

Help Lord (Won't You Come)

MC Hammer

Tiddle-dee-dum, tiddle-dee-dum
Help Lord, won't You come?
Tiddle-dee-dum, tiddle-dee-dum
Help Lord, won't You come? I can't call it but I know I got started
'Cause my mama was broke and I was broken hearted
I can take tears and tears for years
But the tears of my mama yo, they get me right here So I broke out in a military step, no deally, no dally
I walked, I crept, I slept on a plan that I'd make it all good
A young preacher if you could
A young hustler from the hood Mama, don't you cry, don't you cry no more
Ya baby boy's blowin' up and he's goin' to war
My mind is playin' tricks and my dad is too
High street bank boys, it's on, fools Gonna make my moves and my moves I make
You betta not get broke 'cause if you broke, you break
I don't hesitate that you can't see me
It's gonna take the Lord to save you from me Tiddle-dee-dum, tiddle-dee-dum
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Help Lord, won't You come? I flipped the stress off, good, I let it rip
Bank boys in the fat money grip, yeah
Rollin' 5 deep and on fools we creep
Half the town is down and you can't see me, really dough What's next? A young fool on a flex
Tryin' to get a name, some props or rep
I stepped right to him let 'em know it's all good
Lights out, now his crib is wood Broke for the dough but now I can't see
It's blood on my hands my dog, yo, G?
I hit the flo' but my heart didn't stop
And now I see a vision of my son wit no pop My mama's on her knees
Lord, Lord no please
And I feel cold and my health is cheatin'
It's gettin' dark but yet and still I'm half dead, half life, what's real?
I can't breathe but now I'm startin' to choke
Off my own blood and not that indo smoke
No joke, straight up, on a serious tip I'm losin' my life, I'm losin' my grip, I slip, s-s-slip deeper still
Help Lord, help Lord, I'm losin' my will
To live, low, stuck at the bottom

