

## Good Charlotte

### "Help Me Out"

Visit "[Help Me Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse 1:

Mack Del impetuous  
Tepetuous  
Bust flows ?  
Under fire like appestos  
All MCs grip my testicles  
Let them go  
No, I spread your flow like metal pull  
Utensils such as scalpels  
Over your Adam's Apple  
To make you alto  
Doggin' MCs and feed 'em Alpo  
Your plan backfires to my satires  
Got your flow sittin' on flat tires  
My rogues rhymes rip through your lip when you bite  
Like a lightenin' bolt for a volt of molten mite  
Hazardiest to the average  
Volt and death strike  
To your neck right  
On target  
Bull's eye  
Then deflected off your neck with such velocity  
It's sets the hip hop hostage free  
In the terminal burnin' all MC's brains  
Excellerated agents got you walkin' on canes  
I'll be brief like Hanes  
Mundane MCs get caned to retain my title  
The vital organ donor  
To cut through the bonona  
My escapes let you wave through the masquerade  
Rain with disaster man out in your play book  
Cause they took  
The funk merged with hate  
And then regurgitate  
This concludes part of what causes murder rates to  
bubble  
Meanwhile I take the shuttle to this girls crib so we can  
cuddle  
And listen to my subtle rebuttal the butthole

Hook:

Words and phrases I prefer to play with  
When occurs when I made it  
It's never outdated  
Help me out (x2)

Verse 2:

I stifle your mic hold your grips slips don't let all your  
chips  
Throwin' away all your tips for thinkin'  
That's dangerous  
Leave that to the big boys  
Sicker than Sig Freud  
Peep, you wanna live forever but take too many  
chances  
You with many can get a piece of eastside Oakland  
folks  
When provokin' spoken dialects of broken English  
that distinguish us from y'all we  
Cause raps and own spots on the globe  
And disrobe your bony mediocrity like Socrates  
My Egyptian inscription shiftin'  
Brain cells with sick inflections  
Suckas must be simpin'  
Hop like Lipton  
You'll get the microphone when I'm though if then  
I form a rap court with my siblings  
The sort of thing that keep the crew tight  
Even in it's new life  
You think you're able to label the Hiero sound?  
You still haven't found a comparable variable  
I aim my flows they close in like smart bombs  
Bury ya restricted areas  
Me and my playmates we talented hip hop palatines  
Patteling' to Sharlintons  
Knownin' what we are to them  
Makes us try hard to win  
We attend the track promptly  
Rappers wanna chomp me  
They empty  
I'm mega morph with mega force don't fort deceit the  
beat i  
I's a treat  
Compete at the war on the weak

Hook

Verse 3:

Del carelessly convorting  
Over more things than tracks  
Your skull perhaps

Spinal taps vinyl laps over each other you'll discover  
soon enough how tough it is to scruff them bids  
At accsions I'm lost in madness  
Lacadazical but coming back to fade you ALL  
I don't make music for the teeny boppers the coppers  
and proper booshy  
Y'all can lose me  
Or find me but keep in mind we  
Underground when you get offended  
As you often do when you new comers  
Check the rap scene for a few summers  
Then when it change you shift lanes  
But first you mergin'  
First you was a virgin splurgin' money on P.E.  
Then with N.W.A.  
But too much trouble to play  
Mom on your ass turn that trash down  
Your little brother getting' bright ideas in the  
background  
He use to war Hush Puppies  
Now he and his homies is dust junkies sellin' crack  
cross country  
Use to be a momma's boy  
Now you a grown man with no plan  
All alone in the land of the free and the home of the  
brave  
Free to be your own mental slave  
Del has to have a word with you  
Because you deserve to do what you want to  
But mistakes come back to haunt you

Hook (x2)

Microphones settin' off (x2)

Visit [Good Charlotte](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.