

## The Cenobites

### "You're Late"

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(feat. Percee-P)

[Kool Keith]

Yeah, what's up with all you stupid motherfuckers out there  
giving me that jive vibe and that jam jam, huh  
Don't come back with grass between your ass  
Cause I'm out here to last and move on forward past  
That's right, I gets deep up in that rectum and I checks them

I got a problem, niggas is wack and they cold fronts  
Suburban areas, born and raised with no blunts  
Never had a gun, one to pump in a shootout  
Always went to church with mom and wore a suit out  
Who doubt, can it be hard faking these gods  
Yo Don, the kid down the block, he's writing your style  
Kicking your style, flaunting your style, jocking your style  
Did you see him at the Apollo and  
Following, swallowing sperm and  
Then throw up, blow up, then pick a ho up  
I never need to suck a dick for a deal  
I never need a car to pull a fly bitch  
I leave you standing like an S1-W  
Cold and freezing with your asshole standing  
Coughing, sneezing, begging, pleasing  
MC's smell like fish, that's a reason  
Oh you cut your hair bald?  
Hey yeah yeah yeah yeah  
A lot of humane with rap skills  
Now you're selling your asshole dreams on Hollywood Hills  
Like a shark would bite, suck my deals with gills  
Cause you're no frills, taking feminine pills reel to reel  
My cock you feel, fuck that shit  
Your girl is wet as a seal  
You can't front man, act like a stunt man  
Fool of the girls, cause your lover is one man  
I know the girls and the girls that lick girls  
But it's hard to breathe with your bullshit gheri curls

Don't try to step to the X with that ill shit  
I'm not P.M. Dawn, crazy man with real shit  
Don't try to play me cause you gotta do shows, hoes  
Wipe that shit out your nose

[Percee-P]

In '88 it was all about an ill flow  
Lyrical goodies, not a hoodie and a steel toe  
Talking bout you wrecking parties, stretching hotties  
Catching bodies, then let me see you step to Gotti  
I stunned you with skills, megatons of it  
Fuck the guns and shit, I'll beat anyone you get  
I cut you off like a sharp machete blade  
Swear to God, the only card you be pulling is Medicaid  
Joke to me, broke MC with a gold head  
Wrecking, checking say better rhymes on my own shit  
I got a deal corruption and come up with  
But niggas like you just suck dick  
Like cattle, punk rappers I rounds up  
Yo chief, I turns your fucking beef into ground chuck  
You're pulling bitches? Nope, not on my block  
Nigga, the only hoes you can get is from my glock  
Boom boom boom boom

[Kool Keith]

Yo Don, punch the fuck in, you're late

[Godfather Don]

Body bag 'em, I stang 'em with lyrical dimes be hangin  
up  
Niggas that figure we're the triggers with fake triggers  
Never underestimate what the best will take  
Of the rest state of MC's make them bless the great  
Of some more top minds, align refine  
To the exaggerated potency of a glock nine  
I rock mine with tope rhymes in a lot time  
To weaker brothers, and others who debate I got mine  
I rock on beat off beat, toss meat  
Where's that skill, punk? You lost me  
Rehearse first curse cause we heard church worse  
And facilitate rehabilitate the message purposes  
Blood spatter, I'm mad as a mad hatter  
Rappers stagger badder rappers at a distance for  
instance  
Rappers get deals after kicking nil  
I'm checking skill after that's a drill technical bill  
Hearse blood on my first drug so leave nubs for hands  
My Tims land like Van Damme to Sam  
Man that's packing dust, the dust with a lush to bust  
Because of us you want to get back into lyrical thrust  
But the mic you hold is overthrown

Or should I spit out of my lung on my tounge I brought  
a Trojan  
Now I'm a disperse the verse and piece the purse  
And keep the Earth decrease when I drop a piece

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