

Chino XL "I Told You So"

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[Chorus: Girl + (Chino XL)]

Girl that's a fly nigga (I told you so)
Daddy come up with the rhyme nigga (Yo, I told you so)
Lyrically he crucifies niggaz (Yo, I told you so)
Chino's here, bye bye niggaz, ha hah! (Yo, check it out)
Girl that's a fly nigga (Yeah, I told you so)
Daddy come up with the rhyme nigga (Yo, I told you so)
Lyrically he crucifies niggaz (Bust it, I told you so)
Chino's here, bye bye niggaz, ha hah! (Peep it, yo, yo)

[Chino XL]

Multiplcty, out huntin my clones
Rap's turnin out more sweet proteges than Quincy
Jones
My style pendergrass shoes: never touched the ground
My IQ so high it ain't no number it's a sound
I'm Jim Brown in his day, toughest nigga to tackle
I'll leave your brains hangin out like Chris Rock's
adam's apple
I'm so rare, battlin Chino's like Africa:
Yeah niggaz talk about it but they don't really wanna go
there
I'm hooked in leather, floored never
Create more tracks than Brandy and Monica's weaves
put together
This to whoever if you rhyme like a daughter of mine
You sound like me so much I think my sperm's in your
water supply
With a war to survive I slaughter and mortify
Creating a torture guy be forced and falsified
And duplicated and authorised
I autograph a girl's bra, menage-a-trois
I dont want no men in shit, let's have a women-age-a-
trois

Chorus (w/ slight variations)

[Chino XL]

On everything that I love, I attack rap genres..
Fatter than Chaka Khan was
XL excederin verbal medicine sealed for tamperin
Consider me the Master P of God like Kirk Frank-lin

Shoot 'em shank 'em and burn they skin
Blast for laughs at Chino actions
Skill is a blessin you cowards could only imagine
You ain't an X-Man like comic books, you an ex-man like
RuPaul
Run through y'all leave y'all stiffer than Ken dolls
You wanna start friction? Play Don and King and..
.. end up gettin fucked like Ving Rhames in "Pulp
Fiction"
My rhymes hot they just might trigger the sprinkler
system
Like freaks that Eddie Murphy, call witch you comin up
missin
Now you gonna listen?! Or do I have to remind you?
I'll punch a hole through your chest
and give a pound to the man behind you
Killin you and the nigga that signed you like my Dad
invented murder
I rhyme til it's a torture to me, exhaust like a catalytic
converter
It's sad for me to admit I heard of, you, such a fake one
There's so many gay rappers
they probably diss me cause I'm the straight one
Plus chicks can't trick the light-skinned nigga with the
long hair
With Nick Cage in an airplane these hoes couldn't +Con
Air+

Chorus (w/ slight variations)

[Chino XL]

Yo, yo, you wanna raise up? Now that takes bravery
I house niggaz like light-skinned-ed Africans durin
slavery
I detonate crazily, a bomb, military can't disable me
So loose in the cypher I got Lucifer ashamed of me
Fuck who you proclaim to be, better reconsider
Turned on wrestlin and Goldberg was like "Chino that's
a big nigga"
I died a thousand deaths to possess skills such as this
With delivery like where Arabs live: in-tents/intense
Sliding in events riding inside of limos with tints
Been rhyming since Timberland trees were seeds;
Burger King was Prince
Better run for the fence, click clack on all you rats
I shoot blindly like I'm Ray Charles with loaded gats
(Shit) The fact is, I'm one of them crazy half-black kids
Like Jesus in the army but I earn my stripes like zebras
Without the H.I.V. I'm positive you don't wanna test
I leave rappers confused like homeless cats on house
arrest

Chorus til fade

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