

Busta Rhymes F/ Jamal

"Lord Have Mercy"

Visit "[Lord Have Mercy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One time...

[Backbone]

SWAT's, drop-tops and 'gnac
Lil-bitty killas on the block, cock back the gat
Can't a day go by, one of these villians don't die
Won't try to fight this feelin, this concrete thang
It - thrillin niggas, it's killin for nothin
Meanin, niggas is livin for less, I guess
That I'm bring it to ya like it I-S
The rest your 'sposed to know
See crime, that get'cha time, to the do' slick
When you hit 'em, get 'em,
but keep yo' name up out they system
Cuz that there could sho' fuck up the rythem of thangs
Called up, charge it to the game
No your sittin downtown tryin to explain
Simple-n-plain, but they ain't finna be listenin
You pre-trial detain to yo' co-sentencing (Uh-huh)
This situation keep ya tied in a knot
Lord have mercy on the SWAT's

[Chorus - Joi & Cee-Lo]

Lord have mercy, on me
This is just how it's gone be
Niggas dying daily on them same corner that pay me
but that's the only chain I'm gon' see
Lord have mercy, on me
I'm doin the best that I can
But it's hard in my front yard
It's do or die out here, ya understand?

[Backbone]

I done seen these same, lil-bitty niggas squeeze
Lil-bitty triggers, now these (Uh-huh)
Lil-bitty niggas is, lil-bitty killers (Uh-huh)
Couldn'ta been no more than thirteen (Uh-unh)
Supplyin fiends, shorties strictly stressin dir-ty (What?)
I sit on the porch and watch 'em FLEE from the po-lice
But the nighttime blind, and ain't no eyes on the streets
(Shhh)

First Law of the Concrete

Better, never ever repeat, nothin ya seen (Uh-unh)

He said he had to make a killin (Uh-huh)

That's how it go whodi, ride and take a livin fo' sho'

He say he kill and kill again, he'll kick in the do' (Yea-ah)

Keep the lick, he trick a milli into mo' (Yeah)

Nobody wit him, he so low, when he creep through (Uh-huh)

Ride a glass Cheverolet, damn near see-through

But they all fall, cuz he learnt to walk

But he, never learnt to crawl, have mercy Lord

[Chorus]

[Cee-Lo]

I get it in, I put the chamber under yo' chin

I play to win, stingy, I don't have no air to lend

I'm standin still, talkin 'bout I'm grill

Cee-Lo Seville and steel real

Only millimeters away from my meal

Mighty knife, just enough not inconsiderate ice

Your contemplatin, contestin, please consider it twice

Cuz I'm connected with the guy left after the drop of a dime

Or roll or roll down a bat, wonder what blow your mind
I'm heavyweight

and Front Street Skeet, got the snorters geeked-up
and they keep runnin back to the plate

We get it on, get it out the pot

Get on the block, and get it gone

Raised up out of the factories, and then we sit it
chrome

Ya won't show, get out doors even if it's ice-cold

And slice O's as the dice rolls, shit

And may Lord have mercy on your hustlin-ass soul

[Chorus]

Lord have mercy, on me

I'm doin the best that I can

But it's hard in my front yard

It's do or die out here, ya understand

Lord have mercy, on me

This is just how it's gone be

Niggas dying daily on them same corner that pay me
but that's the only chain I'm gon' see

Lord have mercy, on me

I'm doin the best that I can

But it's hard in my front yard

It's do or die out here, ya understand

{*humming until fade*}

Visit [Busta Rhymes F/ Jamal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.