

# It's Not Too L8te (feat. Ms. Germ Free)

## Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Hook]

"The world is mine!"

"It's not too late! It." [Chino XL]

Yo (let's go in!)

I'll take promotions where it's never gone  
Murder rappers in they home, Instagram they bodies from the livin room  
The most belligerent as genius but ignorant as killin men  
Leavin more grievin widows than a dead Mormon polygamist can  
The sin synonym, cinematography, try stoppin me  
Ain't that about a bitch like Diana Ross biography  
Wildin out like Latin fans at the World Cup  
Atlas like "Chino do me a favor, hold this world up!"  
Murder my daily notion, no fear is my weird emotion  
Straight wolf until my respiratory system barely functions  
I'm in rare form, therefore rappers sound like they're four  
Spit it sick, hope you niggas took Airborne  
I'm Puerto Rican, gas in the chamber like I'm a German  
My flow is nappy like Tyra Banks without the weave and perm in  
Filmin without a permit, permanent hermit  
Degenerate, you swing a Confederate veteran flag and I'll stab and burn it  
A freebie, I'll freely end your existance, Chandra Levy  
Chances higher than Sean Kingston catchin diabetes  
Whatever, it's never too late for hate and controversy  
'til I'm in Heaven poppin pills with Brittany Murphy  
Yeah... [Hook] [Chino XL]  
Yo, Chino the odd spitter that's pushin the limits of God's perimeter  
I'm misunderstood and feared as Islamic literature  
Niggas bitter as balsamic vinegar, my signature's a miniature Dillinger  
Erasin the face of a racist senator  
Givin lessons how to deliver intestines to delicatessens  
With dexterity of Dexter slicin tendons  
Holdin the world captive, my rap shit is pornographic

My name is suicidal like Patrick Kilpatrick  
You not in my brackets, you can't hack it  
You a living oxymoron like puttin a faggot in a straitjacket  
Warriors spill blood, prepare for coroners zippin up  
"VDRDRDRDR!" I'll put you inside of a wood chipper!  
No more homo jolly laughin folly textin smileys  
Tears tattoo Chino on them when they catchin bodies  
Make every family member inside your house cry  
Cause you ain't got the life expectancy of a house fly  
YEAH! ...[Hook][Chino XL]  
Yo, Chino the driven, the wall was livin, the wrong decisions  
Trippin, I'm artistically gifted to the point of autism  
Slip it in war wisdom, spit rigomortis 'til the chorus shifted  
Put you in a box stiff and then lifted by morticians  
Your closest homie loco sippin on Four Lokos  
Photos passed around like porno bitches morals that oral me  
Then want me to wife 'em like they awful lifers normal, my fight is global  
My site is more than plural, I'm sharper than any ocean's coral  
It's like I found a portal to another time my mind's beyond  
You dumber than Dream cheatin on Christina Milian  
They say I'm too strong and I take advantage  
Beat you 'til my hands is lookin like a KFC double down sandwich!  
Damage your brain, hematomas and teeth missin  
Listen, when I'm spittin best to wear a cage on your face like you're fencin  
It's the end of days but not too late to be a casualty  
I'm known for iron bars, that's why they named a jail after me  
Toma...[Hook]

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