

Have Mercy

Raekwon

You have to learn mercy
Otherwise, you will learn bad ways
You have been confined here, for one month already
But you still haven't grasped this basic principal
I feel sorry for you, my boy

I've been living in this world
Not knowing where I'm going (knowing where I'm going)
This world ain't showing
That it's gonna get better, better (yeah, it's gonna be trouble again)

My days getting shorter, my nights getting longer
My cell getting smaller, my son getting taller
I exercise my mind, my body getting stronger
But my blood getting colder, heart getting harder
My chances for appeal, getting slimmer
My skin getting brighter, my hair getting thinner
See, when you stressed out, you could age fast in here (have mercy)
I done seen weak niggas not last a year, so before lights out
I write my kids every night, kiss the stamp on the kite
And say a prayer, I hope it lands safe in this flights
I pray they sleep safe through the night
Try to teach my son right, give him some jewels
But it's hard to raise my boy from this visiting room
Many cells turned to prisoner's tombs
I just pray I don't die in here, and last night I almost cried a tear
(have mercy)

To all my gun holders, stand up, get it
Cause when the killas come around, it's on
Bullets get blown, warn 'em and they re-up fast
Say some back shit, your flagship gone
Can't play the building no more
Can't hang around by the store no more
It's really on, you a dickhead
Now you a dead man with no hand
Now you can't believe you jammed

Between my six niggas, sixty years, stay in the crispy airs
Hundreds, blunted, we up top, switching lairs
Money equal power, horror equal real when borrowed
Ratchet barrel under your ears
Mean streets in the middays, they robbers, but life's so hard
Even the cops clutter us to starve us (have mercy)
The killas is star struck, look at the cars and trucks
Rambo guns, it's hard to get luck
Whether fail or a come up, your number is up
Period, make you bleed Caesarean
Chop through your body, leave you right in the lobby
Hear me, kid? Extra holes right in your derriere
The blitzes, the rushes'll touch something, back in the cells
Two days later, yup, back in them cuffs again
Or leaning on the customers, hustlers, my hood illustrious
Marvelous raps, screw on mufflers (have mercy)

Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh
It hurts my heart, to see what's going on

Young men dying now, children going when they're born
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh whoa
Oh no, oh whoa, where is this world going to? I don't know