me  
Steady losing composure, like my kon folk Trae be  
I'ma handle my bidness, ain't nobody else made me