

Afraid of Nothing

Chino XL

"I ain't scared of nothing" - Richard Pryor[Hook]:

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em

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You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high
Get 'em

My only weakness is
I ain't scared of nothing
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I ain't scared of nothing[Verse One]:

That nigga Chino XL is a cold menace
That ain't scared of nothing like I got no nerve endings
With the sickest sentence that is known from here to Venice
Since Rick Rubin signed my demo, been stronger than wooly mammoths
Heart darker than Black Sabbath
A real master of words that causes Havoc like Prodigy's partner's parents
Syllable chemist, was 16 with my first 12"
Destine

I had no choice like an arranged marriage
Like an inbred, tie you up in a toolshed
Hang you upside down and beat you till your piss turns red
Make you an invalid
Yes I'm sick and into it
It makes my heart warm like hating my father when I was a kid
No saving grace, I'm using razor blades to slash your arms
You're left for days and ate by gators in the Everglade swamps
I ain't scared of nothing, I'm stubborn, a live wire
My name in sign language is a middle finger on fire[Hook]:

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Get 'em[Verse Two]:
I'm that brolic god of carnage that would body college
Sick as gynecologists, spit collagen at live pirahanas
Eat cyanide olives by a cottage in the farthest forest
Burning down a farmer's crops just when he was about to harvest
My vocal cords will murder yours from sheer power wattage
Your comments, "Why did the plague of Chino rain down upon us?"
Silence

I'm breaking your legs, you're nausious
You can't run again like a president that already served two terms in office
Living lawless, raw performance for the riches
Put you down like toliet seats when you live in a house full of bitches
Sicker than Caesar's syphilis
And Jonbenet Ramsey's killers
And pictures of Natalie Holloway's titties (can I get a witness?)
My spirit is big so I don't fear a thing
I'll karate kick Steven Segal in his lace front wig
Fuck a pig
Hop out the whip and shatter your ribs
Wearing a mask in broad daylight like Michael Jackson's kids did
And I'll flip and then whip you to death with a marble bar stool
And dig up your corpse so I can drive in the lane for car pool
How do you think you can threaten the metaphor weapon
That's responsible for inventing this industry's rebellion?
Hellion

Dark scoundrel
Me fearing someone?
Over my dead body nigga, Gary Coleman[Hook]:

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Get 'em"I ain't scared of nothing"[Verse Three]:
Lungs of a champion
I take one breath and start an album and don't breathe again until I'm sitting at mastering
Chino the ambassador, caster of the spell of a massacre
Hell is the task of thee assassin that does more spazing per capita
Serving half of the bastard rappers, inhaling cancer, breath out asthema
Dump your body in the back of a factory canister
My position is vivid, if it's a gimmick I give it
60 minutes than exhibit the sickest village verbal spillage
Worship my words
I got more game than Wild Life Preserves
I'm purging out sperm in a perma perm in a groupie birth
I stand firm in the stance that Chino XL is the handsomest
No time for romance and shit, I'm on my Charles Manson shit
I got so many bars that I could apply for a liquor license
Not the lesbian type that's dyking but Viking trips I'm writing
Where my similes are similar and liken to a Lycan
Werewolf in the night that'll have you and your Christ afterlife you liking
I'm fighting, managing, keeping savage at all costs
Fuck showers I'm dragging Mark Zimmerman through a car wash
I rhyme to the point of exhaust and killing everybody
And copied 16 and sloppy and played out like Ed Hardy
You started, I'm slashing, I don't wanna hear you're sorry
Leave your face fractured, twisted backward like Whitney's baby daddy Bobbi
I'm the illest is what the gossip is
Wanna rep your state?
Alright, I'm beat you into the state of unconsciousness
Monsterous until I'm posthumous it's obvious
Me fearing anybody breathing, simply nonsenseMy only weakness is
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