

## Chino XL "Asshole"

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I, don't, un-der-stand what goes on in the mind of  
Chino XL!

(Chorus)

I'm more known for beef than Bad Boy and Death Row  
so when I'm finished rockin I hear, "You fuckin  
asshole!"

I get on stage at Summer Jam, piss on the front row,  
and have the whole crowd screamin out, "You fuckin  
asshole!"

You either love me or hate me, but you cant stop my  
dough

I keep all the broke niggaz thinkin, "You fuckin  
asshole!"

Your girl recognize me like cubans do Castro  
Lemme see those middle fingers up high, "You fuckin  
asshole!"

(Verse 1)

I copped the Clark Kent joint, now what the fuck you  
gonna do?

Yo, I'ma spit till my whole bodies devoid of all this fluid  
And you cant even do it, imagine how ill I can get  
You just assume to see Britney Spears on the cover of  
Jet

The government is after me for being internationally  
dastardly

Just ask the real MC's who this illest yellow bastard be  
battle me and win if we battle to see who's the brokest  
I'm sicker than seeing Kelly Price doing aerobics  
Sicker than finding out firsthand Jennifer Lopez cant  
fuck

Sicker than seeing Richard Pryor in his wheelchair  
doing stand up

And what, I'm first, mom told me stay in my place  
But I still never met my match like my ass and Shabba's  
face

Got real ways to bring terror, so you better  
think twice about fuckin around with me like you see Tia  
and Tamera

Or avoid me totally, all consider with caution

Similar to deciding wether or not to drink after Magic

Johnson

I Squash and hunt men with David Carradine Tai Kung  
Fu

The Rappers I'm writing rhymes for should be writing  
rhymes for you

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Clark told me to just kill it when I write rhymes  
But how many murders can I commit in one life time?  
I never quit, I Remained on  
Chino, mentally, verbally, off the meat rack like Rocky  
Balboa trained on  
Swarm rappers from New York to LA  
I'm the hottest latin entertainer since Ricky Martin is  
gay  
Suede lyrics and ways, not invented yet  
Make you look weaker than that Public Enemy record  
they sellin over the internet  
I'm spending that money, bout to bloody up ya best  
shirt  
My hearts blacker than the entire WB Network  
Catch you at ya concert, sweaty like Gerald Levert  
On Slim Fast, you ain't gonna shoot or you would've  
been blast  
Bitch ass, I'm Hopeless? like Heavy D, I Focus  
I talk so much shit I should swallow a dozen roses  
Foes is something I cant let survive  
I hate to end this off on a bad note like SWV live

(Chorus)

Chino is as Chino does, no love  
I'm doing this mostly for the money, like EPMD Reunion  
was  
Take the first bait  
Your deaths assured like head from a french girl on the  
first date  
But don't hate this "best-life-form-to breathe", oxygen  
Rock hotter than halogen, servin a verbal ((?))  
Slobbering, it ain't right, the industry ruined my life  
I've been black balled like I'm Cuba Gooding Jr's white  
wife  
A high price, leave you dead above the waste  
I'm The Artist, without a pound of makeup on my face  
My verbal assaults extend way beyond battle rhymes  
Verses of mines like construction of God to a human  
mind  
So don't miss a line, but you can rewind  
So it don't even matter like lights left off or on to a man

blind

"Yo, he's wack, slow down the pace"

I'm wack? I'll just retire and blame it on god, like Mase

(Chorus)

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