

# 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 Illuminati?'"  
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-snatchin'  
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 TOOO 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

Help Scottie Help

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