

# Help Yo Self

Xavier Wulf

Aye... wait, who the fuck you talking to?  
Who the fuck is who?  
I give no fuck it's me who coming through...  
Fuck that nigga and his whole crew  
I don't give no fuck you mad for what?  
Because I pulled through and killed you

The 240 is damn fool  
Pulled my 46 and now yo bitch can't even fuck with you  
What the fuck you mean these niggas mad because they fell through  
What'd I try to tell you, these niggas need some help fool  
Pull up talking shit, like I always do  
Now watch me shake a spliff  
Catch a grip, see me comin' thru I smoke and switch a gear  
Who is this, talkin' shit?  
Another jealous hatin' bitch, you a trip  
I'ma take a trip and smoke until I trip  
Yeah you posted in the city but, who you stayin with?  
Yee ain't got no damn crib, how you think that make her feel?  
How you skrt, skrt, skrt?  
Yee ain't got no damn whip  
Only renting for the hour then it's back to Uber trips  
I ain't even hatin' on it nigga get it how you live  
But don't ever try to diss a damn king of this hill  
Treat yo bitch like Luanne and let the squad do a drill  
I go strictly for the kill, gut 'em all before I kill  
See me in my damn garage  
Fuck that rappin' shit I'm here  
I pull off, screamin' why the fuck you niggas even here  
All you hipsters gettin' hip  
And you hoes beggin' for chips  
Always hail Wulf Woe, I say the word and then we dip... you bitch  
(Who is who nigga)