

# Mercy

Mike G

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ey, ey  
Check, yuh, hey, look

It's always something, I make something out of nothing  
Y'all be out of touch and that must be a touchy subject  
Started a king like the Marcus Cousins  
I don't know what the fuss is, my career's illustrious  
No exaggeration, the devil talking like backwards  
Playing records, stating naked hate  
Diss track, break your concentration, take it every morning  
Northwest touring in Seattle storming  
While I'm blazing trails up in Portland racing Porsche's  
Said I'm blazing but I'm just getting warm  
Shifted out of gear and it's it crooked when I'm parking said I'm heating up  
Can't just drive right after you started confused what to do with this like  
Monopoly free parking, I'm off it

And I ain't got no mercy for nobody  
I ain't got no mercy for nobody, It's all me, It's all me  
I'm the shooter, and the driver  
I ain't got no mercy for nobody

I'm probably playing Pokemon Go with Monty  
Drinking turkish coffee in Dubai heat  
Coming back to America, I'm King Joffrey  
Tried to block me, you can't stop me forever remain oddly  
Coming back down broadway, dog how could you fault me?  
Shawty got a Lauren, that's killing me softly  
She keep on calling  
I'm falling, what's heaven's creation process of a goddess? I'm pondering  
Hearts may break if you fall out of pocket, I'm honest  
Dear mama, I've been wilding like I'm Pac, it's a problem  
Even worse, I feel like I'm Pac, cause I was conscious, I drive a stealth fi  
ghter  
I'm the builder and the pilot  
They may recognize me as royalty amidst my highness  
I picture scripts and synthesize what I've been visualizing  
Don't get offended, just don't kill my vibe or my excitement  
Keep your hands where my eyes can see  
We don't want no surprises, I'm mad nice

But I ain't got no mercy for nobody  
I ain't got no, I ain't got no mercy for nobody  
It's all me, it's all me, I'm the shooter and the driver, yuh  
I ain't got no mercy for nobody, yuh, yuh, ey, yuh

I think it's perfect timing, this one here is special for you  
I keep it personalized, my girl worth more than priceless diamonds  
I had to step it up, you could test or press your luck  
Go wrap it, my credit extra, see they show respect to us  
He ain't teaching the same lesson that your professor was  
You could test or press your luck  
Dancing with the devil, she electra in red dresses  
Like she Jennifer or Jessica, Jessica or Jennifer  
Could've been them both together, but uh  
I tell her, Roger, that I won't contest

She confess her love, she better holla facts  
I'm focused on my health and stuff  
We still smoke the best and we still throw that West Coast gesture up  
Nothing less than professional, what else you expect from us?