

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
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Aye yo Aye yo Ayeyo