

Broken Halo

Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Phiilistines
Of my own style, I'm the father, Maury Povich
Chino's so tight in the booth, I'm feeling clausterphobic
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 sandels
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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