

# Jin, It's All About The Benjamins (Freestyle)

(Jin)

Whether you post on the block, or sittin on a stoop  
Listen to the truth that we spittin in the booth  
Might see me sober, on a mission with my troops  
Or in a alley, tipsy, pissin on my boots  
Why'd the chicken cross the road?  
She saw me sittin in a Coupe (coop)  
Fully equipped, only thing missin is the roof  
I'm tryin to own shit  
Yeah I buy CDs but most of the time, bump my own shit  
And since a teenager, spent my own chips  
Fuck an allowance, now we push our own whips  
And y'all cats sound real pathetic  
Tryin to scramble up a down payment, just to build your credit  
If you ain't got skills then debt it  
Test a kid, when he spit, guaranteed that you will regret it  
I'm tellin you, approach the game with caution  
It ain't hard to get addicted to fame and fortune  
Anticipatin to get signed, could be a long wait  
You fishin for compliments but you usin the wrong bait  
Just to build mine, had to destroy some careers  
Accomplished in six months, what you tried to do for years  
Cause I'm playin in the game, you hatin in the stands  
Got dropped in the second round of Makin of the Band  
I bagged 'em all, from East Coast broads to California hos  
Only go raw, when I'm eatin California rolls  
My style's like smokin a sack, how potent is that?  
I'm the main event, you just the openin act  
You could check across the Atlantic Ocean and back  
Got every Chinese kid in the ghetto quotin my rap  
When I step on stage, you know the baddest is here,  
Turned a hole in a wall club into Madison Square.  
They applaud for me, and that's the way it oughtta be.  
Mad love in Philly, when I rock The Armory.  
Whack ass rappers wanna puncture a artery?  
Soft ass flows, man you ain't harmin' me,  
I turn your 16 into a four-part harmony, Bitch...

(Gobe)

Stay on my gristle, we grizzly  
Sleep like winters, eat beats like dinners  
Reaps like sinners, even if we off the block got the street life in us  
We out of town, got the at least five renters  
With the hos all I need is five minutes  
They call me the plumber, open they walls put the deep pipe in 'em  
Henny and Hypnotic, nigga I spit logic  
Niggas was missin my bullets so now I just lobbed it  
Went pro out of high school, skipped college  
Stayin at class to get knowledge  
Hot as fire, blazin like Stoudamire  
Ride with a lop-sided tire  
And I won't stop rockin 'til I retire  
Look, I'm the lamp post's livest wire  
And these rats probably wired  
If I'm a liar, that's like being unemployed with jobs for hire  
I ain't gettin booked for shit you could top the prize  
And look, I know it's crowded I'm just tryin to get by ya  
Slide aside before I decide to slide ya  
You in the trunk, we ready to drive and hide ya  
Shit you know what I'll do to you (what?)  
Nigga go ahead push me  
I had your funeral doin the pussy  
It's the bottom of the ninth nigga go up on third  
What type of pitcher don't throw no curve

You a motherfuckin dodo bird  
I never bite my tongue or hold no words  
??I herb?? go, flow, so remarkable, still sell yayo  
Niggas used to short me until I copped a scale, they blazed me once  
I been doin this for years, you still countin baby months  
A nigga only daze me once  
But I never fold up, I still catch you with a crazy punch  
Put you on ice like baby fronts  
And my family tight like the Brady Bunch

(Jin)

Yo, hey yo I still got it  
Sick flow with a ill logic  
Battle verses are spittin by the real topic  
Don't get ripped on the spot  
How you sittin on 20s but can't afford to park your whip in the lot  
I'ma spit for my block, no one reppin for us  
Go 'head sleep, think we don't got weapons to bust?  
Hate a dick tease, let a brotha get a quick squeeze  
Ain't tryin to fuck already at the telly trick please