

Have Mercy

Cordae

Uh

Sweet Lord, please have mercy
Baby Jesus, please save us
I know I used up my three favors
Back to sinnin' like a week later
New car, speed racin'
Cop a crib, need acres
Most of all, we all need prayer
Karma comin', 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 goin' out slight sad
Know I'm all about my bag
New drip, I grab
I just wanna get my life back

There's no complainin' on this side
My niggas, shit is not tolerated
Cut some niggas off like an operation
And my team way more consolidated
Suite presidential, that's inauguration
'Cause we cookin' crack like Ronald Reagan
Chip on my shoulder, boy, I'm not for waitin'
Divine timin', 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 sleepin' on a sofa
Now I ride with a paid chauffer
Because I'm way dooper, better stay sober
I paint pics 'cause you a Crayola
I got a bad bitch and she laid over
She really asked "'could she stayed 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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(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 slips, sink ships, Cam'ron pink drip, that is my fashion
I'm not really with the high flashin', it's not helpin' with my braggin'
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 goin' out like Hugh Hefner

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