

# Broken Halo

## Chino XL

The kid with the broken halo  
The devil won't seem to let me go  
It's true the letters that they sent from school to my mother  
Chino's too wild and does not play well with others  
Rappers blinded and brainwash and need to be reminded  
The Puerto Rican superhero no assembly required  
Dark and agnostic, I torture you targeting my shit  
Bastard be careful, like a nigga with glasses in a mosh pit  
I flow free, spit religiously with each breath  
With more lines than there are in Kimora Lee's neck  
I'm sick with a pencil, he's done  
But fuck sticking a fork in him, stab him with every kitchen utensil I can find  
The brutalist, underpunched tutelage, proving it's in my jeans like true relig  
The odds are slim to none that you can live  
You don't want to be me is not convincing  
It'll be cool to be you, just to witness my beauty in three diminsions  
Necessary, vengeance, losing my religion  
Only five words that are worse for me to hear is  
"Babe, I think I'm pregnant."  
It's really nothing to murder cowards with a crowbar  
And have them scared to leave the house for fear of death like Solar  
I take credit for a ton of police, it's Chino's fault  
Then carve my name in your face and fill the wounds up with table salt  
The mission, infiltrate the system with or without guns  
And choke you till your lungs have no air/heir like kings with no sons  
The world told me, "Go to Hell", alright I'll meet you there  
Latino's don't cheat death, we defeat it fair and square  
Tearing your faggott ass in half and laugh and try to diss me  
You ain't worth the urine particles existing in my piss stream  
Since the cradle a word angel with a broken halo  
The kid with the broken halo  
The devil won't seem to let me go  
They say that fake's the new real  
I'll chop them up in suitcases, let the familiy pick one like it's Deal Or No Deal  
They try to get at me, bitter the kid out spit they bosses  
I'll have the studio literally littered with rapper's corpses  
Bringer of death, barbarian will impale  
If God was a rapper than He'd be Chino XL  
Stuck up, snotty, known to body rappers biblically

Leave 'em like Sampson with his eyes gouged out by the Philistines  
Of my own style, I'm the father, Maury Povich  
Chino's so tight in the booth, I'm feeling claustrophobic  
Free of the corporate theater, my heater is coming soon  
If I attack you on stage you will not make it to your dressing room  
They call me brutal cause I don't think a cop should shoot you  
Then get away with it, we shouldn't have it, come on, be truthful  
My homie tried to get a grant to go to school  
All he was granted was Fox News views of Oscar Grant in his tomb  
Guerilla monsoon with a blow torch  
You can't hold a candle  
Y'all ain't no vandals wearing skinny jeans and Croc sandals  
My art canvas will start panics  
Will heartlessly go to the Bronx Zoo bear handed to tear apart Pandas  
I wanna scalp these traitors and bring out my native thoughts  
Cause revolution has never been a spectator sport  
Chino, the muscle fill will lay you down right in a tomb  
There will be nowhere on your body that doesn't have a wound  
I write like someone's life inside of a cartoon  
The fiendish, human Venus Flytrap of raps is in full bloom  
Heaven's on the payroll even with my broken halo  
The kid with the broken halo  
The devil won't seem to let me go

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