

# Lawd Have Mercy

## Lil Boosie

Fresh off the project step is Boosie  
We went from shooting oozy to shooting movies  
Mr. Cogee man, you can't take that from me  
Watch out for Ivy, he showed me how to save money  
Walking to school with a tool and a bag of weed  
Never knew that the feds would be after me  
Casualty after casualty it's real  
I hustle on the hill when Walter got killed  
I've seen a lot of shit, man I did a lot  
That's probably why it took so long for me to hit the top  
Ask Nuck, I don't back down from shit  
I was small as a bitch I ain't back down from wick  
I slung eye with every time grinding till I shine  
Dickies and tee's till I made my first fifty G's  
So tell me why a pussy nigga hate on me  
We from the same hood south baton rouge  
Can't knock my hustle, lawd, have mercy  
Can't stop my shine, yeah man  
Shoul ain't my friend, lawd, have mercy  
Can't even look in my eye, yeah man  
Can't knock my hustle, lawd, have mercy  
Can't stop my shine, yeah man  
Shoul ain't my friend, lawd, have mercy  
Can't even look in my eye, yeah man  
Pick them out line them up like Jeezy say  
Niggaz can't out hustle me on a freezy day  
I need a duffle bag bitch like Weezy say  
Any nigga steal from me steal off Jesus plate  
Hard times in the ghetto, we was lost  
No school no job me and busta rott  
Became a boss took losses couldn't cry nigga  
Sucked it up told my main man double it up  
When my label wouldn't drop my shit  
I ain't get mad, I went got them bricks  
I had a Jacob like 50 Cent  
In '04 got my paper acts in me nigga  
I get my grind on, house 3 stairs had it for 2 years  
Still ain't satisfied that's how Scorpio's is  
Hot like hot fries south side baptized

Bitch I am a hustler, you can see it in my eyes, eyes  
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Can't even look in my eye, yeah man  
Guess what? Next up is the haters  
They test up but get ate like sweet potatoes  
Heads bust, niggas go running to the people  
The swagger boy yet they thugging like it's legal  
Wake up call every morning call my manager up T.Q  
I need cash or your ass get bust and that my big brother  
Save change, 8 gallons already saved  
Trust fund, man my kids already paid  
Still camera shoot the 50 with my?  
Still scratching off the lotto trynna hit it big  
So my hustle a motherfucker, man, you feel me, man  
Hustle cross the track call me Penny Wayne  
Money stash to the side I got a load of it  
Facing to gun charges I need more of it  
Steady thugging, repping my hood till I die  
King pen of the south side certified  
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