

## Chino XL "That Would Be Me"

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[Verse 1]

Chino, name in Indian: Murdering bear  
Come fuck with me I put shotgun shells in your ear  
Out of fear they've destroyed my carrier  
Have nothing left  
But I will have my revenge in this lifetime or the next  
I experience road rage, walk in a slow pace  
Killed a handicapped man for parking in a regular  
parking place  
Learned my art with a leatherface, you must be kidding  
I consider myself a dog trainer: I'm most bitten  
But I've been written a billion bars of dissin  
for any rappers dead or livin that we've ever heard  
since we was children  
My brain got built-in Pentium chips, my thoughts the  
fastest  
For Shakespearian actors: "Chino shall busteth your  
assetth,  
When I spithed acid" ... yeah your freestyle was tight  
You better rhyme of the head good, you can't read or  
write  
A bittin' kid that'll get twist if he front, no publicity stunt  
His life flashes by his eyes quicker than Black History  
Month  
What!

(Chorus)

Yo'  
Who the only star on WB?  
That would be me!  
Who the mami's think is so sexy?  
That would be me!  
Who the illest nigga outta Jersey?  
Yo, That would be me!  
Who your wife he let fuck her for free?  
That would be me!  
Who get your ass shot dead in the street?  
That would be me!  
Who stand damn near six foot three?  
That would be me!  
Who got lyrics, jewels and plenty money?  
That would be me!

Start drama and see the illest papi, yo' what would be me!

[Verse 2]

Yo', Yo'

You wanna be a soldier but ain't reppin' it right  
Try me... metal detectors going off for the rest of your life

No matter how hard it gets,  
I rather be a soldier drowning in my own blood  
Not a coward in my own piss

Focus!... What the fuck you niggas think?  
I roll with killers that spent more time in the pen than ink

Don't even blink, and turn your voice down a decibel  
Or start lookin' for studios that's wheelchair-accessible  
Leave you a vegetable, trust,

I have the letters on your FUBU sweater standin' for  
"Fucked Up By Us"

We thrust into beef now  
Grill holds back like a Lee nail  
You yell as you reach hell  
You still wanna E-mail she males

Your train of thought derails  
Lost dog, here's the details:  
I make you think you on a beach how I make you SEE  
shells/Seashells

My L.A. airport beef was infamous,  
I whooped ass the entire five hour flight  
Plus three hour time difference

(Chorus)

Yo'

Who your girl made you pay to come see?

That would be me!

Who the only star on WB?

That would be me!

Who the mami's think is so sexy?

That would be me!

Who the illest nigga outta Jersey?

That would be me!

Who your wife he let fuck her for free?

That would be me!

Who get your ass shot dead in the street?

Yo, That would be me!

Who bench press about three fifty three?

That would be me!

Start drama and see the illest papi, yo' what would be me!

[Verse 3]

Yo'  
I ain't from Atlanta but I'll leave you  
outcasted/+OUTKASTED+  
And blasted, all fucked up like Schwarzenegger's  
accent  
You has been, I split you apart  
I spit from the heart  
Yeah you iced out... that's how you slid off the chart  
Blindfolded as I sit in the dark, a swoll beast  
No peace, big Chi have the police calling the police  
I call Aziz, omnipotence  
Smoking I shine in its open  
We ain't scared of jail we wanna go back  
Blast in yo' back, nine bullets in the column of your  
spine  
More than Columbine and Palestine combined, Forty-  
eight track  
Half spic, half black  
Sex symbol to the media  
Keep my number listed so my beefs can find me easier  
In sales you ain't dealing with me  
I'm Puerto Rican and I got enough relatives to buy me  
platinum living with me  
I never will be, overthrown... I'm unbelievable  
Like the fact that D'angelo's baby's mom is Angie Stone  
What!

(Chorus)

Yo'  
Who the only star on WB?  
That would be me!  
Who the mami's think is so sexy?  
That would be me!  
Who the illest nigga outta Jersey?  
That would be me!  
Who your wife he let fuck her for free?  
That would be me!  
Who get your ass shot dead in the street?  
That would be me!  
Who stand damn near six foot three?  
That would be me!  
Who got lyrics, jewels and plenty money?  
That would be me!  
Who bench press about three fifty three?  
Who writes hits like B-I-G?  
That would be me!  
Who go to war like P-A-C?  
Yo, that would be ME!  
Who carry gats like he crazy?  
That would be me!  
Who getting' rich still rock lyrically?

That would be me!  
Who never lose street mentality?  
That would be me!  
Who let you live cus you comedy?  
That would be me!  
Who bring that rock star energy?  
That would be me!  
Start drama and see who rides for Jersey, yo' that  
would be me...

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