

Lil Boosie "Lawd Have Mercy"

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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
Watch out for Ivy, he showed me how to save money

Walking to school with a tool and a bag of weed
Never knew that the feds would be after me
Casualty after casualty it's real
I hustle on the hill when Walter got killed

I've seen 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 every time grinding till I shine
Dickies and tee's till I made my first fifty G's
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, yeah man
Shoul ain't my friend, lawd, have mercy
Can't even look in my eye, yeah man

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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 couldn't cry nigga
Sucked it up told my main man double it up

When my label wouldn't drop my shit
I 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 Scorpio's is
Hot like hot fries south side baptized
Bitch I am a hustler, you can see it in my eyes, eyes

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Guess what? Next up is the haters
They test up but get ate like sweet potatoes
Heads bust, niggas go running to the people
The swagger 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 already paid

Still camera shoot the 50 with my?
Still scratching off the lotto trynna hit it big
So my hustle a motherfucker, 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 thugging, repping my hood till I die
King pen of the south side certified

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