

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 fighter
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?