

Chino XL

"Messiah"

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[Chorus]

Y'all niggaz done fucked up now (tell 'em how)
Messed around and let me out (stupid motherfuckers)
Let me back in the game
knowin damn well Chino is the lyrical messiah
And I'm not arrogant
I just know that I'm the shit
You fuck around with me and you'll get pistol-whipped
by God's instrument, Chino is the lyrical messiah

(Hit these motherfuckers - kill these niggaz!)

[Chino XL]

Yo, yo
You a fake killer, from a fake place
You a fake {*coughs*}, that's a fake Ma\$e
I spit it for 80 wakes, you couldn't fit it on 80 DAT's
Like {?} been hatin rap, the son of a thousand maniacs
You insane thinkin I'll ever be sane
I always been the same, forward or back like Eve's
name
I slap Alfreita's unibrow, give a fuck what she painted
Gimme a time machine, a bottle of crack in {*edited*}
manger
No stranger to the fact rappers can't stand me
I shoot 'em down with bullets made by melted down
Grammy's
You cats offended me, soft R&B, radio trendy
I'm angry like Jewish Holocaust survivin families
in a room with a Nazi, cause hip-hop cannot see
why non-lyricists is on "Cribs" and not me
You probably wanna body papi
Cause I be on the big screen with Angelina Jolie
I'm sorry, we livin lives just a little different
You'll be in the movies too, rippin the fuckin tickets
I'm wicked, Aurelius Maximus, revenge'll take patience
But I refuse to die 'til history record my greatness

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

On the day I was born, Taoist monks banged a big gold
gong
with the same insignia that I have tattooed on my arm
In the mist of a rainstorm eclipsed over Asia
The day finally arrived, the one they prayed for
Gasping in awe they couldn't believe that they saw
the illegitimate son of Father Time and Mother Nature
I've been here before from Earth's core to seashore
One law, be warm, bringin 'em love through war
(JESUS!) Nah, but I appreciate the comparison
I've avoided bein wack, I've avoided three marriages
The Poison Pen pen penances, burn down villages
What I write with ain't ink my ballpoint hemorrhages
religiousness
The record business is all luck
I go to a whorehouse for a good deal and get a record
deal to get fucked
Now leaving childhood they stole my innocence
"Chi" contained in the word "Christ" - not a coincidece

[Chorus]

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