

Finish What You Start

Joell Ortiz

I hear y'all talkin
It's funny to me (yeah!)
See, where I come from
We act first, ask questions later (c'mon!)

If I'm in there the whole place full up
I'll use your lil' bar to do a pull-up
Use your wack-ass tracks as target practice
And tell the baddest broads to arch it backwards
For years I wore the same Starter jacket
and beat-up tees with the scars to match it
Jeans with the holes, sneakers with no sole
When Genesis dropped my Nintendo was so old
Oh no, couldn't have that
I put the pen where the pad at - VOILÀ! Magic
I'll disappear in the booth, reappear messiah
When I write, call it a night, vampire
Ask around, your boy hot, and I uhh
don't plan to cool off like a campfire
E'rybody gather round, I'ma tell a story
of a snot-nosed kid, try and smell the glory

I, shoot first ask questions last
That's how most of these so-called gangstas pass
That's how most of these so-called gangstas pass
That's how most of these so-called gangstas, gangstas {C'MON!}
I - shoot first ask questions last
A poof! How low, so low, so low, so low
A poof! How low, so low, so low, so low
I (Well I'ma finish what you start!)

This for the block mister, the rock pictures
Late night, cranberry and Cîroc mixers
Parkin lot pissers, glock top shifters
Dudes who stay fresh cause they shoplifters
That's where I come from, so me no run from
bumbaclot pussy drummer boy, rumpa-pum-pum
You no tough stuff, you my son's son
You just bluff rough, me say come, come
I'll give it to anyone who wants some
Go silly on they Achilles until they run's done
I keep a hot line, 9-1-1
Everyone say hi to the hero that won't go unsung
A moment of silence while I give Pun some
Scream Borrrrrricua 'til your tongue's numb
What's your angle? Haha, I know mine
If it's cheese, (Swizz) style, "SHOWTIME!"

I ain't a troublemaker but my flow cocky
So all the pretty mamis yellin "GO PAPI!"
Man that's so neat, and y'all so sloppy
When you think I'm done shittin I do mo' copyJust love to flex my rap muscle
What muzzle? Dog, you just a Jack Russell
Your bite weak and your bark a lil' pitch
Relax, you no match for a hard-nosed pit'
I can't find a track that my bars won't rip
You guys are sick warrin with the Gaza Strip

When I back out this pen all you guys'll strip
Like you in Chippendales tryin to wind for tips (haha)
No need to see, slow down and let the leader lead
DJs, bring this back! I'm what the needle need
And I don't mean to get all mushy like my last bitch
(BLAP!) Damn, I love this rap shit