

Chino XL

"Poison Pen"

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Yo... yo, uh-huh, yo, Poison Pen bust it

I have predicted events before they have occurred
as a child with a special gift, I swore the wind spoke
As I awoke from dreams of a real life which I couldn't
seem to obtain
Only pain chasin shadows in the day
And at night it was even worse
Submerged in a, coma-type chaos wonderin from
which my talent came
Worshippin idols with many names, I lusted for change
Granted an intuition beyond human definition
Hurdling my barren living conditions
Screamin for someone to listen, pushin the limits of
man's superstition
My body deformed (uh-huh) my brain suffered lack of
nutrition
Labeled a dreamer with no sense of what is or isn't
One theory, I'm the son of a witch's covenant (uh-huh)
If you could name a spirit then with my pen, I can
summon it
Some people say, I'm evil as you gonna get
Others say my parents were experimented on by the
government
There's certain things I write if the world knew they'd
be amazed
I got their entire lives in my notebook and I'm the
author of the last page
But please God don't punish me
Make bad things happen to kids who made fun of me
Heard Nostrodamus? He like the son of me
Some people come to me, said they seen me in a vision
(uh-huh)
All over the world they bow, and I ain't even religious
It's weird for me to live this, the spirits in my lyrics
Sometimes they reveal shit that, I don't wanna know
like
Kennedy, Saddam, Vietnam, Bills of Congress
All my life somethin wasn't right the night they took
Christopher Wallace

I've wandered through the corpses, of Hiroshima also
in Auschwitz
I've been chased out of Rome by priests with crosses
Air forces have reported, seen my image project,
astrally
I'm the chemical make up in the universe tapestry
Half of me, cries for this condition of man (yeah)
Stay poison the land, I'm not sure of which position to
stand
But take me by the hand, the Poison Pen offers
resurrection
Shrouded in darkness with no heaven protection
You lay in the aftermath of he who laughs last
Now I have written it, so it shall come to pass
Conversations with God, one day I thought I saw you
in the midst of angels burning on fire in Egyptian soil
(uh-huh)
The moon blighted, red the dead, speakin in original
tongue
that I only understood the sound, the work has now
begun
Hounds after the blood of your servant, the serpents
circle my feet
as I glide towards the steps of the Vatican, Your
Majesty
You gave me the key to cover the land with the sea
I ask the fate of the lost tablets that contain five more
commandments
Abandonment of your second-born child down the Nile
Misplaced him in Jersey, it taught him survival
You guide my hand as I write the modern Bible
Not to denounce the first one but after I finish writin
mine it's final
I scream of rage that's primal (uh-huh) sneaking up
your spinal (yeah)
I speak it slow and clear so you can press it up on vinyl
My death is comin soon (soon) for the love of savages
And what I say will be translated into many languages
Some say I'm crazy cause I'm John Doe by choice
But God speaks to the children through the use of my
voice (uh-huh)
I'm somethin different to everyone and refuse to do
what many have done
I'm the reincarnation of Adam but you knew that from
day one
No need for me to get mad (never) it's my time to heal
them (right)
And if I have an enemy, the Lord God will kill them
And my job will be done until all time is done
I'm made from the very same clay that God begot his
own son

The Poison Pen...
Yo, the Poison Pen...
The Poison Pen...
Yo, yeah, the tragedy of Poison Pen...

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