

The Finish Line

Gentleman

The rat race is on
And now dem can't reach the finish line
Dem get it all and still dem want
Come on diminish mine
On but we think ahead of time
We got the powers and we tell
Dem seh we nuh resign

We got the link ya now
To dem instinct ya now
Dem cannot follow cause we know what dem a think ya now
Wonder what dem drink ya now
We see dem on the brink ya now
It's getting wicked when the paper meet the ink ya now
Dem getting miserable
Cause dem a praise the devil
Dem never try fi view the thing deh pon another level
From seven to seven - eleven to eleven
Nobody wanna die but wanna go to heaven

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Think me nuh know what dem up to
Dem get the chance dem cut you
Nuh watch no face just hold your space
Gas know dem cannot stop you
and they will try to flop you
even counteract you
sometimes you want live in peace but dem interrupt you
love we bring around
No hating around
Take a look ina yourself before you make a sound
up ina jah jah town
Even when dem frown
we will hold it to a level nun we nuh go down
the rat race is an ...

Dem say high but dem fi come down from dem altidute
Dem get the riches and dem still nuh feed the multitude
Dem come around and claim seh that dem seeking gratitude
Dem seeking gratitude me wonder what dem hafi proof
Watch how dem come here and a galong with dem attitude
A measure up but dem still nuh check the latitude
Miles away from reality without a root
Dem a deny the truth but tell dem ago face the truth

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