

Jin

"Are We Cuttin"

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Oh Oh, Yeah, Dj Boone,
The Number 1 draft pick right here, Your Boy Jin,
Double R, Streets Illistrated,
Let's Go.

Gotta have it for burnin the mic,
Yo, you heard that I'm nice,
I spit the most absurd shit you ever heard in your life,
So here's some, words of advice, that you should listen
to,
If u get offended, then guess what,
I'm proly dissin you.

Are these cats for real,
I'm the least bit impressed kid,
They need to pass a deal to get these whack MCs
arrested,
I've been blessed with the flow, spittin ever since,
Some say I'm conceided, but now I'm just convinced.

I aint tryin to be a hater, I just say what I think,
But I've seen better punchlines at the prom waitin for
drinks,
Yo I spit flames, leave you chokin in hell,
And I blaze whack rappers like I'm smokin the L,
Look at your wrists all limp son, I know that you frail,
Proly drop the soap on purpose when you goin to jail.

I'm on fire, so u know we smokin more than blunts,
And this aint chicken pox, you can catch it more than
once
Fake thugs talk about guns, get they studder on,
The only toast they pack is the kind you put butter on,

I see through they image, like lingerie,
They try to see tomorrow, but they'll be gone today,
We're two different characters, dont make me bust in
your mouth,
I'm gone from In Too Deep, you Marian from In Da
House,
Plus you aint got game and you know it son,

That's why you livin single like Kyle in Overton.

Well, I'd battled enough rounds, smoked enough
clowns,
Just to make a point like the kick after touchdowns,
You never hear noone, spit as sick as me,
I go on 106 and Park, beat up the host and kick a Free.
Oh, Oh Oh Oh Oh

Oh shit yo...
Whaddup Boone!
Streets Illustrated . Double R.

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