

Wicked Church

Chino XL

At this time I'd like to welcome back my congregation
That's been waiting patient for me to distribute this information
About this rap game and it's quality disintegration
And stop blaming Waka Flaka he ain't why your shit ain't blazing
Maybe something about your lack of originality
And your content is a constant bragging right about your salary
Then you're mad at me when I burn a verse like a fat calorie
And I hurt you even worse, your woman is feeling me fanatically
Dramatically I push myself to the brink of this art form
Of course you ain't charging me, you're a rhinoceros with no horn
I'm monstrous at home in a conflict zone
My natural tone is hazardous then slash gashes through your blood and bone
So I answer the phone
"Hello. Can you call me back?"
I'm blowed and scribe scrolls until there's bruises in my finger folds
I'm mad at Rubin, spit it crude enough to start a riot
My mind's fried like everything in black and Latin people's diets
Psychotic, iconic, ironic,?
I'm provided with a lot of excited exotic vagina
Behind the stained glass windows with pictures of angels
Where the holy water's been replaced with Judas blood to pray to
Following the father's maze
More crowded than Tiawan's whore houses on dollar days
Point of being a pastor
Inside of this wicked church I prove master
Curses since the first day of my birth
They thirst for what my words are worth
Once they're heard they'll scorch the Earth
They tried to burn me in this church
It hurts inside this wicked church
I've been through a lot of things that would've made you quit
"Too many puchlines. Chino rhymes too quick."
But if your favorite garbage artist did it he's a genius
Monkey's dancing around, don't even speak English
Wonder if they'd feel me even if they can
I'll spit into your corny camp until my lips cramp
Fiscally I punish them
Make ASCAP stand for Always See Chino XL Accumulating Publishing
Displaying mayhem mannerisms

That'll shatter your catechism
More written compositions than there's crucifixes in the Vatican
Discouraging anyone's adamant arrogance
Shooting, strangling, cherubims riding through Heaven on chariots
Library books try to rent me
I'm very literate, never dressing like Farnsworth Bentley
I've had it up to here and there's nothing to fear
And even fear fears Chino XL
Curses since the first day of my birth
They thirst for what my words are worth
Once they're heard they'll scorch the Earth
They tried to burn me in this church
It hurts inside this wicked church
Medically it's sickness in my mental tissue
Psychiatrist couldn't rescue
Even my issues have got issues
Giving every dollar I make to a major
I'd rather have a blind bitch shave my balls with a razor
My hatred's creative, berated gospel singers
Spit enough acid, aiming to give euthanasia to every youth in Asia
Savor with most wicked behavior on the Earth's soil
Minister tried to baptise me, the water just started to boil
They worship Steve Jobs for creating the Apple invention
Ignoring the God that created the actual apple for our nutrition
Rapping about what you paid for your garments
Till your fragile life is ripped apart by extreme violence
Shooting you through your temple
Right through the window of your E-book Kindle
While you're reading shamefully false Ann Coulter info
Skitzo, morbid, ominous poison poems
Call your real estate agent I'm about to hit you close to home
You wearing them tight pants confuses me
Why would a nigga wanna give his sperm count an eulogy?
The Lyric Jesus spitting scriptures unmercifully
But born to parents that would have lost custody to Charlie Sheen
This industry is all wrong
Rap skills invisible like albino niggas hitchhiking in a snow storm
The wicked church is hoping hip hop will deteriorate
So I'm spazzing out like Michael J. Fox with a Shake Weight
Curses since the first day of my birth
They thirst for what my words are worth
Once they're heard they'll scorch the Earth
They tried to burn me in this church
It hurts inside this wicked church

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