

## **Sporty Thievz F/Mocha**

### **"Too Late"**

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Intro/Chorus: Shelene

Too late, too late baby, bye-bye  
I'll be there tonight  
You'll get left behind  
Now's my time to shine

Verse One: Grand Puba

Now I got the best birthday present when my ass born  
It was my mama, old dad plant the seed like a farmer  
Life was kind of hard livin in hell's backyard  
Didin't have a job, honey fronted on the GOD  
Shorty racing, only hollering at cats who be lacin  
She had some shit with her, she was caught up in the  
glitter  
"Brother come see me when you get five digits bigger"  
Oh that's the way you tryin to doo-doo on a nigga  
She likes the lavish, no time for a brother livin average  
Play the knees for the cheese like a savage  
Now she lost and turned out, rotten teeth in her mouth  
cos she ran the wrong route  
Shorty 'member me, now I'm seven digits bigger  
Platinum artist status, mad cheese from Hilfiger  
Now ya feelin me because you're smoked out and high  
but too late baby, bye-bye

Chorus

Verse Two: Lord Jamar

I wish you could have been there when I had my first  
fight  
The other kid said he was gonna get his father  
I didn't bother to respond cos I knew that you was gone  
Forced to carry on and teach myself right from wrong  
As far back as I can remember you was never around  
In September it was back to school  
The eldest member of my family so I packed the tool  
It made a nigga feel manly when I smacked a fool  
with it, could've schooled me on pussy before I hit it

Or took me to a park with a ball and said "Hit it"  
But we was all left in the dark, accepting the parts  
of you we was able to get, affectin my heart  
Nowadays you expecting to start, anew  
when I lived my whole life apart from you  
Too late you better check the due date  
See there's no explanation for the expiration

Chorus

Bridge: Sherene

It's too late, bye-bye  
Oh bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-byeeeee, yeah  
It's too late, bye-bye, oh babe  
Bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye  
Bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye-bye

Verse Three: Sadat X

Niggas disrespect my crib droppin ashes on the floor  
Another half of beer I'm findin behind the chair  
Let you meal like you wish but you can't even wash a  
dish  
but you love to eat and rest them stink ass feet  
And blow up my telephone line like you was home  
Seen a nigga make five quick calls to the dome  
Ride around all day, 'Dro-ed or hash  
I ain't never heard once "Can I help you with gas?"  
I ain't never heard "X, can I buy you a meal?"  
But if we going downtown niggas is ready to wheel  
Now if you broke you broke, you got five dollars, give  
me one  
Cos most likely I'll give it back before the day is done  
If I'm spendin and bending, you should do it pendin  
That day when you break out and finally get your cake  
But I don't let that stress me cos life is but a test, B  
And every waken day, I'ma stay okay

Chorus to fade

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