

Afraid of Nothing (feat. Somaya Reese)

Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"I ain't scared of nothing" - Richard Pryor[Hook]:

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em

My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is

I ain't scared of nothing[Verse One]:

That nigga Chino XL is a cold menace

That ain't scared of nothing like I got no nerve endings
With the sickest sentence that is known from here to Venice
Since Rick Rubin signed my demo, been stronger than wooly mammoths
Heart darker than Black Sabbath

A real master of words that causes Havoc like Prodigy's partner's parents
Syllable chemist, was 16 with my first 12"

Destine

I had no choice like an arranged marriage
Like an inbred, tie you up in a toolshed
Hang you upside down and beat you till your piss turns red
Make you an invalid
Yes I'm sick and into it

It makes my heart warm like hating my father when I was a kid
No saving grace, I'm using razor blades to slash your arms
You're left for days and ate by gators in the Everglade swamps
I ain't scared of nothing, I'm stubborn, a live wire

My name in sign language is a middle finger on fire[Hook]:

My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em[Verse Two]:

I'm that brolic god of carnage that would body college
Sick as gynecologists, spit collagen at live pirahanas
Eat cyanide olives by a cottage in the farthest forest
Burning down a farmer's crops just when he was about to harvest
My vocal cords will murder yours from sheer power wattage
Your comments, "Why did the plague of Chino rain down upon us?"
Silence

I'm breaking your legs, you're nausious
You can't run again like a president that already served two terms in office
Living lawless, raw performance for the riches
Put you down like toilet seats when you live in a house full of bitches
Sicker than Caesar's syphilis
And Jonbenet Ramsey's killers
And pictures of Natalie Holloway's titties (can I get a witness?)
My spirit is big so I don't fear a thing
I'll karate kick Steven Segal in his lace front wig
Fuck a pig

Hop out the whip and shatter your ribs
Wearing a mask in broad daylight like Michael Jackson's kids did
And I'll flip and then whip you to death with a marble bar stool
And dig up your corpse so I can drive in the lane for car pool
How do you think you can threaten the metaphor weapon
That's responsible for inventing this industry's rebellion?

Hellion

Dark scoundrel

Me fearing someone?

Over my dead body nigga, Gary Coleman[Hook]:

My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
My only weakness is

I ain't scared of nothing
 My only weakness is
 I ain't scared of nothing
 My only weakness is
 I ain't scared of nothing
 Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
 You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
 Get 'em
 Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
 You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
 Get 'em "I ain't scared of nothing" [Verse Three]:
 Lungs of a champion
 I take one breath and start an album and don't breathe again until I'm sitting at mastering
 Chino the ambassador, caster of the spell of a massacre
 Hell is the task of thee assassin that does more spazing per capita
 Serving half of the bastard rappers, inhaling cancer, breath out asthema
 Dump your body in the back of a factory canister
 My position is vivid, if it's a gimmick I give it
 60 minutes than exhibit the sickest village verbal spillage
 Worship my words
 I got more game than Wild Life Preserves
 I'm purging out sperm in a perma perm in a groupie birth
 I stand firm in the stance that Chino XL is the handsomest
 No time for romance and shit, I'm on my Charles Manson shit
 I got so many bars that I could apply for a liquor license
 Not the lesbian type that's dyking but Viking trips I'm writing
 Where my similes are similar and liken to a Lycan
 Werewolf in the night that'll have you and your Christ afterlife you liking
 I'm fighting, managing, keeping savage at all costs
 Fuck showers I'm dragging Mark Zimmerman through a car wash
 I rhyme to the point of exhaust and killing everybody
 And copied 16 and sloppy and played out like Ed Hardy
 You started, I'm slashing, I don't wanna hear you're sorry
 Leave your face fractured, twisted backward like Whitney's baby daddy Bobbi
 I'm the illest is what the gossip is
 Wanna rep your state?
 Alright, I'm beat you into the state of unconsciousness
 Monsterous until I'm posthumous it's obvious
 Me fearing anybody breathing, simply nonsense
 My only weakness is
 I ain't scared of nothing
 My only weakness is
 I ain't scared of nothing
 My only weakness is
 I ain't scared of nothing
 My only weakness is

I ain't scared of nothing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>