

# Mercy

Nipsey Hussle

We gon' ball until we die of sin  
Lord have mercy  
I did a lot in this life  
So I fight and survive, Lord have mercy  
Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, please  
Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, please  
Lord have mercy  
Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, please  
Mercy, mercy, Lord have mercy

Now, standin' at the crossroads  
Starin' at the cosmos  
I'm a product of this gang bang  
How we end up, only God knows  
I'ma do about the self hate  
I'm just tryna get myself straight  
I'm so caught up in this wealth race  
Cause I know I'm takin' hell's taste  
Look, chef flame to your soul with us  
When in wrong do what's wrong with us  
Pops wasn't in the home with us  
So we follow suit, look up to these old niggas  
I can tell you how it go nigga  
I can fire with the flame, explode nigga  
Nah, you gotta be a cold nigga  
With the yellow brick road, brimstone nigga

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Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah