

**Lil B****"Lawd Have Mercy"**

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South Baton Rouge this the baddest place in the whole  
wide world stand up y'all lawd have mercy...  
Yah man remember the baddest place in the world  
south baton rouge lawd have mercy... Roosevelt street  
project nigga (boosie badazz)

Fresh off the project step is boosie  
We went from shooting oozies to shooting movies  
Mr cogee man you can't take that from me (ah ah)  
[? ] he showed me how to save money  
Walking to school with a tool and a bag of weed (fire)  
Never knew that the feds would be after me (oh)  
Casualty after casualty it's real  
I hustle on the hill when walter got killed (woah)  
Senn a lot of shit man I did a lot that's probably why it  
took so long for me to hit the top  
Ask nuck I don't back down from shit  
I was small as a bitch I ain't back down from wick  
I slung eye with everytime grinding till I shine (let's get  
it)  
Dickies and tee'z till I made my first fifty g'z So tell me  
why a pussy nigga hate on me we from the same hood  
south baton rouge

Can't knock my hustle  
Lawd have mercy  
Can't stop my shine  
Yah man  
Shoul ain't my fren  
Lawd have mercy  
Can't even look in ma eye (but u know one thang)  
Yah man [x2]

Pick them out line them up like jeezy say  
Niggaz can't out hustle me on a freezy day  
I need a duffle bag bitch like weezy say  
Any nigga steal from me steal off jesus plate  
Hard times in the ghetto we was lost  
No school no job me and busta rott  
Became a boss took losses could'ntcry nigga  
Sucked it up told my main man double it up

When my label wouldn't drop my shit  
Ain't get mad I went got them bricks  
I had a jacob like 50 cent  
In '04 got my paper acts in me nigga  
I get my grind on house 3 stairs had it for 2 years  
Still ain't satisfied that's how scopio's is  
Hot like hot fries southside baptised bitch am a hustler  
you can see it in my eyes eyes

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Yah man [x2]

Guess what? next up is the haters  
They test up but get ate like sweet potatoes  
Heads busty niggas go running to the people  
The swagga boy yet they thugging like it's legal  
Wake up call every morning call my manager up T.Q  
I need cash or your ass get bust and that my big  
brother  
Save change 8 gallons already saved trust fund man  
my kids alreadyy paid  
Still camera shoot the 50 with my?  
Still scratching off the lotto tryna hit it big  
So my hustle a moda fucka man you feel me man  
Hustle cross the track call me penny wayne  
Money stash to the side I got a load of it  
Facing to gun charges I need more of it  
Steady thuggin reppin my hood till I die  
King pen of the southside certified

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