

Jin, Who Shot Ya Freestyle

They say you only get 15 minute's of fame,
Well Jin is the name, and I'ma finish the game.
Since I got limited time, I lay it on the line.
If there's shit on my mind, I'ma say it in my rhymes.
I been puttin' in work you couldn't ignore,
Now that I got my foot in the door, I'm puttin' in more.
Still livin' at home i aint go plat yet
Come thru sittin' on chrome in a throw back lex.
I could pull up in a hooptie, y'all easy to impress,
When it comes to groupies, they be easy to undress.
Word of advice, to y'all up and comin' acts,
Don't rap about bustin' gats if you never did none of that.
They know when you tellin' lies,
And just cuz you worked at a bakery,
That don't mean you sellin' pies.
If you ask me, half these cats that gotta deal,
Couldn't make a hit single if they punched a dolla bill.
It wasn't always buisiness, I started it for leisure,
But now I spit bars, like it's part of the procedure.
Don't wanna battle? Man what type of shit is this?
You so pussy, your rap name should be Clitoris.
Claim you was rockin' the crowd, don't lie to me,
I been to one of ya show's, thought I was at the Library
Had to drop a pin, even heard the cricket's chirp,
25 at the door, but that's just what the ticket's worth.
When I get on stage, you know the baddest is here,
Turn the whole entire club into Madison Square.
Might come to your city, and leave a part of me,
Got mad love in Philly, when I rock The Armory.
They applaud for me, and that's the way it oughtta be.
Whack ass rappers wanna puncture an artery?
With them soft ass flows, you ain't harmin' me,
I turn your 16 into a four-part harmony, Bitch...