

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"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 shed 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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