

Chino XL "Beef Ain't Over"

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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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