

# Help a Bitch Out (feat. O.T. Genesis)

## Snow Tha Product

[Intro: O.T. Genesis]

YungLan on da Track

Whatchu want?

Get it then [Chorus: O.T. Genesis]

I think I'ma help a bitch out

I think I'ma help a bitch out (skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)

I think I'ma help a bitch out

I think I'ma help a bitch out

How much your car, lil' bitch? (Uh huh)

How much your rent, lil' bitch?

How much your bag, lil' bitch?

I'm 'bout to spend this shit

I think I'ma help a bitch out

I think I'ma help a bitch out

[Verse 1: Snow Tha Product]

I don't need no help, I don't need a man

I need me a bad one on a Perc' or Xan

A lap to dance, some racks, and a bag of bands

And goddamn Mexican, don't give a workin' hand

Pretty bitches in the clique, like ooh

Fuck around get in the middle, like ooh

Do you need help? Do your baby need food?

I'm a pretty girl, need a pretty girl like you

I got Hennessy in my cup, ain't no jealousy, bitch, I'm up

That boy 'bout to catch some feelings

She's about to catch some one's

Baby girl faded and I'm really out of it (outta it)

Princess cuts, I'm Disney channellin'

I got a bag baby what's happenin'

Know when you cash women's empowerment

I be stuntin' on these boys, mamacita bring the noise

You just keep that ass in motion, I'ma keep that ass employed

She told me my highlight poppin', asked me if my hair was real

So I asked about her booty, she said, Baby how's it feel?

[Chorus: O.T. Genesis]

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I think I'ma help a bitch out (skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)

I think I'ma help a bitch out

I think I'ma help a bitch out

How much your car, lil' bitch? (Uh huh)

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I'm 'bout to spend this shit  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
I think I'ma help a bitch out[Verse 2: O.T. Genasis & Snow Tha ProductBoth]  
Stand up you know I do it  
Street money you know what I'm doin'  
Ramp it up, I be gettin' to it (run it up)  
Jewelry on you know I be coolin' (sauce, sauce, sauce)  
Goin' thru these racks I got packs  
Shoppin' spree, Neiman's, Barney's, Sak's  
Snowie get the baddies, that's a fact  
Bitch is crazy but the booty fat  
Man, I got these fake ass ballers, lame as fuck  
They fake, just skunkies, boys ain't throwin' out  
I got her twerkin', droppin', doin' tricks, she too much for a dollar  
Fuck you want, fuck up-front, I'm about make 'em sick  
Man I got the VIP, I throw up a grip and a bitch gon' fuck it up again[Chorus: O.T. Genasis]  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
I think I'ma help a bitch out (skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
How much your car, lil' bitch? (Uh huh)  
How much your rent, lil' bitch?  
How much your bag, lil' bitch?  
I'm 'bout to spend this shit  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
I think I'ma help a bitch out  
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