

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