

Jin, Diary Of Jin

Oh No (Diary Of Jin)

What you thought that was it for Jin?
You thought I was done....OH NO!
You can't be serious

Verse 1:

Aiyo I'm mad Free, you actin' like I ain't the one
Why they keep callin' me Bruce Lee's grandson?
Recognize me, the kid from 106 is back
"Yo what the fuck took you so long to get this track?"
I've been in the studio all along (uh huh)
Finished my album twice then threw away all the songs
Wasn't tryin' to come out with no half-ass shit (nah)
So I had to get it straight like half past six
No matter what I drop, I still hear complaints
Some say I'm crossin' over, some beefin' cause I ain't
Man over rap, I used to catch beef with my pops (???Lei mo goh cha???)
Now all he does is ask me when my album's gonna drop (haha)
I'm trapped in a catch 22 (22s?)
Cause I want respect, but wanna bling like Cash Money too (Bling)
I'm startin' fires with the pen
You think you know, but you have no idea
It's the diary of Jin (Come again)

OH NO!

Make sure you know that Jin's the name
Only Chinese kid in the game

OH NO!

Cause when I spit I'll flip the script
And it'll never be the same

OH NO!

You must be twisted in the brain
If you thinkin' that I'm lame

OH NO!

I'm puttin' these rappers to shame
And now the industry is sayin'

Verse 2:

Even my standards got higher, I used to settle for head
Now I walk through Chinatown like a ghetto celeb (???Joh Mat-ye???)
Just like a pro-fessor, teachin' the same lesson
Different broads, but always the same question
"What's up with double R? The Lox be bringin' drama (Ummm..)
Oh and tell DMX I want to be his baby mama (geez girl)
Ain't you supposed to be in Fast and Furious 2?"
Yeah I am, hold up that ass is serious boo
See that's what's up, now I'm tryin' to dig her out (Owww)
Gas her up and let her think she got me figured out (Owww)
Soon as I skip in the room, chicks quick to assume
That all I'm tryin' to do is stick my dick in they womb
I'm on the search, for the baddest in the city
When I find her, I'ma trade it all like Fabolous and Diddy (Girl I'll trade it all)
But until then, I'll never trick and that's it (HAHAHA)
Alright I'm lyin', maybe just a little bit (Sike, hahaha)

OH NO!

First you wanna talk about him
Then you wanna ask for me

OH NO!

Just because you got some nice titties
You think you gettin' in for free

OH NO!

Findin' out your girl's a ho

Am I really the one to blame?
OH NO!
Sittin' in the back of flicks
While she's givin' me brain

Verse 3:

I spit for b-boys pop lockin', haters cock blockin'
Mad cause they albums not droppin'
It's the fourth quarter, wide-out with a option
You throwin out of bounds hopin' that the clock's stoppin'
The word is out you heard about the kid through word of mouth
A lot of heads in the industry is scurred I'm out
I'm every A&R's nightmare, yeah he can freestyle
But can he write, yeah this verse right here (yeah)
Can't wait to see, my cd in the charts
Now that I think about it, gettin' signed's the easiest part
The industry is shady, lot of bullshitters in here
Hell naw I won't pay to get my shit on the air
Lose your hunger, be the one that they leave in the ditch
That's why I spit like my contract don't even exist
Believe in the hype, see I'm squeezin' the mic
That's why they like "Jesus Christ, he is nice";

OH NO!
I'm the new kid on the block
And you thinkin' that I ain't hot
OH NO!
Now you hopin' when I drop
That my albums gonna flop
OH NO!
This kid can only freestyle
He ain't really gonna last
OH NO!
Don't think cause I'm gettin' cash
That I still won't rip your ass, no
HOMO!