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Jimmy Witherspoon "Diary Of Jin"

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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 guarter, 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&Rs; 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 bullshiters 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!

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