

Too Late

Brand Nubian

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

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
Didn'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
'Cause 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

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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 'cause 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

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

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
'Cause 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 'cause life is but a test, be
And every waken day, I'ma stay okay

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