

It' Too Late

Lil' Keke

You know, them same dreams we was chasin'
We livin' in 'em now
They waitin' on us to fall, it's too late

Hey, fuck all that playin', let's get the money
Ain't no use to havin' a roof, it's too sunny
Boys makin' deals with the feds and movin' funny
Supposed to be a smart-ass nigga, but you's a dummy
Shoutout to them hustlers who smash and keep earnin'
Dark tinted windows with them backwoods burnin'
My dawg know he's still on parole, but he determined
Don Ke' spittin' this game like it's a sermon
Nigga out here watchin' my plate 'cause they ain't ate
I promise that it's much too late, I'm gettin' cake
Sittin' in a box of clouds, the music loud
I ain't never had to follow the crowd, I'm Texas proud

Smokin' up a storm, my nigga, I feel great
Reppin' for the city I love, this my state
They seals out here chasin' that bread and gettin' cake
They just waitin' for a nigga to fall, it's too late
Yeah

It's too late to hate, nigga
I'm in the mansion, kick back, doin' great, nigga
Left the streets, be in bed by eight, nigga
Only bitch I'm tryna hit is my babysitter
This nigga crazy
That ass fat
I got a couple extra hunnid just to smash that
Laid back, take it day by day
Older you get, you just tryna stay out the way
Too many crash dummies roaming till I park my cars
Can't go out like that, man, I came too far
Let them youngsters be the stars, we the bosses in the back
Took you some time to stack up and get it like that, huh

Smoking up a storm, my nigga, I feel great
Reppin' for the city I love, this my state
They see us out here chasin' that bread and gettin' cake
They just waitin' for a nigga to fall, it's too late

Aye, sack chaser, stack paper like it's Jenga
Money callin', so I'm listenin' for my ringer
Countin' so much paper, got me cuttin' up my fingers
Ain't no money there, ain't no need for me to mix and mingle
I'd rather play them blues, but I ain't never been no singer
Behind these last two dollars, that's gon' turn me to a demon
I'm tryin' to get some money, this whole world 'bout my penis
All that back and forth with bitches, that's for Venus and Serena
They wanna see me fall, but I ain't tell 'tember October, November
My hustle cold as Brackenridge in the month of December
My circle smaller than them dimes, just me and my members
This money stayin' in my hands, it's lookin' like Hema, for real

Smokin' up a storm, my nigga, I feel great
Reppin' for the city I love, this my state

They seals out here chasin' that bread and gettin' cake
They just waitin' for a nigga to fall, it's too late