

Jin, I'm A Ruff Ryder

I'm tryin' drop science for ya man
Tell your herd shut the fuck up, now that's silence of the lambs
I'm an animal, I eat rappers, call me Hannibal
The track is crazy but I'm spittin' low on a piano note??
You must be crazy, if you rhymin' wit me
Think I'm datin' Alicia the way I'm ruff rydin' these keys
Never trust a bitch enough to let her buy me some trees
Might let her get a puff if she down to get on her knees
I cause abuse to tracks, you ain't use to that
I got a AK flow you the deuce deuce of rap
It's double R my whole camps a bunch of ruthless cats
Throw you off the roof and be like where the proof is at?
We ball hard like 155th out at the Rucker
Keep talkin' shit, you won't see Next Friday like Chris Tucker (Is this what you want?)
It's the fake throwbacks, you ain't foolin' no one
You the type to drive out to New Jersey to cop a old one
Y'all rappers is sick, I got the antidote, and it's dope, tie your hands with rope,
Throw you overboard, make you abandon boat
With a backhanded blow I bandage folks, fuck a can of smoke,
Crack yo cantalope with a can of coke
You cipher thugs swear you got the biggest scrotums
Y'all nothin' but little bitches hidin' behind yo modems
You think you a big fish in the pond on the internet
Guess what big fish you can get caught in a net

Oh shit, what the fuck am I doin'?

Double R, the next generation, Jin