

Lord Have Mercy

Da Lench Mob

"I don't know WHAT'S WRONG with these children today."

"Nothin that a good ass-kickin wouldn't help!"[Verse One]

Lord have mercy, the devil he cursed me

I heard you had the cup of life, and I'm thirsty

My niggaz keep fightin for a street, the white man own

So many died, before they got full grown

Plus I got an ingrown toenail

I sit back in the window, and watch all the hoes sell

a lot of ass for a blast (that's right)

Plus my little sister is gettin fast

Usin mo' niggaz for financial aid (what?)

They pickin her up from the 10th grade

In a Jeep they try to creep

Takin her ass to Lover's Leap

I admit I'm a sinner (yeah?)

Did what I had to do, just to get dinner

But I was told you was the first G (no shit)

L.A. is a war zone Lord, so could you have mercy"You know who the FUCK Jesus is.."[Verse Two]

I admit, I don't call too often (I know)

I wonder why I don't live in a coffin

Cause I know, a lot of my homeboys pray

but when it was time, they still got sprayed

The grass is greener, in my neighbor's yard

He's white, so his house is barred up

by the windows and the doors

But my moms gotta clean his FUCKIN floors

They won't let us in (that's right)

even if we learn to act just like them (word?)

But if you don't learn you flunk

On a road to sleep, forever on a jail bunk (all day)

But I ain't no punk, and I won't get punked

by the system, so I gotta diss 'em

I was told you was the first G

Somethin ain't right Lord, so could you have mercy"You know who the FUCK Jesus is.."[Verse Three]

I'm dead, so bury me alive (six feet)

under all this bullshit and jive

Cause I know when you made South Central

shitty - it wasn't done intentional

Cause I looked back before the crack

before the macks, in motherfuckin Cadillacs
It was the same old thing
But nowadays, niggaz mo' brainwashed
And I can tell everytime I see
L.A. Compton to Long Beach gangs talk
I wish when my pops got the erection
he woulda used protection
And I wouldn't be a squirrel tryin to get a nut
And I want the nut, just to get some butt
It's like the battle of the sexes
My head spins around like I needed a exorcist
But if you blew up the world today it wouldn't matter
(Nope) just send down a ladder
to the people who had it the worst G
I'm askin you Lord, please have mercy

Songwriters

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