

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
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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
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Yeah, yeah, yeah