Chino XL f/ Beatnuts, Sin Gutta ''Don't Fail Me Now''

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Get into shit...

[Juju] Uhh, Beatnuts, Chino XL c'mon

[Psycho Les] For this collabo' we pack more ammo than Rambo Beatnuts, Chino for example "Say Say," like Paul McCartney I say, we ball in parties Surprisin you and your guys and while you franchisin Stuffin your face with french fries and I sweep up and steal the show with no intention It's real baby, no make-pretendin (uhh) I wanna see, every federal dollar (WHAT?) You playin with my dough? The metal will hol-la ... Business before pleasure That's why I keep my workers, under pressure I went from jumpin on trains with demos To jumpin on planes to limos Guzzlin champagne with bimbos, champion style The way my niggaz pop bottles; finger pop models We drop top autos, goin full throttle Escape, c'mon... what?

[Chorus: Chino XL] Yo, yo, trigger finger don't fail me now Catch a nigga without his security and lay his ass down Trigger finger don't fail me now It's the Latin gangsta shit that make you tuck in your chain and bounce Trigger finger don't fail me now Love it or hate it, we get the mamis naked when we come to your town Trigger finger don't fail me now Psycho Les, Chino, Juju will knock yo' ass out

[Chino XL] Yo... yo, Sin Gutta welcome home baby, this one is for you

The Beatnuts and Chino is like a, first kid for Latins to

worship I hurt shit, the wordsmith, perfect to purchase I'm merciless, leavin you toothless and verse-less, I'm poisonous (uh-huh) Drinkin blood from a platinum Thermos, I'm murderous and evil and diesel, my people from here to Puerto Rico Chico, the nickname Chino That's Hispanic as bein married in a yellow ruffled tuxedo See no Spanish blood I'm standin in Handlin verbal torpedoes over Spanish mandolins I'll viciously herb you with verbal calm cool My name come first in a sentence speakin on who shitted on who Don't let it be you! (true!) I'm really rude, hate Italy food, you get Kobe and Philly booed Never shitty interviewed, every city in the view seen police nude, police presume from the barbecue blind dude that I hit his mind up with a .9-Rug', gun blast make your spine move Paralyze your face, Bell palsy Have you lookin like Musig Soulchild, far from hardcore Line for line I never met a cat who could last I'm feared like R. Kelly teachin kindergartner's class Y'all, metaphors are meta-twos, you better get a better set of tools Cling your genitals, watch your lyrical credentials I'm an animal, destroy human life without caring You get killed/kilt, like that plaid skirt Scottish men be wearing Me disappearing don't even think - the closest thing these rappers ever get to art is when their mind's drawin a blank We revolvin in rank, you smiling coward you spiraling downward Got you dancin through my firing bullets that showered Shoot me in the head but, please try to aim I'll be hotter than these rappers with just piece of a brain From a wheelchair I'll still be priest of the game Watch you +Tank+ like that skinny R&B singer's name, what!

[Chorus]

[Sin Gutta] Uh-huh... y-y-yeah Sin here baby, let's go, awoo, aiyyo

Aiyyo I'm known for shootin several gats, flip and

pitchin several packs Been to Hell, made it back, twice is shown With a suntan and Satan's horns Got charged with statutory for rapin songs, I'm bakin dawg You even look at me wrong your face is gone Every time you kiss your girl you tastin Shawn You think your rhymes break the CD's and tapes they on When you think a rap is kid, what they based it on? I'm apes, spit it with grace each tape be wrong I'm one of the best and you can see that through a brick wall And the looks and hand skills are reason to hate more I break laws, you'll prolly tat tears I'm harder than Fat Joe breathin after walkin up a flight of stairs You should be scared, boy to reach us for heaters To say it is needless, and my trigger finger won't fail me Unlike my 9th grade teachers, dig?

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