

Too Late

Blanco

(The Elements)

It's too late now, bye sir
I might pull all-nighter
I'm 'bout it
Your boy says it's too late to wife her
Yeah, don't think about it
I been through some long days
Let's switch place or behave, cause
Get that simple shit from 'round me
Oh no
Uh

No goodbyes 'cause it's too late
And meet me at 7 because the crew 8
Counting the time clock to doomsday
And you're living your best life, see bouquets
You ain't tryna come around
There's no excuses, it's summer now
And you're still giving me the run-around
Stuck around
Up and down
Up and out
Long days put in the back José Fonte
Herny, strike in hotel Carlo Monte
Not me, I was on the court like Devonte'
Conte, not Antonio, N'Golo Kante
All nighters and gaslighters I ignite
Emotions, my heart broken, I invite
Be open, she love oceans and insights
Reloading the past events at midnight

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All the nice guys always finish last
I'm in a car thinking how we split apart
You was harsh and saint, Joan of Arc
In the back, Rosa Parks, from the back, lower arch
I was a cell, you woulda handled so well
B, I don't tell
All your dreams it sold well
Now I'm on the stage, wish I booked that hotel
Beckham Odell, I receive that, oh well

The same age at the wrong time, no
No, you best believe it
I look left, look right
We'll both slow down at the same stop sign
Ease on down that way now

This is no longer your
Place to believe that you could help me out
Oh (Yeah)
Take your thoughts to the side oh
Don't mention my name on these sides oh
Only hand me my P's when we in private
Only give me the keys to add milage
I don't wanna to waste your time
If you're stressed, believe that
I will not be hanging a-a-around

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They all change like four seasons
Judging what make like the courts proceedings
This ain't no mistake, this for a reason
Acting out the plays, call me Michael Keaton
Needing
Fear of missing out a lot
Sneaking, I ain't missing out my shot
Keeping, I'ma shoot from out the box
But I'm reading, tryna understand the plot