

Help Pt. 2

grouptherapy.

Oh!

Hol' Up, Hol' Up, Hol' Up, Hol' Up, Hol' Up

Hell fucking nah

Intermission, please

Ref, stop the fight

Stop the fucking fight

Goddamn!

This could get ugly

I- I-

I kinda fucking wished you never helped me at all

Never helped me at all

Helped, helped me at all

I kinda wished you never fucking helped me at all

Oh, come on dawg

You know you fucking tripping mane

Sensitive soul, I got a timid lil' soul

What is a brother or bro?

If you not family or friend or considered kin

He's really a foe

I got more bruises and bones

And ever since seven was definitely grown

Trusting a nigga is banned

You offer a hand, you getting a "no"

My heart is big, I rolls the dice

And often pay the price

Okay, the fees of life

Grief and spite, it keeps me up at night

Okay, I'm sleeping light but keep a knife

I need to learn from my mistakes

I'm wide awake beside the safe

I hope you try ya die today

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Rule number one that I learned is a problem is

Asking for help, when you know you can solve it yourself

You do not want to become a burden

Looking all crazy like Tyler Du-Durden

Next thing you know all your homies are squirming

Cause you never know what to do with yourself

You never know what to do for the money

You never know what to do for your health

When your whole life is crowd-sourced

You are not the man, you're the cloud

You are not the man, you're the cloud
For the love of God, forget the clout