

# 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 Borrriicua '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