

## Chino XL

### "Afraid Of Nothing"

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"I ain't scared of nothing" - Richard Pryor

[Hook]:

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic  
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high  
Get 'em

Wild out, this is it, bless your shit, lunatic  
You ain't scared, go ahead, put your hands high  
Get 'em

My only weakness is  
I ain't scared of nothing  
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I ain't scared of nothing  
My only weakness is  
I ain't scared of nothing

[Verse One]:

That nigga Chino XL is a cold menace  
That ain't scared of nothing like I got no nerve endings  
With the sickest sentence that is known from here to  
Venice  
Since Rick Rubin signed my demo, been stronger than  
wooly mammoths  
Heart darker than Black Sabbath  
A real master of words that causes Havoc like Prodigy's  
partner's parents  
Syllable chemist, was 16 with my first 12"  
Destine  
I had no choice like an arranged marriage  
Like an inbred, tie you up in a toolshed  
Hang you upside down and beat you till your piss turns  
red  
Make you an invalid  
Yes I'm sick and into it  
It makes my heart warm like hating my father when I  
was a kid  
No saving grace, I'm using razor blades to slash your  
arms  
You're left for days and ate by gators in the Everglade

swamps

I ain't scared of nothing, I'm stubborn, a live wire  
My name in sign language is a middle finger on fire

[Hook]:

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[Verse Two]:

I'm that brolic god of carnage that would body college  
Sick as gynecologists, spit collagen at live pirahanas  
Eat cyanide olives by a cottage in the farthest forest  
Burning down a farmer's crops just when he was about  
to harvest  
My vocal cords will murder yours from sheer power  
wattage  
Your comments, "Why did the plague of Chino rain  
down upon us?"  
Silence  
I'm breaking your legs, you're nauseous  
You can't run again like a president that already served  
two terms in office  
Living lawless, raw performance for the riches  
Put you down like toilet seats when you live in a house  
full of bitches  
Sicker than Caesar's syphilis  
And Jonbenet Ramsey's killers  
And pictures of Natalie Holloway's titties (can I get a  
witness?)  
My spirit is big so I don't fear a thing  
I'll karate kick Steven Segal in his lace front wig  
Fuck a pig  
Hop out the whip and shatter your ribs  
Wearing a mask in broad daylight like Michael  
Jackson's kids did  
And I'll flip and then whip you to death with a marble  
bar stool  
And dig up your corpse so I can drive in the lane for car  
pool

How do you think you can threaten the metaphor  
weapon  
That's responsible for inventing this industry's  
rebellion?  
Hellion  
Dark scoundrel  
Me fearing someone?  
Over my dead body nigga, Gary Coleman

[Hook]:  
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"I ain't scared of nothing"

[Verse Three]:  
Lungs of a champion  
I take one breath and start an album and don't breathe  
again until I'm sitting at mastering  
Chino the ambassador, caster of the spell of a  
massacre  
Hell is the task of thee assassin that does more  
spazing per capita  
Serving half of the bastard rappers, inhaling cancer,  
breath out asthma  
Dump your body in the back of a factory canister  
My position is vivid, if it's a gimmick I give it  
60 minutes than exhibit the sickest village verbal  
spillage  
Worship my words  
I got more game than Wild Life Preserves  
I'm purging out sperm in a perma perm in a groupie  
birth  
I stand firm in the stance that Chino XL is the  
handsomest  
No time for romance and shit, I'm on my Charles  
Manson shit  
I got so many bars that I could apply for a liquor license  
Not the lesbian type that's dyking but Viking trips I'm

writing

Where my similes are similar and liken to a Lycan  
Werewolf in the night that'll have you and your Christ  
afterlife you liking

I'm fighting, managing, keeping savage at all costs  
Fuck showers I'm dragging Mark Zimmerman through  
a car wash

I rhyme to the point of exhaust and killing everybody  
And copied 16 and sloppy and played out like Ed Hardy  
You started, I'm slashing, I don't wanna hear you're  
sorry

Leave your face fractured, twisted backward like  
Whitney's baby daddy Bobbi

I'm the illest is what the gossip is

Wanna rep your state?

Alright, I'm beat you into the state of unconsciousness

Monstrous until I'm posthumous it's obvious

Me fearing anybody breathing, simply nonsense

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