

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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>