

Have Mercy

YBN Cordae

Kidd

Ugh Sweet Lord, please have mercy

Baby Jesus, please save us

I know I used up my three favors

Back to sinning like a week later

New car, speed racer

Cop a crib, need acres

Most of all, we all need prayer

Karma coming, beware I don't know where I'm goin' (Huh)

But I hope I'm on the right path

Life'll hit you with a light jab

Mike Tyson, strike back

You niggas going out slight sad

Know I'm all about my bag

New drip, I grab

I just wanna get my life back

There's no complaining on this side

My niggas, shit is not tolerated

Cut some niggas off like a operation

And my team way more consolidated

Suite presidential, that's inauguration

'Cause we cooking crack like Ronald Reagan

Chip on my shoulder, boy, I'm not for waiting

Divine timing, took a lot of patience

Now it's time for the takeover

All gas and the brake's slower

Took a trip out to Tokyo

Now I'm here in Paris for the layover

Fuck old niggas, boy, your day's over

You're mad at me because your pace slower

Bitter nigga, you a shade-thrower

I was just sleeping on a sofa

Now I ride with a paid chauffeur

Because I'm way dooper, better stay sober

I paint pictures, you a Crayola

I got a bad bitch and she laid over

She really asked could she stay over?

I told her that we needed face closure

This mellow money has a great odor

These the things that I prayed over

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Baby Jesus, please save us

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New drip, I grab
I just wanna get my life back
(Huh, huh) Why cry over spilled milk
If you still feel I'm the real deal?
My bitch bad with no ill-will
'Cause she'll murk a nigga like Kill Bill
Loose lips, sink ships
Cam'ron pink drip, that is my fashion
I'm not really with the high flashing
It's not helping with my bragging
I penetrate it, been the greatest
New house, renovate it
I got the juice you eliminated
Pussy-niggas always instigate it
Can't fuck me over boy
I'm too clever, that applies all to whoever
I'm just here to pursue pleasure
Boy, I'm going out like Hugh Hefner Sweet Lord, please have mercy
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