Have 2

Chino XL

[Verse 1]
These rappers saying lines I never quote
They faker than them letter that Solar be claiming that Guru wrote
I wanna slit they throat and go berserk and stab kids
I'm underground and don't give a fuck who Rebecca Black is
Distributing these knuckles straight across your glass chin
I will Manute Bol a nigga, I put 'em in a long casket
The monster spitter that's sinister as a witches cackling
H1N1 off my tongue but there is no vaccine
I'm brash and nocturnal and graphic like a whores journal
So I don't gotta rhyme till I'm turning purple to merk and serve you
I get more checks than my ese homie Stermal
When I clear you out early like a Jonas Brother's curfew
You try to sue the hospital
Couldn't be saved by breathing tubes
Jesus wearing a T-Shirt that saying "What Would Chino Do?"
I'm here to seal your doom
XL is a problem
You will never see me coming like a camouflage condom
The true villain, never through killing
My haters are just big fans, should be spinning on my bedroom ceiling
But Chino got ammo for every coward that's hated him
And a trigger finger that's twitching like Mohammad Ali's brainstem[Hook]
I don't wanna hurt you but I will if I have too {X4}[Verse 2]
It's uncanny how many are ready to end me
I deserve Emmys and Grammys and plenty of pennies
And these pretty Chevy's on hydrolics
Verses like they're on anabolics
Making rappers cry like babies when they got the colic
These artists wanna be me bad
If imitation is the highest form of flattery
Than my raps should be as flat as Paris Hilton's ass
I'm trying to bring light skin back
But El Debarge can't keep his path out of rehab
The Puerto Rican spic been sicker than Auswitch
Since Noah's Ark was just a pile of woodchips
You think you're fabulous till the savages double barrellers
Outside your house and it's singing like Christmas carollers
I spit till I'm raspy

I'm sicker than Raz-B
When Chris Stokes, nah erase that shit it's fucking nasty
You softer than Avril Levine shooting shrapnal at the king
The madder rapper that'll shatter your bladder matter and spleen
It's an animal thing and on your grave I will dance on
Your pussy CD will not go double tampoon[Hook]:[Verse 3]
Yo
They try to mimic my energy, it ain't meant to be
Consider me Hannibal Lecter giving out food recipes
Your ass kicked and your path to the casket choosed
Bastards rubbing me the wrong way like a bad masseuse
Ricanstruction ain't an album it's a murder exhibition
Sit back and turn the skeleton key into the ignition
Hold hands in a senance realize that the table's risen
In an industry that's frail and fucking calcium deficient
Thank Heaven that the visionary Poison Pen has back arisen
Fucking every beat that I'm given in missionary position
My rhymes were not written for fame or to get rich
But therapeutically put my childhood in the electric chair and hit the switch

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