

# Have Mercy

Starlito

I been up three days  
Shit's absurd,  
Man, all this shit's absurd  
Shot lil' homie,  
Got his face to the curve  
Pull up at the liquor store,  
Still tryna get served  
Run my way, shit's sweet(?)  
We ain't get desert  
Ride, want my piece of the pie  
And an extra slice  
Hood and a piece of the pie  
Tryna sell it twice  
And a set of dice  
I'm tryna bid it out  
I got this piece, cause there's no peace  
I got to sit it out  
My fish work a t the bank like zivaka(?)  
Can't get rid of us  
Independent like me  
Illest with no signats  
Started out with thug lyrics  
I'm fucked up from drugs and bad business, bro  
Thank God I wouldn't paint my head rhytm(?)  
Cause I love fast cars and  
Lust after faster women  
Something of a slogan, keep pushing your  
Pants to the limit  
Same time, it's money,  
These niggas don't last a minute

[Hook]

I'm just a product of this fast life  
Clientella, building product, got my game right  
Cause being broke, that's in my past life  
Last night could have been my last night  
I do whatever just to eat, nigga  
Go hard, I barely sleep, nigga  
No mercy for a weak nigga  
Lord have mercy for a street nigga

Hood nigga tryna make it out  
Till the Reaper sleep ya,  
Other people come and take your hat  
These hard times got me stressing  
Sipping, smoking pot  
This why I'm focused on some ways  
So I can shake the spot  
Motor block so I can make it rock  
Time, money's on my shoes,  
Lays tryna race a clock  
I'm young (?) on a paper chase  
I'm afraid I'm in these streets tryna make a plate  
Money talk I comprehend, that's what I'm stuck on  
You ain't bout the same thang, get the fuck on  
Smoking thomp while my pockets getting their buss on

I'm chopper cocking for haters plotting tryna get their tough on  
Cause when you in the front, you gotta watch your back  
Even your side, I'm just talking facts  
One eye open when I sleep, nigga  
I'm just a paranoid street nigga

[Hook]