Partner to Swing

Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Verse 1:
Check it, I catch more heat than a histitic jew
You catch two thumbs down like a matty rich movie review
Your individuality is missing like adam walsh
Your image faker than the hair on diana ross
Too far gone inside my art form
Worshipping the ground that I walk on, that's cool
But while you're being me who's being you?
I'm hot like patra, doggystyle on all fours
End your career like christopher williams did al b. sures
Mass hysteria, malaria come to ya area
You couldn't touch my style with hands across america
I slaughter, spit in your water like kidd homes
Leave you need orthoscopic surgury like quincey jones
Cause I can give beverly, demi and even melvin moore (more)
Van halen, eddie, get ellen ready make pauly shore (sure)
Your new single sounds like the double dutch bust remix
Watch you collapse and die like you was river phoenix
Me and rap go way back like ll's hairline
Nigga fuck a punch line, I write fucking punch rhymes
I'm gorgous so when I'm performing just leave your girls at home
I'm the best thing to happen to bitches since the straightening comb
When I'm up in 'em spittin' venoms I never go soft (never)
I make that pussy snap back back back and forth
Some more outtakes over b.rich roughbreaks
I write more rhymes han rick james makes license plates
So life every voice and sing
Cause I don't need no partner to swingHook:
They don't know
They don't need a partner to swing (x6)
"more cash in my hand" - grand pubaVerse 2:
Surrounded by more mysteries than the stone henge

Warning your friends, chino x could make the corrinor cringe
Urinating in the audience when I perform
Biting the heads of chickens and bats like ozzy osborne
I got multiple personalities so be afraid
The cypher is ? I'm jim jones now here's the kool-aid
You better recognize and know the time like barisa or dance like kid'n'play
Cause you ain't gonna hurt nobody
You better fear will I knife or stick in you
Look up at the sky and ask why has God forsaken you
Chin-wa! bringin' new styles that mc's couldn't start
While the walls be closin' in on them like fat around dr. j's heart
To keep in shape I scrap knives and I take lives
Subliminally I encourage teenage suicide
When my video is on the box you gets to orderin'
People want to know the 4-1-1 on art of origin
I was bitter got richer, the nigga child molester
Throwin' out my shit like red fox did ann nester
Can't be productive when your partner is just a lazy bitch
Leaves you feeling frusterated like you signed to wild pitch
Now like sammy davis ran from the irs
You better run from that nigga chino x
And if you score well then perform, mc's with hesitence
Remember you can be replaced like ann did on crushed grapes
You're man is holding you up don't front like everything is dandy
Peace to 5 foot 6 now I'm out like john candyHook (x4)Verse 3:
So now you gotta put in time if you wanna get near me
But you can't hear me, cause you're an asshole like dennis leary
Leave you crispy like the children of kadaffi
You couldn't get no justice if you dug up thurgo marshall's body
My career is right out of the Bible in the show bizness
I drop my staff it turn to snakes just like moses
If I found a new crew with same circumstances
Catch the l and they'll be assed out like prince's pants
I'm back on track without another nigga urfin' me
Peace to ragman, now I'm out like freddy mercury
So lift every voice and sing
Cause I don't need no partner to swingHook (x3)

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