

## Yasmeen

### "Help Lord"

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[Chorus 2x]

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

[Hammer]

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

[Chorus 4x]

[Hammer]

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 noqw 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, sssslip 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?

[Chorus Till Fade]

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