

# Jin, So Afraid

[Hook:]

Most of ya'll all sound the same  
With ya fancy cars and ya diamond rings  
Don't you know it's about to change?  
What are you so afraid of?  
The MC, master of ceremonies  
My pen be faster, how dare you phonies?  
That tempt me run back and tell ya cronies  
How I gently mack the tenderonies (woo)  
The DJ, the crowd motivator (uh huh)  
We don't cross-over we cross faders  
Outrageous, divine motion  
Record scratchin me calamine lotion  
B-Boys high as your hands reach (uh huh)  
Bombed them with two aerosol cans each  
This for the future, past, and the present  
I'm takin this rap thing back to the essence

[Hook (x2)]

I rip out your tonsil now you feelin it  
Hip hop is dead, you responsible for killin' it  
I've been sent to avenge the death  
Breath life into the game defend what's left  
They remind me of you, minus the deal (deal)  
You remind me of me, minus the skill  
Every new week comes a song  
Til the next one hit wonder comes along  
Ya video is on 106 and TRL? (uh huh)  
Does that mean that your shit gon' sell? (uh uh)  
Honestly this joint prolly won't top the charts (nah)  
Cuz I ain't all up in the club and I ain't bout to start

[Hook (x2)]

Radio suckas neva play me  
It's all good ya'll don't pay me  
Even though I wanna cash in  
Rather have loyalty to Jin  
Than royalties for spins  
Sell ya soul for joints and jams  
Til you fall off and dissapoint ya fans  
They'll let you know the minute you forget  
You in it for the check or you in it for respect  
I'm tryin to get both and not fail to connect  
With each one of ya'll so my sales are direct  
And me not tryin to sound all righteous  
I know a lot of ya'll got a feel just like this

[Hook (x2)]