

Jin

"Jin v.s. Wrekonise"

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Jin (Rd. 1)

If you walk off the stage now I just might spare you
As far as the Chinese jokes, I dare you
Watch what you get yourself into
Cuz anything you say can and will be used against you
I been on my grind since I got here, I ain't stop yet
He been here for like three days and ain't do one drop
yet
Who be fuckin' with these DJ's? That's right I do
He tried to say what's up to Felli Fel and he walked right
by you
Ya battle raps are garbage, we ain't impressed with ya
rhymes
This kid's a nobody, I'm a young KRS in his prime
Yo, I could tell by your face that you nervous, so just
leave
Or take some advice from Fabolous and just breathe
Check my stats, this is not a debate
I ate you in '98.. y'all, I got it on tape
And even back then he was sorta weak
So I'mma make you feel Deja Vu like Peter Gunz and
Lord Tariq

Wreckonize (Rd. 1)

On the microphone, Wreckonize kills sluts
How the fuck you do a joint with Wyclef and it still
sucked?
When I grip the mic I got the floow
We in Puerto Ricooo, this guy's the hoooe
I came back just for the show
He did a joint with Hi-Tek, Kanye, and he still didn't
blow
I'mma smack this frail hoe
The closest you get to tracks is when ya family laid the
railroad
You're a gimmick, you used to be a ___?
Now you're a fat gimmick, and Virgin just dropped
They said you was a Ruff Ryder
But you softer than a bunch of prostitute Asian muff
divers
Shit, I came here to bang tenders

He's so soft, he makes Will Smith look like a gang member

Jin (Rd. 2)

Aight, Learn Chinese didn't blow.. I ain't gonna lie
But it still had your girl tastin' cream of some young
guy
You wanna talk about history, let's turn the page faster
My peeps did lay the railroad, so you still a slavemaster
What the hell is wrong with you? I know you wanna hate
So on that note, 98 percent of these folks could relate
Ayo man.. I get love in Puerto Rico, ay Dios mios
Sorta like the late, great Christopher Rios
You don't wanna mess with Jin, talk about who's spittin'
And I could tell right now that all your stuff was written
I ain't gon front, the whole week I was contemplatin'
writin' some verses
But then I thought about who I was battlin', 'n I was like
"it ain't worth it"
Yo.. this kid Wreckonize is garbage, I told you I'm
makin' out with the cash
So since he's garbage, ayo Enuff start takin' out the
trash
I'm back in effect, and yea they said I was a Virgin
But that's the label I'm signed to
So when you wanna get a deal, I'm the one you should
rhyme to

Wreckonize (Rd. 2)

I knew he from Miami, that's why I didn't feel him
Plus this faggot's got ran up in more times than Paris
Hilton
Shit, like I really give a fuck
Came all this way to see Jin rip it up (yeah right)
Yeah thats right, nod with me just get pushy
I didnt know they made wife beaters in a size for
pussies
It's looking kinda small
Bet when he hit the bathroom he probably pissed on his
balls
And you know that shit's true, lookin' at me all funny
Like you think this ain't true, go ahead.....
(Boos)

Jin (Rd. 3)

You a bitch, I'm surprised you ain't rockin' panty-hose
Ayo it ain't just me neither, the whole Miami knows
Yea we from the same town, but that ain't the reason
you hated
Face it, Wreck you cant stand the fact that I made it
While I was on tour plottin' the sales

He was workin' at Blockbuster stockin' the shelves
Y'all might remember him from a MTV reality show
Called.. "When Homo Rappers Attack, It's A Tragedy
Yo"

The guy that he was battlin'... straight up murked him
He shoulda nuted in ya face the way they jerked him
Yea you mighta won the battle, but you lost ya pride
They gave him a Roc-A-Wear jacket then he got tossed
aside

How you gon try to diss the Roc cuz they ain't offer you
a deal

Knowin' damn well you pussy, and you softer than Amil

Wreckonize (Rd. 3)

Check it.. i didnt need to rock that faggot coat, that's
why im not braggin

You be the crouching tiger, I'll show you the hidden
draggon

Yea, protect the high stakes

I'd rather not sign to Roc a fella than fix DMX's hot
plates

Of fried rice and bullshit like that

I dont give a fuck, that's why you can't rhyme like that

Yea you mighta got me slippin' this time

But I remember every time in Miami I served you for
every rhyme

Shake ya head, like I give a damn

Jin's records ain't sellin' zero, rip it man.....

(Boos)

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