

Lord Have Mercy

Trip Lee

Born sinner like Biggie, maybe Cole
If you picture pitch black, you can peer into my soul
Angels probably crying, ain't no penance for my roles
I don't wanna face a sentence, but it's clear I'm getting cold
I try hard, every time I think I'm on the way up
All the wicked stuff I'm plotting makes me stay up
It's like I ain't in control of my soul
Doing good is hard labor, but evil's like a layup
Mama ain't raise me wrong
Partner I ain't popping pistols 'til your brain is blown
Still I know my list of sin is getting way too long
If only God can judge me, what lawyer gon take me on, take me on

I'm a man, I'm a man
I ain't perfect, but He understands, understands
Hope He do cause I got bigger plans
Time is money, a day's a hundred grand, hundred grand

Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)
Oh my Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man, I'm a man)
Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)
Oh my Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)

The bomb been dropped, dust ain't cleared
Choppers ring out, drown in fear
It's kill or be killed, roll up or get smoked
Smile in your face, but at each throats, how I know?
He made me a black man, with all black clothes
Black coffee, blacking out on all my flows
But why is black a problem here for all my bros?
And why they trying to put a tag on all our toes?
Black fist on the pick sticking out my fro
He made me black, and put His image on my soul
They thought our fight was finished in 1964
New specifics, same hearts, same issues unfold

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Lord have mercy (hol' up)
Lord have mercy (hol' up)
Lord have mercy (hol' up, hol' up)
Lord (hol' up, hol' up)

Can't wait 'til it'll change, hold up
Hope my waiting ain't in vain, hold up
But I gotta try and hold up
Can't survive if I can't get with the vibe, hold up
Every single moment, we got demons weighing heavy
Heaven I been waiting on it

Only time we ain't divided's when we groaning
But He died to recruit his main opponents, good morning
Tell them that I'm on the way bruh, chains is on me
And I'ma get there any day bruh, wait up for me
Don't know what to say
But I don't wanna be vague
Don't wanna get what I deserve, I want my dirt in the grave
Hope is hard to hold when you facing doom
Hard to swallow when your stomach's like a vacant room
Hungry for the place of peace, please take me soon
'Til then I'll be praising in the waiting room