

Jin

"Get Your Handz Off"

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The rest is history
Neo keep 'em rockin' baby
Double R what
I got this part right here

From the start to the finish, I'mma bark on contenders
Wanna tarnish my image, I can't promise forgiveness
See I was never like this, my moms would never like
this
And yall was never like us, that's why yall never liked us

See I might take ya style, flip it back make it crack
Sell a couple mil get some stacks, here you go now
take it back
I'm spittin' lines of fire, I'm in the line of fire
Designer attire makin' me a sign of desire

I just rhyme to inspire, ya favorite line supplier
I run thru fan signs and land mines the size of tires
How many minds inquire, I got mines and acquired
Enough props to make yall resign and retire

Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me
Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me

This is hot as it gets, ya shits not as intense
My flow got 'em convinced, they ain't got at him since
My backs against the wall, so if I turn and flee
And run from what's in front of me, that wont make no
sense at all

This for my dons and divas, haters and non believers
They just tryna deceive us like Judas dishonored Jesus
Why you tryin' to critique this, don't take kindness for
weakness
Leave you behind the speakers, body minus some
pieces

You got records to sell, I got records to break
You will never excel against me, measure the rate

I got too much at stake, I just follow my fate
Annihilate and dominate and I ain't even tryna wait

Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me
Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me

While you hang out I bang out, make moves like shots
rang out
Wanna know what my slang 'bout? They be like 'shut yo
damn mouth'
Ya chances are slim, makin' advances on Jin
While you shootin' the breeze, I'm dancin' with the wind

This is not ya ordinary, my style sorta varies
Slaughter you, than ya crew 'cause you know the more
the merry
You already know the outcome, so how come you doubt
son
I'm goin' out by any means necessary malcolm

Hip hop without Jin is like shootouts without guns
Churches without nuns, bankers without funds
Smokin' without lungs, cities without slums
If my fans force me, get ya fuckin' hands off me

Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me
Now hold on and just stomp, stomp
Get ya hands off me

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