

# Too Late

Pardison Fontaine

Yeah, drums and the bass, wind up with me, sing the mothafucker

Niggas wanna slow me down, it's too mo'fuckin' late  
Niggas wanna book me now, 25 is the rate  
I'ma stunt, I'ma ball in their mo'fuckin' face  
This ain't me, this is God, this is mo'fuckin' fate  
All these diamonds that I sprinkled in the mo'fuckin' face  
Had the dirty Converse, they ain't wanna conversate  
I've been plottin' on a crib, need a pool and a gate  
All this jewelry on a nigga, need a tool in a safe  
Run this whole fuckin' city on my mo'fuckin' pace  
Run this whole fuckin' city on my mo'fuckin' —

I don't wanna be a dog, but these hoes want me to dog (Hoo)  
Don't know what she do with y'all, she come here and take it off  
Ain't no phones in the crib, hand 'em over, turn 'em off  
Takin' pics by my wall, man, these broads got some balls  
Get your paws off my cars 'cause it happen all the time  
Gotta pay the shooters, girl, 'cause the help is hard to find  
Drop down stripper poles, then I tell her, "Nevermind,"  
Might be bad but she ain't good, and I know these hoes be lyin'  
Niggas' feelings gettin' hurt, I just pray they nevermind  
Niggas' niggas gettin' hurt, I just pray it wasn't slime  
Let a nigga cross me once, it won't be a second time  
Graveyard full of niggas that done tried to slow me down  
Yeah, in the whip, yeah, look, yuh

Said I went from aux cord to Billboard in the same year  
Used to hoop, didn't go to school, in the same gear  
Nappy headed, no haircut, nigga, I ain't care  
Seein' I rap on the news, it's the same hair  
Wish the chalk could see what's in my heart, lotta pain there  
Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, I ain't playin' fair, blah

Niggas wanna slow me down, it's too mo'fuckin' late  
Niggas wanna book me now, 25 is the rate (Ayy)  
I'ma stunt, I'ma ball in their mo'fuckin' face  
This ain't me, this is God, this is mo'fuckin' fate  
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Ha, ha!

I be smokin' woods with the shooters (Yeah), grabba with the stabbers (Uh-huh)

Who got all the money? (Who?) Who bitches is badder? (Who?)

I be gettin' to it (Mmm), I ain't with the chatter (Naw)

'Cause if you got a family, none of that don't matter

Got the city on my back (That's right), shoulders startin' to hurt (Mmm)

Niggas only come around 'cause they know I got the work (Haha)

I don't throw 'em under the bus, I throw 'em in the dirt (Yup)

That's how you make it hurt (Mmm), I show 'em what I'm worth

I'm a certified gainer (Jada), lawyer on retainer (Uh)

You call him a hitman, I call him the painter (Woo)

Bad bitch on a leash 'cause I ain't tryna train her (Naw)  
We gon' do her greasy (Yup), you gon' try to claim her  
It's too late, haha!