

411**"Lord! Help Us Out"**Visit "[Lord! Help Us Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking:]

For real, Mr. Pain Yung Ro

[Yung Ro:]

It's time to question the way that we living, (Lord help us out)

She'd some light in the ghetto, (open up another route)

Take us away from this pain that we feeling, (my Lord)

Cause coming up in the ghetto, (sometime it get hard)

I keep praying, (I gotta talk to ya Lord)

And what I'm saying, (I wanna walk with ya Lord)

Cause in my mind, (I think I'm getting fed up)

A nigga trying but it's hard, (just to keep my head up)

What you gon do, when this world start stressing you out

And niggaz turn they back on you, when you start letting it out

Too many murders, where I lay my head down to rest

Take head shots, so remember you can down that vest

We full of pain where I'm from, who willing to try

Look in the sky and wonder why, the ghetto bird never fly

Mama cry mama stay worried, praying and stressed

Wonder why her baby boy, got Pain tatted on his chest

And oh yes I must confess, that the street claim lives

Only a few gon survive, even real niggaz cry

But don't worry my young nigga, brighter days are near

If you believe in that voice in your head, then you will hear

The answer's clear, we simply just ignoring the truth

Kids don't smile where I'm from, look what we pouring to you

And you ain't never stepped a foot, on the block I was raised

Shit backwards where we from, we born out of graves

Torn cause we slaves, addicted to our own bullshit

I don't give a fuck, never gave a fuck full clip

On my side nigga, and it's gon ride with me

Not just them sometiming niggaz who get high with me

Jump fly with me, and you will get your cape snatched
off
What you saying what you mean, I suggest you back
off
Slack off never that, cause Ro a clever cat
Bring that level to me, then you gotta see that level bat
Seen you where the devil at, with your devious ways
Promise to fuck with the real, cause they won't lead me
a stray
Just leave me a K, a cigarette a bitch and I'm good
That's all I need in my weed, but it be shady in the hood
And I been watching you niggaz, who watching me
I know you got plans on detouring, and stopping me
But I wish a motherfucker would, is the crede I live by
Kill or be killed, real niggaz keep the breed I live by
Mental warfare g'yeah, hard but it's fair
God gonna spare, a real nigga who kept it real down
here

[Talking:]

Yeah Yung Ro nigga, Mr. Pain (what you mean nigga)
I hear the streets talking, they calling my name you
know
Streets bleeding, somebody gotta tell it (what you
mean)
Seem like nobody wanna do it though, dig that
Pain nigga, dedicated to the struggle
Every ghetto every hood, block to block state to state

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