

Jin

"Thank You"

Visit "[Thank You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This feels good right here, just happy to be here, I mean
I gotta take a moment to thank those that made a difference
Whether small or big, damn, where should I start though?

First and foremost I gotta give praise
To the Lord above and His Almighty ways
Blessin' me with the gift to lift spirits
And evoke emotions through these words everytime you hear it

I got the lyrics and flow, I'm capable so
When I blow, just know this one's for April and Joe
Me and my little sister, we're grateful you know
Wish I could see you more Avah at the rate that you grow

My favorite uncle Franky for opening ya door
When I ain't have a place to stay, I crashed on your floor
Taught me the basic survival tools
Auntie Cathy, every summer kept me in vacation Bible school

Mr. Diskin for more than passin' grades
And my fourth grade teacher Mr. Scott who passed away
Peep how I met Kamel, corner on the street
We goin' to the top, let's do it for Shawna and Jaleek

In the beginnin', no one was on Jin's side folks
Bar and Amory, whoa Bundy that's an inside joke
Before bullshit friendships, synthetic for cream
Chilled with my wall click, Bryan, Cedric and Jean

So when I moved to NY chose to invest in a few
One love to Patricia, Ben and the rest of the crew
To be loved is a privilege, that's what I was told
A gem from my man unless more precious than gold

Infamous Joe lacin' my tatt so sick
Fong, Yungmac, and Ken down at Ho Yips
To Dee Waah Chivon and the rest of the deans
For believing in a young man obsessed with a dream

Allowin' me to write history create my own chapter
All original ryders and the generation after
The double R staff my thanks worth a million
And the whole 30th floor at the Universal buildin'

You could never walk in my shoes or stand in my boots
Know how I came up, I'll never abandon my roots
Yeah, C Rayz, Poison Pen for sharing the stage
Shouts to stronghold, tone and the rest of the plague

Ask Big Zoo, we ten steps ahead of ya
Vice versus, eye to eye, E-O dub regulars
My man J pure for bringin' the heat right
And the rest of the poets, chillin' under streetlights

Just keep the beats tight, shouts to the record spinners
Enough, felli fell and all the heavy hitters
Kubichi K Sly hold me down in L.A.
Might catch me flickin' it up with von in the bay

Then it's off to the wake up show with tech and sway
Or big nat and foot out in VA
It's damn near tradition to kick a freestyle
Anytime I'm with Eddie Francis out in Seatown

Can't forget hometeam as high as I be
Supa Cindy, Big Lip and DJ Irie
The club and mixtape DJ's that break records
'Cause thanks to them we've heard some great records

Shouts out to the technicians they get props
Feel free to holla, anytime you need drops
Bob Collina, the only one to call
Anytime ya boy Jin gota run in with the law

Bert Padell A K A Big Babe Ruth
Got the brinks truck outside, let's get paid loot
6 4 6 6, the trips back and forth
From the studio to the crib, I'm never slackin' off

How 'bout Will, Spivey and of course Killa Kai?
Boondo, Randy, Feron just a few of my
Close associates that I love to see
School me to the game like Joe box and Brother E

Razor and Mario for all them times we rocked shows

To the rest of 176, tato
"Holla front dot com" go register today
Peter Jun, Rock, Lisa, Landy and J

Keepin' me fresh Ellis at the barbershop
Coast to coast, lifestyles reppin' the R alot
My man cartoon bringin' the fresh sound
Cookie and mag OG's holdin' the West down

And of course Swizz Blocks, Carl, climax
Far east movement, they got what ya minds lack
T dot Montreal where I keep mass appeal
Romero, baby you, R G and Neil

It pays to keep it real even more to be sincere
Thanks to B E T for jump startin' my career
As for one oh six who they askin' about
Free and A J can't wait to see yall back on the couch

And MTV for givin' advance warnings
John Singleton plus the chance at performin'
The soul stopper X L Rolling Stone vibe
The truth, the lies, the layout in rides

For every write up forever in context
King magazine Elle girl and complex
To all the producers for providin' the beats
Shouts to Neo, Tunehedz, Divine and Elite

JR, Wyclef, Kanye, can I rep
This is real hip hop be damned if I let
Y'all tell me otherwise 'cause we so live
This one's for 954 and 305

All the way to 718 and 212
And if you ever showed love this one's for you
But I gotta say thanks even those that hated
'Cause, 'cause ya'll kept me motivated

{You see, lot times
People dont appreciate the love and support
That they get from they family an' friends
Haters and all they are locked into but not me}

{See I never take none of that for granted
So I knew I had to take a moment
And atleast let ya'll know how I felt about it
C'mon}

I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all
I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all

I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all
I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all

'Cause when I'm sure there is no me
Oh my cha I can't forget about you
I know when you make sinners down
You doin' a real good job on that

I know I probaly forgot a ton of people
But don't think that you know count it
Anyway you want, it's just that
It's a lot goin' on right now

I got my element
Little bit of Hennessee left in my cup
No I don't even drink like that
I love ya, the rest is history baby

I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all
I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all
I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all
I gotta thank God, I wanna thank y'all

Visit [Jin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.