

The Game

"Help 'Em Out"

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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 f**k 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 f**k 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're 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 motherf**kin group

now you little faggots

i sold more records for y'all than y'all did your
motherf**kin self

The new Prince of Philly...RockStar

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