

Lord Have Mercy f/ Method Man

"These Men Don't Cry"

Visit "[These Men Don't Cry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Lord Have Mercy] Yeah, uh, check it out, yea
[Lord Have Mercy] We shall remain winners, for the
haters, the pain lingers Don't play with us, we head
huntin', your game switches The sour, the sweet,
devour your fleet, we sinners By all means, victorious,
the world witness I'm more vicious, for ya'll seven
course delicious Silver spoons, we pillage crews, cause
convictors The most wanted, my soul haunted, roads to
riches Leave you broke on it, we spoke on it, cold as
winters So hibernatin', sweet dreams, we violent apes
With higher stakes, nightmare niggas that rhyme on
tapes Inject the drugs, we messengers, from violent
days Soon to come, just move from us, find your way In
a world of hurt, backstabbers and murderers Niggas
roll the bud, and burn a Dutch, I turn it up Just another
notch, we smother spots across the globes On
Fordham Roads in Metropolis, Boston foes [Chorus:
Method Man (Lord Have Mercy)] These men don't cry
(why) we just get even (even) Stop them from eatin', kill
'em all softly Of course we be (creepin') of course we
be (reachin') Feel the force when we (reachin') [Chorus:
Lord Have Mercy (Method Man)] [Method Man] Who,
me? M-E-T, H, the O, the D, can't be done Like try'nna
find a penny in the sea Nigga run, for cover son, go
and get them guns Ya'll ain't from here, don't try to
come around here gettin' one You get done here, just
for askin' Stick the key in the lock to Pandora's Box
Lungs collapsin', gaspin' for breaths Lord Have Mercy,
it hurts me, to know Thirst is everything and I'm still
thirsty Ask myself, who the boss label try'nna work me
Next time, don't forget my dick when you jerk me
Try'nna stop my conquest, I'm like a one legged man In
an ass kicking contest, hah Walk a mile in my shoe,
whoop an ass or two Cop a nasty attitude, still I ain't
mad at you Hurry up and take your time, buck-ed
naked nine Take your shores high, and make it mines,
word Until we even, or one of us is barely breathin'
Shaolin, we in the house, and we ain't leavin' The
Loooooooooooooooooord Have Mercy, muthafucka [Chorus:
Lord Have Mercy (Method Man)] [Chorus 2X: Method
Man (Lord Have Mercy)] [Chorus: Lord Have Mercy]

(Method Man)] [Outro: Lord Have Mercy (Method Man)]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (hah) Johnny Blaze (hah!) Al
Simmons (hah!) Wu-Tang (hah!) *Flipmode* (what?)
Word is bond, Shaolin, Brooklyn What it look like, what
it be like What it sound like, what it feel like,
muthafucka (you know?) All day, Brooklyn to Staten
Island, connected Put it all together, it's basic) Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!

Visit [Lord Have Mercy f/ Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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