

It's Too Late

Slaine

I'm like a burnt out light bulb, a bad idea, a nightmare
It's a fucking blackhearted spirit that's born from some white parent
s
If I don't like you it's apparent
Apparently I fucking stare at you dead in the face, you try and stare
at me
You motherfuckers aspire to be people I don't care to be
I got the balls to be someone you couldn't dare to be
The world is scared of me, my guns are humungous
I tongue kiss a young bitch, all of my girls are all fantasies
My balls and my word are all I had on the curb
I envisioned the impossible dream until I had it occur
Before OJ killed Nicole and was battering her
I was selling 40 bags of coke holding the gat on the curb
Now I got you shook and shaking fucking mad at my words
Look at? mistaking adjectives and verbs
And turn em into? it's the best you get out of me
Chris Farley and Belushi probably would've been proud of me
Wouldn't they have?

The sound we hear it is our hearts, they are in time
They're marching clear and swift the beat forever in our minds
It gives us hope it gives us strength, you know, to carry on
Keep fighting till the end and past the end you will be strong

They tell me Ams you gonna get shot, you gonna get dropped
Get popped and locked up, knocked if you don't stop
I say fuck em all, I refuse to be scared or tuck my balls
I touch the walls with my back fight until I crumble, ball
Into a fetal position, a chief on a mission
See opposition until I'm beefing in prison
Serving my time awaking with a murdering mind
Perverted with crimes, hollow tips inserted in nines
Saving face, doing dirt, making the great escape
I will struggle till they're over me singing Amazing Grace
This is laced with hate, I kill the baker, take their cane
Break their face, when it comes to beef I will scrape their plates
I'm outnumbered, out-gunned, here the clouds come
Overcast the skies, I'm spent, I'm outdone
But I fight until my last breath bash left
When it comes to fighting my strength can denounce death

The sound we hear it is our hearts, they are in time
They're marching clear and swift the beat forever in our minds
It gives us hope it gives us strength, you know, to carry on
Keep fighting till the end and past the end you will be strong

Strong and wise and you are love
And when the tide it come you will soar above and
And you will be one day exactly what you are
Just keep your head held high, kiss your fist and touch the sky