

Jin, Here Now

Look I'm not a gimmick, there's not a rapper I'm trying to mimic
My life move about a mile a minute
Make the best of it while I'm in it
Talk shit I'll never get offended
I'm so pushin' to the limit
I could shake of 20 haters
Ignore em' and handle my business
Highly hood got my name cemented
A threat to every rapper in the game or that's ever been in it
5'6" but I stand tall, built for war, sort of like the Great Wall
Of China, hear my footsteps like Yao Ming's behind ya
Don't remind me, do whatever to you, fly back and it'll be
Hell on earth for you to find me
They say we all look alike, cook alike
But they ain't know that we all crooks alike
I changed the game when I took the mic
In Freestyle what it took for you to write, good night!

[Chorus:]

I am here now, say what you want
I know I got something you want
I am here now, think what you want
This is my life, let's get it on
It's like a curse being successful
The more progress, the more stressful
Don't ask about heart, I got a chestful
Thrown into a cesspool of sex juice
So my next move was to elevate for the best view
I got a few things to confess too
They say I'm famous, I don't feel special
Plucked from a few to be placed on a pedestal
Only to be ridiculed and find out they want to get rid of you
Once you near your pinnacle they try to limit you
From the start of your career when they finish you
That's why in interviews I keep my shit minimal
And if I do say something it's subliminal
Is it because I'm signed to killers and criminals?
It's pitiful, this rap game is too political
But fuck it, I ain't got shit else to do

[Chorus]

Yo, yo you don't gotta give me my respect, I'ma take it
You ain't gotta punch me into night I'ma lay it
You ain't gotta loan me no money I'ma make it
And I do anything I can get away with
I say what I want, take it how you take it
Media hype that I've created has enhanced my hatred
Came from the basement, rose amongst the stars like a space ship
Face it, there's no replacement
Time you spend looking for the one is time wasted
I'm too defined, my design you can't trace it
So give it up, I ain't bitter but I'm getting sick enough to take my contract and rip it up
Plus my friend say I'm forgettin' stuff
Is it cause I failed to get intouch
While I'm out rappin', travelin', gettin' bucks
And my hearts in Miami indeed
Oh I ain't forget, I just got my family to feed
[Chorus]