

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