

Raekwon f/ Beanie Sigel, Blue Raspberry

"Have Mercy"

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[kung fu sample] 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 [Intro: Blue
Raspberry] 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) [Beanie Sigel] 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) [Chorus: Raekwon w/ Blue
Raspberry ad-libbing] To all my gun holders, stand up,
get it Cuz 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 [Raekwon] 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) [Chorus] [Blue Raspberry] 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

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