

# Backbone, Lord Have Mercy

One time  
SWAT's, drop-tops and 'gnac  
Lil-bitty killas on the block, cock back the gat  
Can't a day go by, one of these villains don't die  
Won't try to fight this feelin', this concrete thang  
It thrillin' niggas, it's killin' for nothin'  
Meanin', niggas is livin' for less, I guess  
That I'm bring it to ya like it I S, the rest your 'sposed to know  
See crime, that get'cha time, to the do' slick  
When you hit 'em, get 'em  
But keep yo' name up out they system  
'Cuz that there could sho' fuck up the rhythm of thangs  
Called up, charge it to the game  
No your sittin' downtown tryin' to explain  
Simple-n-plain, but they ain't finna be listenin'  
You pre-trial detain to yo' co-sentencing  
(Uh huh)  
This situation keep ya tied in a knot  
Lord have mercy on the SWAT's  
Lord have mercy on me  
This is just how it's gone be  
Niggas dying daily on them same corner that pay me  
But that's the only chain I'm gon' see  
Lord have mercy, on me  
I'm doin' the best that I can  
But it's hard in my front yard  
It's do or die out here, ya understand?  
I done seen these same, lil-bitty niggas squeeze  
Lil-bitty triggers, now these  
(Uh huh)  
Lil-bitty niggas is, lil-bitty killers  
(Uh huh)  
Couldn'ta been no more than thirteen  
(Uh unh)  
Supplyin' fiends, shorties strictly stressin' dirty  
(What?)  
I sit on the porch and watch 'em flee from the police  
But the nighttime blind, and ain't no eyes on the streets  
(Shh)  
First law of the concrete  
Better, never ever repeat, nothin' ya seen  
(Uh unh)  
He said he had to make a killin'  
(Uh huh)  
That's how it go whodi, ride and take a livin' fo' sho'  
He say he kill and kill again, he'll kick in the do'  
(Yeah)  
Keep the lick, he trick a milli into mo'  
(Yeah)  
Nobody wit' him, he so low, when he creep through  
(Uh huh)  
Ride a glass Chevrolet, damn near see through  
But they all fall 'cuz he learnt to walk  
But he never learnt to crawl, have mercy, Lord  
Lord have mercy on me  
This is just how it's gone be  
Niggas dying daily on them same corner that pay me  
But that's the only chain I'm gon' see  
Lord have mercy, on me  
I'm doin' the best that I can  
But it's hard in my front yard  
It's do or die out here, ya understand?  
I get it in, I put the chamber under yo' chin  
I play to win, stingy, I don't have no air to lend

I'm standin' still, talkin' 'bout I'm grill  
Cee-Lo Seville and steel real  
Only millimeters away from my meal  
Mighty knife, just enough not inconsiderate ice  
You're contemplatin', contestin', please consider it twice  
'Cuz I'm connected with the guy left after the drop of a dime  
Or roll or roll down a bat, wonder what blow your mind  
I'm heavyweight and Front Street Skeet  
Got the snorters geeked-up and they keep runnin' back to the plate  
We get it on, get it out the pot  
Get on the block, and get it gone  
Raised up out of the factories, and then we sit it chrome  
Ya won't show, get out doors even if it's ice-cold  
And slice O's as the dice rolls, shit  
And may Lord have mercy on your hustlin'-ass soul  
Lord have mercy on me  
I'm doin' the best that I can  
But it's hard in my front yard  
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