

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)