

## Chino XL "Thousands"

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Intro:Dismal sketches of...Jersey trife shit

Hook:

Fire and brimstone is our life's stage

So we pack enough heat that we could melt the next  
iceage

A rich nigga is still a nigga, just harder to fade (why?)

There's thousands of ways to get payed (x5)

Verse 1:

I'm that type of rapper that'll take a half an hour in  
advance

(And do the hustle) and I don't mean that 70's dance

The king of punch lines, I do what I gotta for my  
backroll

Slicing yayo with powder with my bass latter gettin'  
dasterly for salary

Fiends dream of stabbing me, Bo Diggity is never  
snagging me

Chino equality for the high or low black son I'm betting  
on that

Seeking universal mastery

Should I put platurm plaques on my wall like a Latin art  
gallery

Ol'Dirty should of FUCKED Maria, my rap the barbed  
wire fences

Ancestors Egyptian princes, showing you a view to a kill

Giving you fatal glimpses, stacking papes like there's  
10 of me

Your hootie's an obsenity, corporate at the pope

But shooting bullets with no memory

Hook:

"I gotta get mine, I gotta get cash"

Verse 2:

I need that cream split and I've seen

Enough cowboy movies to know a white man's hand  
shake don't mean shit

So back in 9-5 I said "Fuck a 9 to 5" I ain't John Travolta

Gun in holster, man Stayin' Alive, from New Jerz to Cali

Get my swerve, servin' silence, ultra violence

A lot of islands, avoiding niggas that's spineless  
I got the lay, who's beefing this kid heartless  
Harry reasons vary, shot him at the vally  
Took the Jag keys from the valay, Robert Shalay  
Top down drove away, pumpin' Hip Hop Hooray

I'm so full of shame, it's awful strange  
Local crew complain I'm spitting out more keys than an  
opera sings vocal range  
Fuck playin' ceelo, half latino, Chino exquistness, the  
streets bizness  
Never personal, shorties still in Monteros for deneros  
Way past the current few, violate mine and get done  
like Al Sharps perms do  
My rents due, gotta make that revenue  
You dodge bullets like Bobby Brown on my avenue  
Yellow nigga with an attitude, Tommy Hilfigure booster  
too  
From the morph of the Martinees bitches from Catholic  
school  
Uptown they call my Parabal, crack ho selling genitals  
Trading they souls for Salindriacal capsals  
My products is uninhabitable, please don't feed the  
animals  
(Why?) New Jeru is a fuckin' zoo

Hook

Verse 3:

For my peoples that's making rap fans  
Downin' niggas with credit card scams,jackin' strickly  
Toyota land  
Cruisers making moves in large proportions  
Dressing like white boys, sticking up Norstoms  
I done seen niggas taht go from college graduations  
To illegal cannibus connection with Jamacians  
Hooked up with Asians for Motor-Rola flip phone  
activating chips  
Selling exotic dips as they occupation, do what you  
gotta  
Bitches turn tricks like a Globetrotter  
Got adults playing cops and robbers, it's hot like lava  
Ghetto kids breeding Rotweilders  
Selling 'em flipping grip for product no problem  
Genius niggas pull 6 figure burglaries, fuck a wanted  
sign  
They can afford plastic surgury  
I'm a survivor, street scholar  
Smoking a pontom leaf with pitbulls see drippin' saliva  
For the mighty dollar

Hook

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