

# The Game

## "Help 'Em Out Ft. Cyssero AKA RockStar"

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The Game ft. Cyssero AKA RockStar  
Help 'Em Out

[Chorus]

(The Game)

Kanyeezy help em out please  
Just bleezy help em out please  
M-Eazy help em out please  
Somebody go tell Free to help em out  
Yeah, young neefy help em out  
Dress up like RunDMC to help em out  
Yo peedi, go see beans and break him out  
Before i show these young dummies what beefing all  
about

(Cyssero)

Fresh off the tour bus, homie i'm back  
I was stompin' in Compton, loading my strap  
And niggas seem a little pissed  
Cause now i'm in the city with huge canary yellow  
diamonds on my little wrist  
All it took was one verse, and game was convinced  
I got the straight jacket flow, i'm insane when i spit  
How y'all talkin that Young Gun shit?  
Y'all young but y'all ain't guns y'all ain't dumped one  
clip  
I'm the Game's Young Gun and i'm one young pit  
And i'll bite both of y'all fuck that Young Gun shit  
Cause Chris is a snitch, even they know that  
On the stand pointin now look where Spado at  
Stuck behind prison bars, dealing with those prison  
guards  
Only get to see outside when he in the prison yard  
And this some real nigga shit real niggas rather give  
you a shell  
Than send you to jail

[chorus]

(Cyssero)

A real nigga ain't Chris, a real nigga ain't Neef  
A real nigga that's Cyss, so how you feelin hard?

I went from runnin' the underground  
To the Black Wall, so i'm still in charge  
You wanna holla at Game? now Cyss involved  
Y'all ain't sick at all, plus y'all niggas been slippin off  
Chris stole Jay hov's style, get off his dick and balls  
Y'all rappers can't rap, that's why Mac ain't stick with  
y'all  
I got little Neef complaining to Chris  
Like "what we gonna do, he's with the Game and he's  
sick"  
Yeah, i keep the thang on my hip  
And i aim to draw blood like a blood when he bangin a  
crip  
You should never bite the hand that feed you  
Sucking so much Hova dick, you done turned your back  
on Sigel  
And none of y'all clapped that chrome  
So i wouldn't be suprised you get smacked up when  
Mac come home  
And this cat not shook,  
That's why i'm the most talked about Philly since Mac  
got booked

[chorus]

(The Game)

Let me tell you 'bout the boys and where they come  
from  
Grew up in nice town, how they call themselves the  
Young Gunz  
Dame Dash left, now Beans don't fuck with em  
Free signed to Jay, and R O C got stuck with them  
Now Def Jam can't even make a buck with em  
Cause they ain't got them teairra marie cuts in em  
When i blaze, it'll feel like a truck hit em  
Leave 'em like a swisha in philly with no guts in them  
A hundred pound slug slice right through them  
Hit the corner, bullets curve like the logo on the Pumas  
Hollows in one ear and out the other like a rumor  
He got shot before he got a chance to grow a sooner  
Then i'ma drive by lootin and choose  
Put the Hemi in Neef mouth while he chewin his food  
Everybody in Philadelphia know that you'se the fool  
You gonna make me, make Jay lose his cool

[chorus]

(The Game)

First buddens, the bleek, then the whole g-unit  
That's a staff, record label and a motherfuckin group  
Now you little faggots

I sold more records for y'all than y'all did your  
motherfuckin self  
The new Prince of Philly...RockStar

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