

# Mercy

Friday

If I say I got it all together, just know I'm lying  
From a place we don't make it out  
Too many niggas dyin'  
Truth is, I ain't better than the next man, but you know I'm tryin'  
Whoa-oah

Have mercy on me, me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on me, me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on me

Have mercy pon me  
When mi touch e road just fi kill di enemies  
'Cause mi have dat cold Fahrenheit, Celsius below ten degrees  
Best believe, sixteen, released a kill bwoy  
[?] chat more than a press release  
Mi head sicker than a STD  
Mi just a do what's best fi mi  
Blood a spill like Hennessy  
Full a money, Guyanese gold, dat a mek a fella pree  
Di Glocks dem up, mi start dem up fi shot you up, I make them chop you up  
Boy nah go reachin' and di ambulance a wrap em up  
Brand new AR weh mi get from mi dawg  
Haffi mek people scatter when dat a buss  
Have mercy pon me  
Mi nah thug it in di streets, I'm a juvenile teen  
Tell me weh di fuck, if yuh know how it feel  
Well, yuh cyaan get to me, love siblings for free

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Noah-oah

Have mercy on me, me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy for me, me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on me

On, on me  
On, on me  
Have mercy on me, on me  
Have mercy on me, on me  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on