

# Jin, Get Your Handz Off

From the start to the finish  
I'ma bark on contenders  
Wanna tarnish my image  
I can't promise forgiveness  
See I was never like this  
My mom's would never like this  
And y'all was never like us  
That's why y'all never liked us  
See I might take your style  
Flip it back, make it crack  
Sell a couple mil get some stacks  
Here you go now take it back  
I'm spittin lines of fire  
I'm in the line of fire  
Designer attire, makin me a sign of desire  
I just rhyme to inspire, your favorite line supplier  
I run through fan's signs and landmines the size of tires  
How many minds inquire, I got mines and acquired  
Enough props to make y'all resign and retire  
Now hold on, and just stomp stomp  
Get your hands off me  
Now hold on, and just stomp stomp  
Get your hands off me  
This is hot as it gets, your shit's not as intense  
My flow got 'em convinced, they ain't got at 'em since  
My back's against the wall  
So if I turn and flee and run from what's in front of me  
That won't make no sense at all  
This for my dons and divas, haters and non-believers  
They just try'na deceive us like Judas dishonored Jesus  
Why you try'na critique this, don't take kindness for weakness  
Leave you behind the speakers, body minus some pieces  
You got records to sell, I got records to break  
You will never excel against me measure the rate  
I got too much at stake I just follow my fate  
Annihilate and dominate and I ain't even try'na wait  
While you hang out, I bang out  
Make moves like shots rang out  
Wanna know, what my slang 'bout  
They be like, "Shut your damn mouth"  
Your chances are slim, makin' advances on Jin  
While you, shootin' the breeze, I'm dancin' with the wind  
This is not your, ordinary  
My style, sort of varies  
Slaughter you, then your crew  
Cause you know, the more the merry  
You already know the outcome, so how come you doubt son  
("I'm goin' out by any means necessary" - [Malcolm])  
Hip-hop without Jin is like, shootouts without guns  
Churches without nuns, bankers without funds  
Smokin' without lungs, cities without slums  
My fans force me, get your fuckin' hands off me