Sunday's Best

Black Milk

Ayo, rise in the AM â€“ early morning laying, I just wanna stay in
I just wanna lay in â€“ pops like â€œget your ass up, stop the fakingâ€•
â€œWe already late, and ..â€•
Sunday morning waking, faking like my stomachâ€™s aching
Moms pull out clothes just for Sundayâ€™s best occasion
Bowtie, no lie, church shoes was aching
80-degree weather in a blazer, body blazing
Already canâ€™t wait until this day end
Just a little nigga that would rather be home video-gaming
Now we on our way in - deacon speaking
Preacher preaching to that congregation, mason (mason...mason)
Minds wandering off, not hearing that man of the cloth
Talk about that man on the cross
Now we back to praying
Old ladies with church fans screaming out "amen"
Looking at that painting on the stained glass
Watching while that collection plate pass
Tithes, offering, to me itâ€™s all the same cash
Fast forward, got older â€“ a younging thatâ€™s gone bad
Let me rephrase that, a younging that went down that wrong path
No matter how religious moms or pops was
Steal at the counters, went to cop some (I was young)
Product of that environment I was in
Once I left that front door, I could have been out of here
Bullets flying is the norm, so most kids walk without a fear
Friends dying is the norm, so they walk without a tear
Rather tat it on their face - to whoâ€™s? Wait
While the old head is yellinâ€™ â€œitâ€™s never too lateâ€•

Too late, too late, too late, too late
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Too late, too late, too late, too late
Too late, too late, too late, too late
Too late, too late, too late, too late

Itâ€™s never too late to get your values straight
Can you believe me, baby?
Itâ€™s never too late to get your values straight (no, no)

Do you believe me?

Heater on the dresser, stomach growling
Iâ€™m thinkinâ€™ â€œhow can I make some dollars within the hours?â€•
Itâ€™s funny how them hunger pain to your rib can
Turn a decent kid into doing a bid
Over stick-ups, nothing come, so screw the consequences
Iâ€™ll throw this black hoodie on, walk into this kitchen
Grab my keys and my phone, call my mans to see if heâ€™s with it
But he didnâ€™t pick up, I guess Iâ€™m on a solo mission
Times hard, my God, I canâ€™t even lie
A 9-5 is not what Iâ€™m tryna do to survive
Iâ€™m thinking while on the hunt
Somebody â€˜bout to stumble out of this club drunk
Without having that chain tucked
â€˜Bout to get that fucking chain took, nigga

Yeah - in the club, chain hanging, swinging, wow
Baby moms is sending texts and sending threats like
â€œWhere those payments?â€•
On some deadbeat dad shit, I hate you in the worst way
Spend money on rozay, instead of your sonâ€™s birthday
Mad quick, I told her â€œhold up, hold up, be there tomorrowâ€•
Then went back up to the bar to get another glass and a bottle
Okay, canâ€™t let her ruin my high tonight, not alright
Plus I pulled this chick
With every sip sheâ€™s looking more and more like the model type
Ayo, lets leave, I take her, reach for my keys
Iâ€™m stumbling out the door looking for my car on the street
â€˜Til I see this black-hood wearning, staring nigga tryna stick up
Shots go off, I fell victim, damn...

It's too late

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