

Busta Rhymes "Finish Line"

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This is dedicated to all those who don't see it coming

You can live true baby you can live trife
Whatever way you chose you got to leave your life
Aiyyo, you're running out of time and you 'bout to cross
The finish line, the finish line

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And yo! I can't afford to waste a second
Steppin' with my eyes on niggaz checkin' on my
weapons
Every millisecond, motherfuckers say they true to this
But when they grab the microphone they shit sound like
stupidness

Hah, mad to pull another vicious scandal
I know that you can't handle when I flip from other
angles
Now feel my hot wax, burning from my melting candles
You can't take the heat, so you switch from boots to
wearing sandals

This is for example, shit will make a nigga curse
When worse comes to worse, you be the first to
disperse now
We don't believe your man was living like that
Hoping to find that nigga see exactly where his heart
was at

It's a damn shame how son know your style, know your
name
Watch how he pull your file, make you wish you never
fuckin' came
Now even the hardest motherfucker has his final day
So kill that shit you talkin', and be about your fuckin'
way

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Yo, everyday I see you on the block smoking
With a bunch of niggaz scoping on how they can split
you wide open
You don't even know what's going on up in your circle
Awful murder niggaz itch to leave you black blue and
purple

Ahh, your man came to put you on and tried to make
you bleed
Hit you with some shit that left you flippin' mad in
disbelief
You just can't believe that niggaz that you smoke with
is on it
And the way they rass they really got to bust yo' shit

Thought your man was joking, paid no attention to the
situation
Got with your crew and just continued smoking
Now your man sit and watch you panic
In any other situation you'd be fronting like you
gigantic

I guess all that fronting is your main talent
It's apparent, he can see right through you like you
transparent
Ayyo, you need to watch your back you running out of
time
Watch your step, 'cuz you only inches from the finish
line

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Now, there's about a million motherfuckers on your trail
Quick to bust your shit for every single time your words

failed
I'm watchin' all the moves you makin' fuck the
speculatin'
Super-bitch nigga you just be fakin' if I'm not mistakin'

Every move you fake you dig your grave a little deeper
Come around me with that shit I'ma flip it to my
brother's keeper
Listen to this, over stress my emphasis
I insist to fix and bring the noise as long as I exist

Now you walk around the streets with all that shit you
speak
And step inside the club just to receive the illest ass
beating
Hoo, take a look around you get no type of sympathy
Impatiently, I sit and watch you die in your own iniquity

Hah, now you out dead and stinkin', and your eyes are
no longer blinkin'
Time caught up quick, with your little bitch way of
thinkin'
Ahh, watch you diminish, while your niggaz have to put
a finish
On your misleading false image

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Word is bond, bond is life
You shall be willing to give your life before your words
shall fail
All those who out there frontin', misleading they
peoples
Actin' other than they really are

It will catch up to you player, word is bond
So that's specifically to all those fake motherfuckers
Living out here on that bullshit
Trying to act like they know what the fuck's going on

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