Tiddle-Dee-Dum, Tiddle-Dee-Dum Help Lord, Won't You Come?

I can't call it, But I know I got started Cause my mama was broke, And I was broken hearted I can take tears and tears for years But the tears of my mama, Yo they get me right here So i, Broke out in a military step No deally, No dally, I walked, I crept I slept on a plan that I'd make it all good A young preacher if you could A young hustler from the hood Mama, Don't you cry, Don't you cry no more Ya baby boy's blowin up and he's goin to war My mind is playin tricks and my dad is too High street bank boys, It's on, Fools! Gonna make my moves and my moves I make You betta not get broke cause if you broke, You break I don't hesitate that you can't see me It's gonna take the lord to save you from me

I flipped the stress off, Good, I let it rip Bank boys in the fat money grip, Yeah Rollin 5 deep and on fools we creep Half the town is down and you can't see me, Really dough What's next? A young fool on a flex Tryin to get a name, Some props, Or rep I stepped right to him let em know it's all good Lights out! Now his crib is wood Broke for the dough, But now I can't see It's blood on my hands my dog yo, g? I hit the flo, But my heart didn't stop And now I see a vision of my son wit no pop My mama's on her knees Lord, Lord no please And I feel cold and my health is cheatin It's gettin dark, But yet and still I'm half dead, Half life, What's real? I can't breathe, But now I'm startin to choke Off my own blood and not that indo smoke No joke, Straight up, On a serious tip I'm losin my life, I'm losin my grip I slip, ssssslip deeper still Help lord, Help lord, I'm losin my will To live, Low, Stuck at the bottom From winter to spring to summer to autumn Help lord, The homies in the hood The squares, The g's, It's all good Help lord, Cause in the hood we sprung And we stuck right here until you come And bless the children of the ghetto life No love, No hope, No hope, No life Help lord, Help Lord, Help lord, Help lord You hear me callin lord?