

Bad Man Bible

Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Chapter and verse. From the bad man bible
I swear
Massacre should be at least my middle name
I'm a beast with fangs, I don't maim and I am immune to pain
I maintain with a brain that is clinically insane
Biologists never seen nothing like it, it's a new strain
At a cellular level, cold as the Ukraine
And modern science is too young for Chino to be explained
His fame is so for the birds it feels like I'm growing wings
And haters look so small from where I am, in the clouds and things
Y'all like bitches do anything to get my attention
I'm inflicting brutality, banned from Genneva Conventions
They wanna cut me out of history but I ain't dying
My heart is fire, my mind is water, my body's iron
Sound the siren, the tyran giant that'll never tire
God's child out of wild, defying the empire
Surviving those that conspire against Ghetto Vampire
Sick control freaks like Beyonce's father
To know these cowards hold they stand astounding
Genius level, should be performing wearing a cap and gown
Mentally disturbed, disturb me
Get your family buried
My heart's an empty cavity that can only be filled in by murder
Stomp your fucking face till you bleed from every orifice
Make your life a living hell till the Devil's paying me mortgage
I got a brain sickness that's twisted
As Lawrence Taylor in that crack hotel with underage bitches
Hoping God grant me leniency
Turned all my pain into strength
They could sell my tears at a GNC
I try to stay healthy, right and keep my physique tight
And black don't crack

No but my Puerto Rican side
I hate people, I shake lethal
The straight strange cerebral
Possess the trait to facilitate great evil
Lyric Jesus surrounded by his seven disciples
Singing songs of survival from Bad Man Bible
Have you ever heard about the Bad Man Bible?
Tell you about the killer and his 12 disciples
That's why we come in pumping rifle
Have you ever heard about the Bad Man Bible?
Tell you about the killer and his 12 disciples
That's why we come in pumping rifle
The real nightmare is here, embarrassing
Making your bad dreams look like nursery rhymes in comparison
I spit gospel when speaking
Rappers are angry like Superhead with lockjaw on All-Star Weekend
You can hear it and feel it in your spirit that death's approaching
My rhymes are inflamitory, someone get the Ibuprofen
To grow up in darkness but my time's now
Fuck milk cartons, they'll be stenciling your face on live cal's
Stop Chino, they know that they better kill him
Or I'm finding and turning they porno movies to a snuff film
My scribbling is the equivalent to shivering children
That were trapped and sealed in a Haitian building
But the faith was never given in
My venom that I'm penning like grinning jack-o-laterns
Lit and flickering, niggas running like gingerbread men taking insulin
You don't want an incident
You're tripping with the wrong one
That's self inflicted suicide like Marie Osmond's son
Fear of any man breathing a feeling that divert me
Put that on a list of what I don't have, next to AIDS and mercy
I stay in controversy, that's cursed as pagan worship
Reverse of the perfect murder as hermit preaching a sermon
That's currently birthing the urban servants serving certain persons
Slicing and sacrificing virgins there is evil lurking
Blood in the sand, I'm here to fulfill God's plan
Write my name on your palm
I'm a problem on your hands
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The most passionate, blasphemous. lyric Lazarous
Sew you into a snuggie with hungry rats in it
Apart from the partially awkward larceny
See this heartfelt artistry?
Mortally, I free the God in me
I give an MC instant sympathy like crippled amputees
From botched carpentry trying to single handedly
Try they hand at archery
Bad Bible bury my sinning in ink
I think I could inseminate a seminary
It's scary, walking with a pound even when not needed
And these stigmata that I got, don't know how to stop bleeding
More wicked than any man breathing
Articulating speaking, you're thieving, shrinking, it ain't worth repeating
For any petty, measly reason I'm wild sick
Your body won't even have a bone left to make a wish with
The explicit misfit, killer instinct, mystic Christian
Spit at this thing, try to diss me, hang you from ceiling like P! nk
Picture perfect, sinister, keeping the devil nervous
Writing verses, making you reconsider your life purpose
Every time I hear your name it's from getting punked
You worse than a pussy cause a pussy only bleeds once a month
Hit the ground after hallucinating, thousands of lines
They want the lyric god dead even the best try
My CDs in This Niggas Crazy section at Best Buy
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