

Help Scottie, Help

George Clinton

Money, dinero, mossadie, mucho guinneia
Yen, franc, grip, dubloon
"But do you DO foodstamps?"
"BITCH!"
"Help, Scottie, help. I'm tweaking and I can't beam up!"
You're chewing Doublemint. Thafs a good gum."
"SO."
"Yeah. I like Doublemint. Could I have some?"
"NO."
"OH!"
You gotch your pimpin' on tonight, as though I'm looking like a "Ho"
"Yeah, you got that right!"
"What?"
"Yo, I don't believe I know him."
"Call him Scottie, Stella."
"Is he the same Scottie from 'Star Crack llluminati?"
Yeah, where ya get
Lit up and enlightened with your "highbeams" on
Aw, hell

Ease up off my rock, 'cause you can't stand, shit's too deep
You wanna cop but you can't hang 'cause you too weak
You cold be hawkin' for a crack o' what I got
But you pull back, 'cause you can't afford the shit, the shit ain't cheap
I'll have you tweakin' for whatever you hope I might drop
You see me comin'
You come runnin' top speed up the block
Hopin' Scottie stops you get put down much
Lower level to da curb kibble after kibble
I can't be rerocked, rinsed, pushed
One hit is all you get
And there'll be no gettin enough of this good shit
Folks be lyin' when they said
"I had enough."
Scottie, just push it down and cool
Watch 'em smoke it up
Double up action ain't shit, get three for twenty or trey
'Cause every hit, be bein' a pocket full of money, ya see here
I stay paid, my Me bein' the reason
I got 'em sprung and they're gettin' me rich season outta season

Say, Homey Girly, you wanna do somethin' for somethin'
Well, go on get your knees dirty
Like you think you got somethin' comin'
Yeah, thatta girl, don't stop, aw shit, look
Plakka plakka one time bitch
SMOKE ALL THE ROCKS, QUICK!
Two to five turns to suspension is not a joke to me
Don't tell the D.A
They got a muthafuckin' thang from me
Once again the gafflin's on
But you be goin' up the river alone, cuz
Scottie gonna trip like that there

Do you ever find yourself often calling Scottie
But do you ever find yourself often calling Scottie
Do you ever find yourself often calling Scottie

I'm tweaking and I can't beam up

O.K. with no delay I say
Scottie say, "Tweak." Look on the floor
There it go, over by home-boy fee
Don't put that shit on my_
Bitch,_what it come from
Are you retarded, plumb loco-like, or is you just plain dumb?
I know your kind, you wanna rerock that shit with Puerto Rican Rum
With your fingers crossed
Over your wishful thinkin' table cloth
Travelin' from the plate to the floor of your mouth to the pipe of your lung
s
You asshole eatin' pyharea at the gums
Havin' no hustlin' crumb-scrapin'
Sack-chasin', pipe-scrapin' to' down bitch
What do it take to pry your lip loose from that pyrex prick?
Scottie de-lippin ya down, look atcha, tore down
Whatcha do which your grip, you can't say shit
Whatcha got to show for it?
The answer is "Ain't got nothin'"
'Cause you be too busy basin'
Now you're left with both, pipe-pusher
I'm the mighty Scottie
Cluckers tick me off without tryin'
Some o' ya goin' be losin' yo' malia license tonight
Due in part to how you cluck with for shit
You're not a legal malia, nigga'
Fuck all that too legit to quit shit
I got your best bitch addicted
She took just one look at my shooter and
Licked it, I said, Hold up Ho'
Why don't your raise up of my caddy
You fingernails is dirty
And your titties is T000 flabby
I 'member that day I watched you yank that bust
Remember thinkin' to myself
What would I do if the buster
Was to bash your motherfuckin' brain?
Not a motherfuckin' thang
But holler, Yo homey PIPE, yeah
And to hell with wholesale nigga, pay all of mine
Dig deep into the corners of your pockets
And come up with some legal tender
Quit window shopping, nigga
That party your wife threw in the bathroom didn't include you
The bitch had a plunger
Trying to unclog the residue-due out the pipe
Heaven's sakes, get the bitch outta my face
I had to run this way
And throw the rocks the other way
Hope the bitch chase the rocks
Dissed the hand that slings the rocks
Show back up and bring the rock
And serve them to another clucker
Two cluckers are each other's adversary
One's a thief and one's an easy skeeze-berry
I don't want those cluckers near me
You muthafuckers smoke that street
Formula bullshit all day long
But Scottie
Like the song goes, so goes the story
When her head was on tight

She was everything that anyone could be

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