

Game, The

"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 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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