

## Chris Rock

### "Finish Line"

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

Chorus: Busta Rhymes

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

(repeat Chorus)

Verse One: Busta Rhymes

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  
\*beatboxing\* 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

Chorus 2X

Verse Two: Busta Rhymes

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  
Hah, aiyyo you need to watch your back you running  
out of time  
Watch your step, cuz you only inches from the finish  
line

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Busta Rhymes

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: overstress 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

Chorus 5X

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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