

No Mercy (feat. The-Dream)

T.I.

There's no mercy for me, no crying myself to sleep
No mercy for me, nightmares have become my dreams
No mercy for me, good morning reality Will I wake? We'll never know
I'm late for my date with destiny
Let me go, let me go
You've got to let me go Right or wrong
Let me go
I'm on my path
Let me go My mama loved me more than I do
She said you pop was just like you
Trapped in a vicious cycle
Jesus youngest disciple Tell the judge if he throw the book at me, make it the Bible
Start calling myself the king for lack of a better title
Loyal beyond belief to my detriment its so vital
I change or blow opportunities like a choir recital Now while I do not care who tell it
Meanwhile selling powder puts food in the bellies
Well it's unfortunate the orphanage
Couldn't keep up the mortgages Kid go to school stupid, they teachers ignoring it
Sorta just doomed, forced into being a goon
Selling kush in a jar
Mixing up the tar in a balloon Consumed with the same way of life I left
Everything I know now learned by myself
All you see are the whips, the Maseratis, Ferraris
So they don't sympathize, don't nobody feel sorry No mercy
There's no mercy for me, no crying myself to sleep
No mercy for me, nightmares have become my dreams
No mercy for me, good morning reality Will I wake? We'll never know
I'm late for my date with destiny
Let me go Everybody's standing and waiting and they're hating
Gospels say they should forgive me
They'd rather hand me to Satan Blatant displays the day of hypocrisy
Boy you got to be kidding
Could it be possible the second coming of Pac is me? Remember that when he was here
And when he died you realized you need him here
God with me partner, ain't no one for me to fear
Hindsight 20/20, future not as clear But I'm a rider 'til I die, put bullets 'tween my eye
I just ask that I can make my peace with God and say goodbye
Forgot the world like lady Di, hone the day he died
His wife and sons and daughters know that every day he tried To be a better person, nah they wanted better

purses
They could market to the merchants
But when they closed curtains
You could be for certain ain't nobody perfect
But when you're rich nobody gives a shit No Mercy
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Let me go, you've got to let me go
Let me go, let me go, let me go

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