Learn Chinese

Jin

Yeah I'm Chinese and what?
Yeah you know who this is, Jin
Let me tell you this
The days of the pork fried rice and the chicken wings
Coming to your house by me is over
Y'all gon' learn Chinese
Y'all gon' learn Chinese
Y'all gon' learn Chinese
When the pumps come out y'all gon' speak Chinese
Y'all gon' learn Chinese
Y'all gon' wan' be Chinese
Y'all gon' learn Chinese
When the pumps go off y'all gon' speak Chinese
This hip hop shit could fuck up your head man
I know a bunch of crips that love Redman
Bloodwalk in New York man things don't change
Stop the chinks took over the game
This ain't Bruce Lee ya'll watch too much TV
It's a game of death when I aim for your chest
Yes too much sex got me seeing slow motion
Eyes barely open with a roach roastin'
And your girl she loves the Jin potion
Rub it on her body like Body Shop lotion
What's the commotion you never seen me?
Original chinky eyed MC
You don't want to step to the army
I'm double R rank refugee
And the barrel of the gun gonna make you speak another language
And amigo I ain't talking about Spanish
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This one goes out to those that order four chicken wings
And pork fried rice and roll dice in the hood

You think shit is all good
Till them cowboys roll through like Clint Eastwood
I wish you would come to Chinatown
Get lost in town, end up in the lost and found
Eyewitnesses you must be crazy
We don't speak English we speak Chinese
And the only po-po we know
Is the pigs on the hook out by the window
Every time they harass me I wanna explode
We should ride the train for free, we built the railroads
I ain't ya 50 Cent, I ain't ya Eminem, I ain't ya Jigga Man, I'm a Chinaman
Ginseng in the palm of my hand
She looked surprised when she saw it in the palm of my hands
You know what's next, safe sex
I'll be damned if I sleep in the flesh with the insects
Joue la pula joue la pula parley joe la pula pi joue la pula
Piki pi pi piki piki pi pi pi
Mr. Jin you are the sexiest man
Mr. Jin I love the way you do your thing
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Mr. Jin I love the way you do your thing
The moral of the story, don't judge a book by its cover
I know you think that he's fam he's really undercover
I saw his name on the affidavit
It was written in Chinese and this is what he said
[Foreign content]Ran by some local hooligans and thugs so
Catch them at midnight when they closin' shop up
Reading the Ten Commandments cooking the crack up
Biggie Small's posters all over the walls
If they think you Sammy the Bull it's over for y'all
And me I'm just Jin just doing my thang
Just doing my thang just doing my thang
[Foreign content]Why is there beef everywhere I go?
I'm drunk screamin' can't we all get along?
My ladies with the thongs, the thugs with the firearms
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Mr. Jin you are the sexiest man
Mr. Jin I love the way you do your thing, Mr. Jin

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