

Bree Sharp

"Too Late"

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Yo, when the bass thump, the place jump
Like it's way crunk, yeah,
Fake punks get they face lumped
Sent to the most high, by the most fit
You gotta do, fuck that almost shit
The fam is close knit
You diggin', know the clock don't stop tickin'
Glocks still spittin', the whole block politickin'
Lik epresidents with they minds dead on arrival
Leaving no evidence of a struggle for survival
Songs relevant to the times like the psalms read in the
Bible
Stepping to this leaves thoughts in your head 'it's
suicidal'
It's the T to the A-L-I-B the deep rooter
Rolling with my wanna battle cats who chief buddha
And see through the overspecialized,
underpressurized
No lie texturized, emcees who got the masses
mesmerized
with empty rhetoric, they better quit
Niggas so hollow that they echo like sentiments

Nowadays rap artists coming half-hearted
Commercial like pop, or underground like black
markets
Where were you the day hip-hop died?
Is it too early to mourn? Is it too late to ride? (6x)

Kwa is chillin', Tone is chillin'
What more can I say, we stay building
And make killings
Take children through the wilderness, by the hand
It's a great feeling, show 'em how to be a man
Exactly, pack trees in my khakis
My sound fat like a Neve while you thin like a Mackey
C'mon, shine so bright when I walk by
You got ta squint like the motherfucking sun in your
eye
What! Say somethin, you stay frontin
It ain't nothing, let off like I'm big game hunting

Me and Tek stay way blunted
Wave running on beaches with white sand
With a slight tan
Smack the mic stand with my right hand
When I'm excited
Leave you so far in the dust that you forced to bite it
On fire like property lost to riots
Yo, ain't no stopping us when we all united

Chorus

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