

Jin

"Jin v.s. Shells"

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Shells (Rd. 1)

If it's beef tell me Jin, why keep it to yourself
I keep somethin' around my waist like a wrestler's belt
And since you pressed for attention, Jin look what you
started
He's not a hustler, he couldn't move a nick (Knick) like
Madison Square Garden
And Jin's girl is a fan, cuz ever since I gave her the pipe
She been yellin' it don't get no better like Swizz' wife
Look, you bust guns but you shoot yours wrong
My bullets will make you lean back like Remy 'n Joe's
song
And Jin came in cocky, but look at his face now
I got him breathin' heavy like when Eminem was fuckin'
in 8 Mile
I love drama, I can tell Jin nervous
My slugs go through water like dish detergent
I see you got ya cake up, but you need more work
Cuz I just copped diamonds the same color as Cam's
shirt
My hand hurt, I'll smack Jin silly
Then put him on the Freeway like that cat from Philly
I'm hot with a deal, and you don't know how that feels
That's why you tried stoppin' the kid like birth control
pills
But that can't happen cuz Jin sweet like Kool-Aid
(cut off.. end of round)

Jin (Rd. 1)

Shells he don't spit tight, that's why he's quick to wanna
fist fight
Now I ain't the type, but for 50 g's I'm willin' to risk this
life
Cuz you don't want it with me
This cat think he dope, but he just another average
emcee (Shells Finish's Line Making Jin Sound
Predictable)
Ayo, you think you slick finishin' my rhymes (Shells
Complete's This)
I'll see you think quick, go 'head finish this line (And
This)

Jin, I wanna suck your . . .(Not This)
Ahh, you not really that smart
(hard to hear, too many cheers.. end of round due to noise)

Shells (Rd. 2)

Listen, I ain't for them jokes Jin
So you could save that funny shit for Millz 'n 'em
Jin lookin' at my kicks, I could tell Jin feelin' 'em
I got a test for him, Jin why you mess with 'em
He ain't sellin' shit on Ruff Ryders like the rest of 'em
Ya boy lasted, you lookin' at a crook
Jin a dead man walkin' like President George Bush
I'm a Hot Boy minus the cars and bling bling
When I rap, his girl dig me like when R. Kelly sing
I'm fresh on the scene, you wanna talk to me now?
Jin a threat? Come on, he's the size of Bow Wow
And y'all think he hot cuz he made y'all laugh?
Jin's one of the reasons why hip-hop's trash
Always knew something about Jin was bogus
His first single y'all heard, Wyclef wrote it
And Ruff Ryders' mad cuz they fucked with Jin
So they just gon' take his money like Ludacris did
I'm on my grind, I'm tryin' to see Alicia checks
Ruff Ryders ain't been poppin' since Eve left
So when it's all said 'n done, I'mma step outside
And I'mma run up on D, and ask him why
Why Jin aint do a song with Kiss yet?
And why he got all that money, Jin ain't pushin a whip
yet?
And why Jin really vagina?
And why Jin's buzz in New York Ain't like it is in China

Jin (Rd. 2)

Learn Chinese didn't blow, you're right
But in a couple of years, I should have at least a few
hits
And Eve did leave, you interested?
Ruff Ryders needs a new bitch
Ayo man, this kid is a steady quitter
I think he had Enuff, and he ain't even a Heavy Hitter
You can tell my mission, I came strictly for bills
My flow is like Cosmic Kev, I'm strictly with Skillz
I came all the way to Puerto Rico, what else could I
choose?
But me and him got different missions, he came to
lose
Yea, you think you king of the Bronx, stop livin' a dream
And Fat Joe got Remy, so you can't be the queen
Talk trash, ayo matta fact.. my man right here..
Came all the way from Compton, to see me put you to

shame

And you know he knew who I was, cuz Game recognize
game (Game is in the crowd)

Shells (Rd. 3)

Jin you frontin', stop frontin' like I don't know your life
And matta fact, stop frontin' like I don't know your wife
That lil' short bitch that be cookin' my food
Yeah, the bitch that be deliverin' me Chinese food
Why you frontin', why you talkin like you hot
Why this nigga keep talkin' bout Biggie and Pac
And I'm on my shit now, Jin you fucked up
You talk about Remy, nigga you gonna get Luck'd up
Mean mothafucka, I'mma mean mothafucka
Look me in my face, yes it's me mothafucka
And yeah I'm from the X man, and guess what man
And Shells when I leave, ___ give you the X man
You ain't fuckin' with me, this the one reason
My fuckin' pinky look like the shit is freezin'
_____, go 'head say whateva,
I'm about my chedda, Shells gon' be aight
You muhfuckas wanna talk, but this kid could fight
And I'm freestylin' off the top
So I know you gonna rap last
And make everybody in here laugh
Tell me somethin' that I don't know
Like Shells you ain't hot, you ain't gotta hot flow
Your video was never the new joint on 106 and Park

Jin (Rd. 3)

Go ahead and talk trash, with the audacity that's left
I only know two artists on J Records, Cassidy and Clef
Stop frontin' like I ain't the reason you flow
And switched up ya whole steez a few seasons ago
And I know why this bastard is pissed
Cuz I be trainin' with two of the dopest lyricists
In the game, Cass and Swizz
Ayo, this kid right here ain't really the truth
He talkin' about my video, but at least I been in the
booth
I told you this kid really ain't got figgas
I don't know who you wanna be.. Cam, X, or Jigga
Ayo, he said that freestyle shit is not what I do
That's absurd, you could ask my whole crew
I came to Puerto Rico, with only one intention
To leave the whole crowd and every DJ in suspension
You don't want a piece of Jin
You better double check BDS, try to increase ya spins
This ain't Times Square, we live from Puerto Rico
I came to battle, competition sorta weak tho

Jin : Post-Battle Freestyle for 1xtra

You know who to holla at for that rhyme thing
I'm chillin' wit International P, the future Don King
Yea, I just walked on the stage
Show 'em who's the one that's been like an animal
trapped in a cage
I ain't got time to spit no writtens
Cuz yo, that's not the type of shit that I be gettin'.. into
to
Jin sent you to the graves and the depths of hell
Ayo, I just won 50 G's I got shit to sell
Gotta album on the way, October 19th the day it hits
stores
Guess where you could find me
Proly chillin' at the club watchin' BET
Wit a couple of my homies, poppin' Mo wit me
But yo I'm not the baller type, you could call it what you
like
Yo tryin' to stall on the mic, don't do it right
Cuz yo syke.. shout out to Shells, Jae Mills, and
Wreckonize
But we know who the champ yo, just look up in my eyes
See the respect that I get when I walk through the halls
Earlier I was.. yo they was all on my balls
Sayin' he's the underdog, or he's the crowd favorite
No matter what you call me, all that bullshit just save it
October 19th, I'll say it again
Jin.. capital J, ayo I'm playin' to win
Ayo I'm not a nice thug, but yo I gotta slight mug
When I walk through the club or I'm headed to the Fight
Klub
Yea, from London to N-Y
Cali back to Philly they be like "Oh My"
A million emcees with six million bars
Just in case you wanna battle, you fuckin' wit stars
I'm chillin' wit Semtex, the only DJ..
Rockin' it on Saturday night without no replay
This the mixtape, exclusive shit, losin' it
Ayo for real, you know you wanna stop refusin' it
Cuz I'm ill, and yeah they got me signed with Virgin
But I been fuckin' since twelve so I ain't hurtin'
Listen close to the kid Jin, spittin' the flame
J-I-N, mothafucka get the name.. HOLLA!

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