Mercy

Stitchie

[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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