

Dubaldo Marie Claire

"It's Too Late"

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(*talking*)

Say look out J, I'm feeling this here man
That's some funky shit man, that nigga T-Mix
Got the track making a nigga wanna tell the truth man
A lot of down to earth game
I've seen a lot of dumb ass niggaz and bitches, feel me
It's just real mayn, the shoe fits wear it dog
That's bottom line, feel me on this here

[Lil Head]

Listen mayn, I'm trying to get game and maintain
Understand, it's simple and plain to what I'm saying
I see, a lot of niggaz take the game light
Tell your homies bout your hustle, and think that the
game's tight
Grown dummy, never tell a person bout your money
Even if you cap about hundreds, and only got twenties
I knew niggaz that got caught up, for discussing the
shit
Standing round the wrong niggaz, saying they fucking
with bricks
Yeah that bragging get you fucked, yeah that capping
get you touched
Them same niggaz you call your guerillas, will put your
casket in the dust
How would you handle that shit brah, if they was
blasting up at ya
Would you pull your cannon out, and started blasting
back at brother
Game serious, but my real niggaz they gon be feeling
this
Mary Jane ease my brain, while I spit this shit
Penitentiary chances, hard times is what you facing
Youngster coming up in the game, with no patience
Why do, niggaz tell these hoes where they cash at
Knowing when they get pissed, they ain't getting no
cash back
Perhaps that, some of you niggaz will wisen up
'Fore the FED's send a bitch at your crib, and squad up

[Hook - 2x]

It's too late, you need to open your eyes
Before the end, of you losing your life
Before it's too late, it's too late

[Lil Head]

Let's say for instance, you going through something
your mind tripping
Your decision, to jump in your car, and start tipping
While you flipping, you feeling Miss Thang going away
Ass banging, loving the way them hips sway
Now you thinking, what the hell you gonna do next
You stressing feeling good, you could use you some
sex
You'll prolly do, what the next man do let's keep it true
Pull up on the side of lil' mama, ask what it do
You'll spit some game, that's flame to lil' Miss Thang
Serving fire pimping, ejecting into her brain
Have her hopping in, without knowing her name
Five minutes later, she sucking up on you mayn
Ooh mama, ooh mami
I'm knowing the bitch you picked up, got that HIV
Mash the gas, the ass is on your mind
Smash to the room, cause you wanting it from behind
but slow down

[Hook - 2x]

[Paul Wall]

I've seen a lot of playas in the game, come and leave
But time is the one thang, you can't retrieve
A lot of missed opportunities, and wasted chances
Or all the write questions, but all the wrong answers
People tend to take for granted, most of they blessings
They keep learning over and over, the same lessons
Boys be hanging out on the block, hitting licks
Then go waste all they money, on a new pair of kicks
All they profits is spent, on some food and new clothes
So they taking prison chances, for a new wardrobe
It don't make sense, and it sho don't make dollas
The ones riding the bench, always claim to be ballers
Where the real playas at, or am I the last one left
I take my last breath and welcome my death, it's going
down
You don't realize a good thang, until it's gone
Before you know it, the good Lord done called you
home it's too late

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