

# Lord Have Mercy

## Trip Lee

Born sinner like Biggie, maybe Cole  
If your picture pitch black, you can peer into my soul  
Angels probably crying, ain't no penance for my roles  
I don't wanna face a sentence, but it's clear I'm getting cold  
I try hard, every time I think I'm on the way up  
All the wicked stuff I'm plotting makes me stay up  
It's like I ain't in control of my soul  
Doing good is hard labor, but evil's like a layup  
Mama ain't raise me wrong  
Partner I ain't popping pistols 'til your brain is blown  
Still I know my list of sin is getting way too long  
If only God can judge me, what lawyer gon' take me on, take me on I'm a man, I'm a man  
I ain't perfect, but He understands, understands  
Hope He do 'cause I got bigger plans  
Time is money, a day's a hundred grand, hundred grand Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)  
Oh my Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)  
Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)  
Oh my Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man) The bomb been dropped, dust ain't cleared  
Choppers ring out, drown in fear  
It's kill or be killed, roll up or get smoked  
Smile in your face, but at each throats, how I know?  
He made me a black man, with all black clothes  
Black coffee, blacking out on all my flows  
But why is black a problem here for all my bros?  
And why they trying to put a tag on all our toes?  
Black fist on the pick sticking out my fro  
He made me black, and put His image on my soul  
They thought our fight was finished in 1964  
New specifics, same hearts, same issues unfold I'm a man, I'm a man  
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Hope he do 'cause I got bigger plans  
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Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man)  
Oh my Lord, Lord, Lord have mercy (I'm a man) Lord have mercy (hol' up)  
Lord have mercy (hol' up)  
Lord have mercy (hol' up, hol' up) Can't wait 'til it'll change, hold up  
Hope my waiting ain't in vain, hold up  
But I gotta try and hold up

Can't survive if I can't get with the vibe, hold up  
Every single moment, we got demons weighing heavy  
Heaven I been waiting on it  
Only time we ain't divided's when we groaning  
But He died to recruit his main opponents, good morning  
Tell them that I'm on the way bruh, chains is on me  
And I'mma get there any day bruh, wait up for me  
Don't know what to say  
But I don't wanna be vague  
Don't wanna get what I deserve, I want my dirt in the grave  
Hope is hard to hold when you facing doom  
Hard to swallow when your stomach's like a vacant room  
Hungry for the place of peace, please take me soon  
'Til then I'll be praising in the waiting room

Songwriters

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