

# 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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