Mercy

Kanye West

[Bridge:]
It is a weeping, and a moaning, and a gnashing of teeth
It is a weeping, and a moaning, and a gnashing of teeth
When it comes to my sound which is the champion sound
Believe! Believe![Hook (x4):]
Lamborghini Mercy
Your chick she so thirsty
Im in that two seat Lambo
With your girl she tryna jerk me[Verse 1: Big Sean]
Drop it to the floor
Make that ass shake
Woah make the ground move, thats an ass quake
Built a house up on that ass, thats an ass state
Roll my weed on it, thats an ash tray
Say Ye, say Ye, dont we do this err day-day?
I work them long nights, long nights to get a pay day
Finally got paid, now I need shade and a vacay
And niggas still hatin, so much hate I need an AK
Now we out in Paris, yeah Im Perrierin
White girls politicin thats that Sarah Palin
Gettin high, Californicatin
I give her that D, cause thats where I was born and raised in[Hook][Bridge][Verse 2: Pusha T]
Its prime time, my top back, this pimp game hoe
Im red leather, this cocaine, Im Rick James hoe
Im bill droppin, Ms. Pacman is pill poppin ass hoe
Im poppin too, these blue dolphins need two coffins
All she want is some heel money
All she need is some bill money
He take his time, he counts it out
I weighs it up, thats real money
Check the neck, check the wrist
Them heads turnin, thats exorcist
My Audemar like Mardi Gras
Thats Swiss time and thats excellence
Two door preference
Roof gone George Jefferson
That white frost on that pound cake
So your Duncan Heinz is irrelevant
Lambo, Mercy-lago, she go wherever I go

Wherever we go we do it pronto[Hook][Bridge]Well it is a weeping, and a moaning, and a gnashing of teeth
In the dancehall, and who no have teeth will run pon them gums
Caw when time it comes to my sound, which is the champion sound
The bugle has blown the many times, and it still have one more time left
Caw the amount of stripe weh deh pon our shoulder[Verse 3: Kanye West]
Let the suicide doors up
I do suicides on the tour bus
I do suicides on the private jet
You know what that mean, Im fly to death
I step in Def Jam building like Im the shit
Tell em give me fifty million or Imma quit
Most rappers taste level aint at my waist level
Turn up the bass til its up in your face level
Dont do no press but I get the most press, kid
Plus your my bitch, make your bitch look like Precious
Something bout Mary she gone off that Molly
Now the whole party is melted like Dal
Now everybody is movin they body
Dont sell me apartment, I move in the lobby
Niggas is loiterin just to feel important
You gon see lawyers and niggas in Jordans[Verse 4: 2 Chainz]
Now catch up to my campaign
Coupe the color of mayonnaise
Im drunk and high at the same time
Drinkin champagne on the airplane
Spit rounds like the gun range
Beat it up like Rampage
100 bands, cut ya girl now your girl need a bandaid
Grade A, A1, chain the color of Akon
Black diamonds backpack around me
Cosigned by Louis Vuitton
Horse power, horse power
All this Polo on I got horse power
Pound of this cost 4 thousand
I make it rain, she want more showers
Rain pourin, all my cars is foreign
All my broads is foreign, money tall like Jordan[Hook][Bridge x2]

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