

## Chino XL

### "Buried in Vocabulary"

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[Intro: Chino XL]

Are you serious? (yeah, yeah)  
Rebel Arms, C.O.B. collaboration  
You get buried in vocabulary nigga  
Chino XL and the Horse Shoe Gang (ha ha ha ha!)  
Julius Luciano~!

[Julius Luciano]

Yo, I snatch the mic from you clowns, refuse to wait my turn  
This is the art of emceeing to whom it may concern  
I'm loony, wait, disturbed - I act like I truly can't discern  
right from wrong, ignite the chrome, you stupid lames get burned  
The gat claps, call the llama gonorrhea  
"Brrap!" That's onomatopoeia, now your crew get placed in urns  
I kick styles, I didn't need the Kumatai{?} to learn  
The world is mine, I'm the son of the dude who makes it turn  
I'm God's descendant, I'm exceptionally clever  
Immaculate conception like my inception was better  
Him, yeah I'm him, my perception is extra-  
sensory, consider me perfection's successor  
Rappers pray to me, not in the direction of Mecca  
I'm outside of +The Matrix+, I'm in the Nebuchadnezzar  
Yeah, we real MC's connectin together  
From The Garden State to The Golden State, our depth can't be measured

[Chino XL] Demetrius Capone~!

[Demetrius Capone]

Rough and raw crank, clutch my balls, wait!  
I'm balls deep in your mind, fuck what y'all think  
You in some deep shit like you crawled out of Shawshank  
I'm shot-callin like I shot the ball and I called "Bank"  
This is that murder murder, m-murderous murder show  
I'm an insurgent and surgeon cause with this burner I'm surgical  
Call my weapon the Special Olympics cause that .38's a pro

You tuned into the Fuck'M station, name it FM radio  
My gun'll draw and stutter, blucka-blucka, raw and gutter  
I'll go call your mother and that slut'll swallow all my nut up  
'til she cough my son up and that fucker is also your brother  
I do him like Brenda, nigga get tossed in a dumpster  
Make no mistake, I'm the greatest atheist, niggaz know me  
As they save ya so pray or I'm makin you niggaz holy  
Faker than silicone, you gay cause you niggaz only  
go in on some shit, when you rapin your little homie

[Chino XL] Dice Dinero~!

[Dice Dinero]

You niggaz thinkin you're sick, come and get your flu shots  
After shots flew, drop you, then your crew drop  
I'm lettin a couple of more fly, call that a new flock  
Shots might break south, bullets through ya tube socks  
I'll squeeze the Mac, leave you flat, become a thing of the recent past  
The only time your family see you is when they dreamin of thinkin back  
Heat'll clap, leave you cats leakin for thinkin and speakin bad  
Put you niggaz asleep in a bag and I ain't speakin on sleepin bags  
You say you on top of the city like you Nino Brown  
I'm able to leap tall buildings in a single bound  
My shots'll leave your head spinnin, fuck drunk or tipsy  
I'll pull up, niggaz break, like the lunch truck is with me  
I'll leave a punk chump slumped, such a fuckin pity!  
I'll fuck monestary bitches, nuns/none's fuckin with me

[repeat 2X: samples scratched]

"Hip-Hop, vocab, vocabulary"

"You get buried in vocabulary"

"That's, what I'm talk-talkin about"

"Lyrically, incredible"

[Chino XL] Kenny Siegel~!

[Kenny Siegel]

Hold a sec, I'ma thumb through my mental rap Rolodex  
and ass-rape dummies, crash test dummy, I'm known to wreck  
You make me sick to my stomach, your flow upset my solar plex'  
I'll blow the Tec, now you inhale like you tryin to hold your breath  
Nigga I'm about as bad as your luck from a mirror crack  
I'll twist a nigga's head near his back until I hear a snap!  
These niggaz so soft that they gushy (less dangerous)

Yes wankstas (they rookies) sex changes (fake pussies)  
My flow's hot and liquid, it belongs in an F'n Thermos  
Toxic, hot spit, send you niggaz epidermis  
Test and learn that death is hurtin, get irked when Tec's is burstin  
Get murked when a weapon's squirtin, leave holy as a reverend's sermon  
I got these niggaz wonderin how could a villain be so nice  
I don't mean the internet when I say I'm killin them on site!  
I'm dope, I'm great white, a great white from the beach  
Want beef? The clips to my pistols all that's gon' come in peace!

[Chino XL]

(Chino XL) I'm spittin it intricate, I belong to a sin syndicate  
With infinite ways of killing shit indiscriminately I am different  
Magnificently significant, specifically causin pestilence  
I'm the infamous, God's instrument, Chino born of a hideous chrysalis  
With pistol it's no questionnaires, my impression is you feelin nervousness  
See heaven and hell both ignorin your prayers  
Keep talkin motherfucker I'm killin your parents  
Every nightmare got a Chino appearance, ghetto vampire, no reflection in mirrors  
Turn your lights off, it's about to get serious  
This the type of song that make you change careers  
Conspiracy terror see menace, see heresy, jealousy, lunacy, menacing energy  
Fantasy, medicine, pedigree, and I see hemorrhagin enemies, prison and banishin them  
Like Venice I'ma take advantage of 'em  
You can bet that I'll be cuttin like a madman Russian  
Everybody wanna kill the Puerto Rican Superhero  
'til they hear the evil and they see the chainsaw buzzin (it's crazy!)  
Chino's an animal outside your castle with catapults  
for mass assaults with more soldiers and dogs than any land can hold  
Launchin aimin flamin fire crossbows through the air and fog  
to tear apart the endless walls and tears and scars from weird remarks  
They pray I'm lost beneath the forest, a stinkin corpse deep in the mosque  
But the beast evolved, can speak to gods, unsheathe my sword, you meet the morgue  
Could've been the military minotaurs, bullets melt through your Mercedes metal doors  
Brolic bully bizarre, you'll be a skeleton skippin skillfully to graveyards  
Mad as a madman, I got a gattlin named Madeline that stay clappin  
and straddlin fragments of clavicle and chin collectin in a medical metal tin  
Strait-jacket insane bastards for a straight jackin, leave his face fractured  
from evasive {?} on a breed that'll feed a human centipede a laxative  
My work ethic is epic, ethnic, eccentric, electric  
Unexpectedly eclectic, it's nothin to get the women nekkid (yeah!)  
I'll hop in a time machine and petition your birth  
and get it signed by anyone that will ever walk on the face of this Earth

(The fuck outta here!) Not Luciferian, stop worryin about this brother Chino  
That's unnecessary like fertility drugs in Puerto Rico  
You're now witnessin the "RICANstruction" experience  
Change my name to miscarriage, Chino's the sickest PERIOD

Submitter's comments:Â

Transcription taken from here:

Here is another transcription, with some differences and lots of explanations:

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