

Ty England

"You're Late"

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[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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