

# Yung Ro, Lord!, Help Us Out

(\*talking\*)

For real, Mr. Pain Yung Ro

(Yung Ro)

It's time to question the way that we living, (Lord help us out)  
Shed some light in the ghetto, (open up another route)  
Take us away from this pain that we feeling, (my Lord)  
Cause coming up in the ghetto, (sometime it get hard)  
I keep praying, (I gotta talk to ya Lord)  
And what I'm saying, (I wanna walk with ya Lord)  
Cause in my mind, (I think I'm getting fed up)  
A nigga trying but it's hard, (just to keep my head up)  
What you gon do, when this world start stressing you out  
And niggaz turn they back on you, when you start letting it out  
Too many murders, where I lay my head down to rest  
Take head shots, so remember you can down that vest  
We full of pain where I'm from, who willing to try  
Look in the sky and wonder why, the ghetto bird never fly  
Mama cry mama stay worried, praying and stressed  
Wonder why her baby boy, got Pain tatted on his chest  
And oh yes I must confess, that the street claim lives  
Only a few gon survive, even real niggaz cry  
But don't worry my young nigga, brighter days are near  
If you believe in that voice in your head, then you will hear  
The answer's clear, we simply just ignoring the truth  
Kids don't smile where I'm from, look what we pouring to you  
And you ain't never stepped a foot, on the block I was raised  
Shit backwards where we from, we born out of graves  
Torn cause we slaves, addicted to our own bullshit  
I don't give a fuck, never gave a fuck full clip  
On my side nigga, and it's gon ride with me  
Not just them sometiming niggaz who get high with me  
Jump fly with me, and you will get your cape snatched off  
What you saying what you mean, I suggest you back off  
Slack off never that, cause Ro a clever cat  
Bring that level to me, then you gotta see that level bat  
Seen you where the devil at, with your devious ways  
Promise to fuck with the real, cause they won't lead me a stray  
Just leave me a K, a cigarette a bitch and I'm good  
That's all I need in my weed, but it be shady in the hood  
And I been watching you niggaz, who watching me  
I know you got plans on detouring, and stopping me  
But I wish a motherfucker would, is the crede I live by  
Kill or be killed, real niggaz keep the breed I live by  
Mental warfare g'yeah, hard but it's fair  
God gonna spare, a real nigga who kept it real down here

(\*talking\*)

Yeah Yung Ro nigga, Mr. Pain (what you mean nigga)  
I hear the streets talking, they calling my name you know  
Streets bleeding, somebody gotta tell it (what you mean)  
Seem like nobody wanna do it though, dig that  
Pain nigga, dedicated to the struggle  
Every ghetto every hood, block to block state to state