

## Mac Dre

### "Help Me"

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(Coughs) Mac Dre:Yah Whatsup witch hey, hello yeah "hey.

I got my mans in here, with me on this one baby,"mm hm, whatsup boy" you know we gets to it anytime, lets do it.

Thizz music thizz is what it is yo Rydah Freako check this out.

[Mac Dre]Most of my brolie's excons prolie's drink heem in oldies, roll twums in goldies "get made from goldies cause goldies the nay man don't fuck, with blade man go hard like cayman, 'hey man I don't think you understand though I stalk the streets, wit a coke commando a thug and a vando walk it's scando drank loutafishes smoke like candal pistol whip, handle on the rio twelve gauge to keep the rollers off me, and out the jail cage I got a twelve page letter from my folks in the rallies, 'he got caught in the riot they shipped him out of county, owned by taxes leather warth kansas they gotta spread out, "I don't know were my mans is but it's like this I don't complain cause I knew about the game when I hopped in the thing.

(Chorus)Lord can you help me to many niggaz dying they been cutthoat but they trying lord ya gots to help me, I know sometimes they broke keep my niggaz strong.

[Freako] Yo, check this out dre". Listen I been walking the line picture through rise stepping with my chin up walking sleep my lids never shut protectin for ray but stayed pced up, excorted by badges and handcuffs billyclubs and fake shoes exstorm ya cell, 'search ya locker 30 days and locked up. For remanesing wit my cellie pretending we daydreaming or fly we high, eternal freedom but we pay the price for living this live, we cry inside but only cold stands for the niggairon young boy wit mafia ties so why inside the bricks and fences got every tears stinched up wit coke and black pinheads switchin and zigzags watchin time pass, 'cause I ain't got nothin but time writin invisible lines on line paper but bis included make my lines greater so I sticked to my music, song after song I might make a hit

over the phone. [Mac Dre] Hello  
(Chorus) Lord can you help me to many niggaz dying  
they been cutthroat but they trying lord ya gots to help  
me, I know my niggaz broke keep my niggaz strong.  
[Rydah] 92 93 hit em licks split a key flossin old chips  
and spit a klick the game was fun to me ya didn't take  
me long ya see it wouldn't last long how else could my  
cash grow without the Jteam and tastfo's comin up ask  
for me I'm movin to fast homie I wish you would've got  
over the gate and I'll escape wit the cash homie but I  
bust my gun to avoid the pin we was young lights when  
we was here but changed from boys ll men be home at  
10:00 do that, come home it ain't no place for a playa  
can't make no money, 'ain't no bitches in there but life  
ain't fair but ya world don't stop, "ya gotta keep keep  
on we pepblo no matter the streets we on the streets  
we roam that's why I ain't, wrote you in a hen but I'll see  
ya if I see ya if not, 'then when they lock the Y in and  
tough thug one love yes you's a slug to that snitch  
nigga I'll finish where we left off, I'ma get rich nigga.  
I'ma get rich nigga.  
(Chorus) Lord can you help me to many niggaz dying  
they been cutthroat but they trying lord ya gots to help  
me, I know my niggaz broke keep my niggaz strong.

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