Nobody's Help

Vin Jay

Oh God (woo)
When I'm gonna get it like that? (yeah)
Ha, yo (woo)

Ya'll dealing with a holy creature
Came through dripping like I broke a fever
Run up in the game with a cold demeanor
Ya'll finna get swiped like stolen Visas
Fall back, ya'll dealing with a bully
Finna hit 'em with a bulls-eye like Woody
Killin' my enemies, pull up in a black hoodie
I don't gotta repeat it for ya'll to understand fully
Get it passed to me, man
I'm actually rappin' like Cassidy
Back when we was on Rap City
Where you actually put a city on the back of me
NY happily run it like an athlete
Yeah, they wanna hate 'em but I've been doin' the most
While I been up in the booth, they livin' on the coast
Yeah, they been up on the wave but never driven a boat
Got a foot up in the game, now they dealin' with the coach
Yo, let's go, Vin up in the end zone
Not about fast rap? Pick another tempo
All about green now, give me that pesto
Pull up in a Jeep and whip it like a Benzo
Got blunts and the Bourbon, I'm drunk and I'm swervin'
I feel like a veteran or better yet, a wordsmith
Grind don't stop, we never done with the work shift
Day that I fail, never comin' like a virgin
Look at my pedigree, negative bitches diminishing energy
Give me a minute, I body a beat with a flick of the wrist like I'm posing a symphony, uh
I don't really wanna be going against ya'll
Anybody thinking they better, then let's talk
Everybody wanted me to go and get lost
But I'm really 'bout to roast the beat like Jeff Ross, uh

Know ya'll see me winning, I don't need nobody's help
Ya'll don't get no credit, bitch, I did it by myself
Now they all be gunnin' for the kid, I wish 'em well
They pray that I'ma fail, tell them bitches, I'll prevail

Yo, Vin about to get payed
Vin about to grind and double it when the rent's late
They debate the guap and know everybody else changed
Come and get dropped, ya'll dealing with a Sensei
Came from the bottom and I can't go back
Runnin' through my city like a railroad track
In the lab and I'm bustin' like I'm Rambo, strapped
'Til my whole team sit up in a Lambo pack, brap
Ain't no debate that I been in my prime
Industry bitches, you living a lie
People who doubted me, proud of me now
'Cause I'm making more than all them bitches combined
Saved the game, I don't need no cape
Ya'll don't want a problem with the team, no way
We're the GI Joe's, you GI Jane

Go hit 'em with the bass like Beats by Dre
Big plans and my team devise the most
You don't want to get the beast in violent mode
Better get 'em on a leash and lock the door
'Bout to leap on the beat, Geronimo
They don't really want to see me on the road
But I'm following my dreams, I got to go
Go tell 'em, I'ma reach a pot of gold
When I come up in the business, and mind your own
Fuck it, I live in the moment
If it ain't poppin', then Vin don't provoke it
Only time I feel a single emotion is when I'm bodying and killing opponents
Ya'll waited for the boy to peak
I'm on top, ya'll dealing with the boss, capiche?
And now we killin' everybody, come enjoy the feast
I poison beats, I run it to my voice to pleade
So let's go

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