

No Help

Trae

[Z-Ro:]

Don't come around my way, cause I don't need a
'Nother fat weather friend, with a trick up his sleeve
Acting like you really my nigga, but he after my cheese
Y'all niggaz get me congested, move around and let me breathe
I remember when you niggaz, ain't want me to hit the weed
Now that I'm rapping, you see me and tell me to hit the weed
Thinking you can get a VIP pass, and get in free
But Joseph McVey, is enough company for me
Wanna kick it with me, cause I kick it with the high class
Y'all didn't wanna kick it, when I was down on my ass
In my cordoroy britches, y'all was in Louis Vatone
Laughing and pointing at a nigga, trying to ruin my fun
For using the millennium, or money by the ton
You niggaz ain't help me get it, I did it with no one
Fuck showing love back, I ain't showing none (y'all niggaz don't have to)
Come to none of my shows, or buy none of my tapes
Cause who the hell should I support, I'ma still be straight
The less niggaz around me, the better I can concentrate
When I came face straight, or open up my chest plate
It could be ya death date, get beside yourself
We ain't cool, I think you better rewind yourself
Before a cemetery, be where you can find yourself
So beat your feet, and let the do' close behind yourself
I don't need no friend, I don't need no broad
Only thing I need, is the help of the good Lord
Trying to kick it, but motherfuckers sing to hard
Cause I'ma be keeping it real, they gon be keeping it fraud
A hundred and fifty-two percent, are real with me
So instead of keeping my niggaz, get the steel with me
I can do bad one deep, so I chill with heat (fuck y'all niggaz)

[Hook:]

I don't need no help my nigga, I can do bad on my own
And I don't need no company lil' mama, stop ringing my cellular phone
When I be down and out, nobody wanna come and kick it
I'm a nobody, until I can shine
So when my money is long, I don't need nobody to visit

Leave me lonely, like you did last time

[Trae:]

I'm a asshole, and I ain't trying to be rude
But I don't really give a damn, about none of y'all
You use to hate a nigga tough, from way back in the day
First off, fuck each and every one of y'all
I be a loner on my own, alone hang with my chrome
These motherfuckers play, life so fraud
I peep game, to the T
Cause I don't want nobody, to catch a nigga slipping on the Boulevard
And on the other hand, just to make matters worse
I feel, they want me headed to the grave
And I ain't ready to leave, I got my back planted against the wall
With a nine, about to misbehave
Same old shit, with a friend or a foe
Pack your shit, and get the fuck out the do'
Ain't no way, you hoes finna be a part of my life
A.B.N, is all that I know
You can try what you wanna, but I ain't gon fail
Look at me now, and all the shit that I sell
I'ma beat a nigga trunk off, coast to coast
And everybody who doubt that, can go to hell
Sometimes I'm right, sometimes I'm wrong
And I don't give a fuck, cause I'm in my zone
All that hate you got, it only make a nigga strong
So I like how it feel, when I'm left all alone

[Hook]

[Trae:]

You must of thought I forgot, when I was stuck on the block
And I was broke, everybody laughed a lot
And now the tables have turned, you niggaz fraud
And you know see Trae, with his foot up on the gas a lot
Cause I don't trust you niggaz
Give me fifty feet, 'fore I rush you niggaz
Move it around, cause I don't fuck with you niggaz
To tell the truth, I'm allergic to you niggaz
Asshole for life, until a nigga fly
Nigga don't stop, better go on pass by
And hoes, don't call my cellular phone
The only thing, that y'all know how to do is lie

[Z-Ro:]

Why y'all niggaz wanna rob wanna steal, that ain't real
How the fuck I'ma kick it with you, you ain't gon get me killed
I done seen a lot of blood, on the battlefield
Even though I'm tired, I be climbing up the ladder still
Ain't nobody words gon hurt me, even if they dessert me
I'ma still be grubbing, and drink a drink when I'm thirsty
Just to be in my position, motherfuckers ain't worthy
So they feminine conversations, don't even disturb me
I'm a gangsta, don't need another nigga to grade me
If I'm in trouble, don't need nobody to save me
Steady losing composure, like my kon folk Trae be
I'ma handle my bidness, ain't nobody else made me

[Hook x2]

Lyrics submitted by manuel.

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