

## Too Late

The Alchemist

I sip the blood of Christ from a gold cup  
I love this life  
My soldiers smoke you, no price  
Dead men in graves roll over  
I'm part Apache, slave master, African, who asked me  
Fans tear my clothes, bitches try to trap me  
30, 000 seats rise to their feet to hear me flow  
Got two mansions on the East Coast  
Models deep throat  
I heard about them kidnap dudes, had dinner with some  
Shake hands with killers just to see who really was one  
Study his moves, how he look fake - but that's the trick to it  
Now we turn you to bait  
The street shit I stick to it  
Rappers hate me, bitches saying, "how did he start?"  
They go to psychics asking 'em for my astrology chart  
I'm the righteous thug, fight for Mumia  
Racist white judge - made Diallo's murderers free  
See, they don't like us  
And what about conspiracies to kill black boys  
But y'all ain't hearing me, worship the planet like asteroids  
Look around and everything you see was once an idea  
From somebody's thoughts who turned into reality clear  
Look at the tallest sky scrapers, it just didn't appear  
Somebody thought it up and built it up and put it right there

Aye yo rich niggas burn and roll up in Testarossa's  
Poor niggas plan to come up they cop the toasters  
Dead niggas lay in they grave and roll over  
But it is too late, too late  
Aye-yo rich niggas burn and roll up in Testarossa's  
Poor niggas plan to come up they cop the toasters  
Dead niggas lay in they grave and roll over  
But it is too late, too late  
Aye yo Aye yo Ayeyo