

# Eye

## Chino XL

I know it gets no better than this  
When I'm on my Detroit, New Jersey, Los Angeles shit  
I have a whole crowds pumping their fist  
Feeling like it when we was kids  
I'd have Proof and J.Dilla both back in this bitch  
You let the weed smoke flow from your chest  
And thank God that hip hop exists  
And now back with a vengeance  
But you're like Oprah Winfrey with a thousand stedmans  
Break you open like a graving, picking up the dead mens  
Blessed making a living, my show's an essence  
Having lots of women in attendance  
Listening to this murderous creature infecting all time itself  
Just with my vibe assistance  
Please don't try this at home  
Drums sounding like Hannibal's elephants marching on their way to conquering Rome  
And the patriots saying in vain giving a fuck what a hater think  
Wiping your ass like Marvin Gaye's dad when he was cross-dressing drunk  
Leaving a residue with death and destruction in this edifice  
Clipping the wings of Pegasus  
Restlessness from the absence of a trusted mother's gentleness  
Cash (?) stash stick it in Burt Reynold's shit  
Monstrous, no conscienceness  
Collabing with the ghost of rappers  
I've killed that death hasn't been fast enough to process yet  
Throwing pictures at moving cars like wushu man  
It's all fun and games until it's Chino versus planet  
I'll push a baby to the desert and watch her lungs expand  
Shaking like radioation that's leaking from Japan  
Paying for my karmic death  
Like Christians in the Colosseum singing while lions tearing them to shreds  
It's colder than Pittsburgh, the spics disturbed  
The women whisper, it's Mr.Disappearing with your sister  
Prepare to be in the air when Gabriel's horns blows  
But Malakai ain't got nothing on the evil under this cornrolls  
Your cars spinning with chrome, not a significant gold  
I'm guiding the flesh with flows like the Vatican chose  
Your frailed (?) nose gets finished and exploded  
Get exposed sitting on a Venice throne of skinning scolds

Chino is back, and it's the illest situation  
It's like the second coming of Christ, and every Latino celebrating  
Still carrying them cyanide capsules  
Recolada, I'm beating that ink outta your tattoos  
The bonafide Hesus, divine statue  
Got a love for hip-hop that could never be lost  
Even if it ignores me like the media ignored slavery and Armenian holocaust

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