

# Finish Line

## Jeffrey Lewis & Diane Cluck

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  
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  
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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Aiyyo, you're running out of time and you 'bout to cross  
The finish line, the finish line  
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  
Aiyyo, 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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Aiyyo, you're running out of time and you 'bout to cross  
The finish line, the finish line  
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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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  
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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