Finish Line

Diane Cluck & Jeffrey Lewis

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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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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