

Lord Have Mercy

ScHoolboy Q

Preacher told me don't set trip on a Sunday
Knowing damn well that there'll get you laid Monday Lord have mercy
Please Heaven's mercy
Lord have mercy
Please Heaven's mercy
Na-na-na na-na na-na

Never, ever ever get caught tellin' on my niggas
I'm a gangbanger, deadbeat father and drug dealer
When the money and fame gone, tell me who stayin' with you
Runnin' from God's creation
Shakin' these broken hands and meetin' with blank faces
Snake eyes keepin' my back achin'
Dirty habits of rappin' and bein' savage
Still hangin' with niggas that can't do nothin' but cause damage
Guess I'm bein' a real nigga like I'm 'posed to be
But bein' real never once bought the groceries and
Top told me keep rappin', you'll make it hopefully
And hope was all that I needed, dreamin' myself to work
This workin' affair was better than bullet holes in my shirt
The demons hate when you make it and stay alive
They'd rather see me down under than see me fly

Lord have mercy!
Lord have mercy
Please Heaven's mercy
Lord have mercy
Please Heaven's mercy They say I was a wanted man, a wanted man
Runnin' with my gun in hand, gun in hand
They don't wanna see the wanted man, the wanted man
Comin' through with the gun in hand, the gun in hand
Damn

Lord have mercy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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