

# Have Mercy (feat. Beanie Sigel)

Raekwon

I've been living in this world  
Not knowing where I'm going (knowing where I'm going)  
This world ain't showing  
That it's gonna get better, better (yeah, it's gonna be trouble again) My days getting shorter, my nights getting  
longer  
My cell getting smaller, my son getting taller  
I exercise my mind, my body getting stronger  
But my blood getting colder, heart getting harder  
My chances for appeal, getting slimmer  
My skin getting brighter, my hair getting thinner  
See, when you stressed out, you could age fast in here (have mercy)  
I done seen weak niggas not last a year, so before lights out  
I write my kids every night, kiss the stamp on the kite  
And say a prayer, I hope it lands safe in this flights  
I pray they sleep safe through the night  
Try to teach my son right, give him some jewels  
But it's hard to raise my boy from this visiting room  
Many cells turned to prisoner's tombs  
I just pray I don't die in here, and last night I almost cried a tear  
(Have mercy) To all my gun holders, stand up, get it  
Cause when the killas come around, it's on  
Bullets get blown, warn 'em and they re-up fast  
Say some back shit, your flagship gone  
Can't play the building no more  
Can't hang around by the store no more  
It's really on, you a dickhead  
Now you a dead man with no hand  
Now you can't believe you jammed Between my six niggas, sixty years, stay in the crispy airs  
Hundreds, blunted, we up top, switching lairs  
Money equal power, horror equal real when borrowed  
Ratchet barrel under your ears  
Mean streets in the middays, they robbers, but life's so hard  
Even the cops clutter us to starve us (have mercy)  
The killas is star struck, look at the cars and trucks  
Rambo guns, it's hard to get luck  
Whether fail or a come up, your number is up  
Period, make you bleed Caesarean  
Chop through your body, leave you right in the lobby  
Hear me, kid? Extra holes right in your derriere

The blitzes, the rushes'll touch something, back in the cells  
Two days later, yup, back in them cuffs again  
Or leaning on the customers, hustlers, my hood illustrious  
Marvelous raps, screw on mufflers (have mercy)

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