

Mercy

Krys

[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

I'm 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, that's an ass quake

Built a house up on that ass, that's an ass state

Roll my weed on it, that's an ass tray

Say Ye, say Ye, don't 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 I'm Perrierin?

White girls politicin? that's that Sarah Palin

Gettin' high, Californicatin?

I give her that D, cause that's where I was born and raised in

[Hook][Bridge][Verse 2: Pusha T] It's prime time, my top back, this pimp game hoe

I'm red leather, this cocaine, I'm Rick James hoe

I'm bill droppin?, Ms. Pacman is pill poppin? ass hoe

I'm 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, that's real money

Check the neck, check the wrist

Them heads turnin?, that's exorcist

My Audemar like Mardi Gras

That's Swiss time and that's 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, I?m fly to death
I step in Def Jam building like I?m the shit
Tell ?em ?give me fifty million or I?mma quit?
Most rappers taste level ain?t at my waist level
Turn up the bass ?til it?s up in your face level
Don?t 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

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