

Lord Have Mercy

Sean Price

I'm sick of all the rumors
Gun smoke, son choke, the Heimlich Maneuver
The nine spit, the Ruger, the prints is wiped
And then thrown into the drain 'cause the game played right
I'd rather box, but I'll shoot your ass
King leader, say, "Do it," and niggas do it fast
I rap all the time
And when I'm not doin' that, then it's back to the crime
The truth, the autobiography of
A nigga from Brownsville, black glove on the snub
Y'all these boys spliff green
Had me lookin' clueless, Hardy Boy mystery
Hakuna matata, no plans to shoot ya
King of the apes and the papes, Mansa Musa
I know the streets down pat, I'm unaware
I once sold crack in Delaware, truth

Lord have mercy, lord have mercy
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Thou shalt not get fronted work he can't get rid of
Black 'll be the holder for your killer
Flow, no Brita, culprit, a coldness
Raw rap stick to the ribs, good for some porridge
Express life, item ready, my tribe ready
We ride steady, tryna belly this confetti
Sharp as a machete, niggas suffer from bluffin'
Fallin' for temptations and turn Ruffin
I get it in on sight like Visine
No dry scenes, the words you utter is vice dreams
Fifth tucked, like a seal liquor, I flea flicker
The blicka after the hit up and sell it to a dumb nigga
It's a cycle, they scope to see you for a rifle
Seems the ones tellin' the lies, you wanna idol
It's a thin line with love and gettin' mine
So that metal get tow trucked, everybody get fined

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I just got through boxin' a panther
Cold cut bow, stuff the face of your grandpa, nigga
You might as well go and get you a day job
Stop rappin', slap you at the movies, I'm not actin'
The coldest rapper in Chicago, homie
Creep mode, speak flows in the all black Suaconys
You niggas not my homies, better call the God upstairs
Spit bars at your heart, you fall right there
The heaviest, deadliest, trimmed all the fat on the petty
I'm Dante Gabriel Rossetti
The microphone is a machete
Nigga can't break a bank but I can break a levee
I'm different like bringin' fried chicken to a fish fry

You don't have a bite like a mothafuckin' fly
Lord have mercy on their souls
Read the rest of my bars in the Dead Sea Scrolls

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