

# Xross Your Heart (feat. Bun B)

Chino XL

[ One] [Bun B]:

They say the meek shall inherit the Earth  
Well I'mma fuck Meek daughter  
Marry her than kill Meek's father  
Once his ass die and she inherit the shit  
Man I'mma cock back the heat and straight bury this bitch  
Bun B, carnivore, a predator  
Wanna war get your metal up  
I'm the victor, niggas settle up  
Next up, bring me another competitor  
Set him up and I'mma shut it down, bet it up  
Straight fact, cock the eight back and wet him up  
Shit feels so good I just might get a nut  
No homo  
Kill his ass for free and call it promo  
Yo ass I'mma do you for the low low  
Pull out the fo-fo  
The bullet flies so fast  
But when it hits yo' ass, you gon' die so slow  
It'll seem like an eternity, but it was a flash  
And then it was over and that was your ass

[] [Bun B]:

We them, bad things that go bump in the night  
And we them, boogiemens that have you jumping with fright  
So when we come out of the shadows and black your eye  
You better, cross your heart and hope to die  
Cause you can  
Talk the talk, but tell no lie  
And you can walk the walk, just walk on by  
Cause we are killers by nature and that's no lie  
You better, cross your heart and hope to die

[ Two] [Chino XL]:

This is the crown jewel of my symphony of an animal  
I jump out the shadows and ravel when God is mad at you  
I promise you, my imbalance is chemical  
You know how many prescriptions get ran through like Karen Steffans genitals  
Anticipating your death  
The left side of my brain ain't thinking right  
And in the right side there is nothing left

Last breath struggle  
I think outside the box to put you inside of a box like a crossword puzzle  
.380 with the muzzle  
Be afraid like I'm Haiti trouble  
Never half hustle, shoot Russel in the calf muscle  
I'm the reason for your homies disappearances  
But keep that off the record like songs with no sample clearances  
All that fearless shit perishes when I'm striking  
These niggas is so over the hill it's like they hiking  
Hide your baby's mama  
You don't want no drama  
Chino got more Llamas than a middle eastern farmer  
Damage yukata, leaving your body eviscerated  
Committed acts ungodly, worser than you anticipated  
No take no prisoners, nigga we just don't want 'em  
We murder every soldier that they send until they stop coming[] [Bun B]:  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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