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'se 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 murdereous 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 drank
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
Monsterous, 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 explosed
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 capsuls
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/