

## **X-Raided "Lord Have Mercy"**

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If I gotta burn in fire  
Feel the flames  
For my loved ones to excel in this game  
Then let it burn  
Let it burn

As I lay me down to sleep  
I pray to the Lord that my soul he keeps  
Nobody weeps when a G dies  
But like Maya Angelou still we rise  
Mama tried to keep me home at night  
But despite her attempts  
I hung with the macks and the pimps  
Sidin' with the Rip's  
Not cuz I like blue if you like red  
I did it cuz I never did like you  
And it said the good die young  
I don't recognize myself what have I become?  
Can you tell me why am I headed for a dead end?  
Why I got another dead friend?  
Why they surround me- dead men?  
Everywhere I look right and left  
Flip another page in the book of life and death  
It's comin'- I feel it breathin' down my back  
It got me runnin' Grim Reap ain't cuttin' no slack  
What can I do where can I go  
Lord forgive me for all I did cuz I didn't know  
And when my heart beats it's last tick  
Somebody sat these three words in my casket:  
Lord have mercy

[chorus]  
Lord forgive me for all the wrong that I did  
All of the pain that I inflicted as a kid  
On Judgement Day consider this before you curse me  
I was only a child so Lord have mercy  
Forgive me for all the wrong that I've done  
All of the pain I inflicted when I was young  
On Judgement Day consider this before you curse me  
I was only a child so Lord have mercy

Should I die before I wake

Don't she'd a tear Mama cuz I finally escaped  
No more drama no more blood sweat and tears  
No more pressure from my peers  
And no more fears  
I rest in peace- how long will it last  
Fore I have to answer for what I did in the past  
Illin' - willin' and dealin' cops always after me  
I call it survival and you call it misanthropy  
But let the record reflect circumstances were suspect  
But you couldn't care less- mann  
While I struggle to survive  
You turned your eyes- plugged your up ears  
Ignored my cries  
Now Ms. America sayin' we scarin' her  
But she can give me Liberty or Death- I'm darin' her  
Either one'll set me free- that's all I wanna be  
But that aint what y'all wanna see  
You'd rather see me killin' up my own in the ghetto  
Or sellin' blow to anybody Black, Brown, or Yellow  
But forget that- I'm tryin' to get my head right  
Even if it mean I gotta get dead tonight  
Lord have mercy forgive me

[chorus]

Forgive me for the blood that his body bled  
And all the tears that his Mommy shed  
Book says 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'  
But I done seen more blood spilled  
Than the vets on Hamburger Hill- it's real  
Post War Syndrome- went to see my homie  
But his Mama told me that the homie been gone  
Everytime I turn around it be another body on the  
ground  
With fresh gunshot wounds but he didn't hear a sound  
When he came out the room  
Nobody told him he would be dead so soon  
But the gauge went boom Ms. America,  
I know you got a cure for AIDS  
But we need a cure for Raid who on a rampage  
Can you feel it- the tensions in the air thick  
Hate got me so high I'm gettin' airsick  
Got my people broke lookin for a buck to borrow  
Doin it one day at a time fuck your sorrow  
Fuck tommorrow I want revenge  
I got a Beretta named Vendetta  
Time to answer for your sin- man  
When you meet your creator- tell him I apologize  
But I gotta ride Lord have mercy forgive me...

[chorus]

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