

Mercy (BEEN TRILL Remix)

G.O.O.D. Music

[Intro: Fuzzy Jones]

Well, it is a weeping and a moaning and a gnashing of teeth

It is a weeping and a mourning and a gnashing of teeth

It is a - when it comes to my sound which is the champion sound

Believe (believe!)[Hook]

Okay 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

Whoa, 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 every 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 hating) so much hate I need an AK

Now we out in Paris, yeah I'm Perriering

White girls politicking, that's that Sarah Palin

Gettin' high, Californicating

I give her that D, cause that's where I was born and raised in[Hook][Verse 2: Pusha T]

Yeah it's prime time, my top back, this pimp game ho

I'm red leather, this cocaine, I'm Rick James ho

I'm bill-dropping Ms. Pac-Man, this pill popping-ass ho

I'm popping 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 turning, 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 Hines is irrelevant

Lambo, Murcie-lago, she go wherever I go, wherever we go, we do it pronto[Hook][Interlude: Fuzzy Jones]

Well, it is a weeping and a mourning and a gnashing of teeth in the dancehall

And who no have teeth gwan rub pon them gums cause

When time it comes to my sound, which is the champion sound

The bugle has blown fi many times, and it still have one more time left

Cause the amount of stripe weh deh pon our shoulder[Verse 3: Kanye West]

Let the suicide doors up

I threw suicides on the tour bus

I threw 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'm-a 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, yo my bitch make your bitch look like Precious
Something about Mary, she gone off that Molly
Now the whole party is melted like Dal
Now everybody is movin' they body
Don't sell me apartment, I'll move in the lobby
Niggas is loiterin' just to feel important
You gon' see lawyers and niggas in Jordans[Verse 4: 2 Chainz]
Ok, now ketchup to my campaign, coupe the color of mayonnaise
I'm drunk and high at the same time, drinkin' champagne on the airplane (Tell em)
Spit rounds like the gun range, beat it up like Rampage
100 bands, cut your girl, now your girl need a bandaid
Grade A, A1, chain the color of Akon
Black diamonds, backpack rhyming, co-signed by Louis Vuitton (Yup!)
Horsepower, horsepower, all this Polo on I got horsepower
Pound of this cost four thousand, I make it rain, she want more showers
Rain pourin', all my cars is foreign
All my broads is foreign, money tall like Jordan[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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