

Get Your Handz Off

Jin

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>