

# Help Me

Esham

Fifteen minutes earlier  
And then there was a change the following  
It's a Monday Tuesday Thursdays  
And then, please call me back 'cause  
Because there's another change I wanted to discuss with you

About the Monday schedules (No matter how loud you yell)  
But therapy will be starting on Tuesday, June the twenty-ninth  
I'm not sure (Or scream), if this message is recording (Or might helping)  
Um, but please call me back at 586(Nobody's gonna help you)-582-782[?]

My mind is crazy, I keep it purple hazy  
I keep on spittin' wicket shit until it doesn't phase me  
I think I'm schizophrenic, so much that I can't stand it  
I fiend for paper, gotta have it, when I don't, I panic  
Somebody call my doctor, I need my medication  
If I don't get it, just might kill you, here's the situation

Help me! (I'm in the dope and I servin' work all night)  
Help me! (I need the business to keep my pockets tight)  
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I gotta make it bubble, if not, then I'm in trouble  
I robbed the dealer, took his key on Seven Mile and Hubble  
And now his crew is angry, they claim they wanna bang me  
But I was starvin', he was eatin', how you gonna blame me?  
I'm just a rider ridin', it ain't no sense in hidin'  
So if I see you out in traffic, know that we collidin'  
It ain't no rest in peace, so I just pack my peace  
At the whole park, ain't no peace, better me than the police  
So now I doubled up, tripled up, flipped up  
Now I got even more cakes to whip up  
Construction workers stack bricks up  
Pullin' up in the big trucks  
Run tell your boss man that I double crossed 'em  
Black hands side bitch slapped in Nina roast 'em

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Like Nina Acton Carter, I be the fire starter  
The situation's getting hotter than in Nicaragua  
Somebody dropped a dime, on me no dope they find  
How you figure snitchin' niggas must be out yo mind  
The butcher know I'm beefin', so fuck your police chiefin'  
They bloody bodies in the street'll leave they family grievin'  
I hear the soldiers' footsteps comin' through the back  
With guns out, dressed in black, ready to attack  
I grab my mini fourteen hundred round drum  
Then I yell, motherfuckers, come and get some  
This was my final summer, I lived a life of drama  
When they shot me in my head, all I said was "Mama"

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Yeah! Fuck platinum!  
This shit is past platinum!  
This shit is titanium! Uranium!  
The way I'm fuckin' over your motherfuckin' cranium! Bitch!