

## Chino XL "What You Got"

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Y'all coward niggaz make a nigga like me laugh,  
what the fuck? yea, yea.. chargin y'all niggaz  
yea, yea.. behold the only thing greater than yourself

(Verse 1)

I'll slash ya grill, don't start me  
You'll be the only entertainer with less groupies than  
Biz Markie  
I'm never dull, Chino the pretty thug, style centerfold,  
I'll have every latin in the country aimin at ya skull  
I'll aim it at the Pope if he claimin he sellin the most  
dope  
My Jersey blocks is locked tighter than prisoners hold  
soap  
And listeners where we vote out ya CD and vinyl, the  
final result  
Yell, fuck tricks and smoke, till our vocals combine with  
a Colt  
They playin this in every club, whip, party and bar you  
in  
Give you more blood clots than two jamaicans arguin  
Sweat till ya fake silver platinum chains is tarnishin  
Women shakin they ovaries, look what we  
accomplishin, what..

(Chorus)

We got better lyrics than you got "What You Got?"  
We got better bitches than you got "What You Got?"  
We run with more killas than you got "What You Got?"  
We got better whips than you got "What You Got?"  
We got better cribs than you got "What You Got?"  
We got better bitches than you got "What You Got?"  
We run with more killas than you got "What You Got?"  
We got better lyrics than you got "What You Got?"

(Verse 2)

Coming to kill me, I cant hear that  
Fear is a stimulus I haven't been programmed to feel  
yet  
Snatch you outta your Roots like I'm from Illadelph  
What I do to push your hairline back, Rogaine wont help  
My Quest for the Wealth, like Stone Cold Austin's quest

for the belt  
I mention myself as a celestial cell, an extension of hell  
At a lynching I smile, cut myself down, murder your  
guest list  
My style never a drag like they do black men in Texas  
Next rapper to mention this, I'ma show them the real  
threat  
Cause I'ma ride till my daughters like "Daddy are we  
there yet?"  
Ain't no priest in the streets, only drugs before  
miracles  
See more keys than a lot of Hammer's repossessed  
vehicles  
Told you I was coming, you ain't believe I'm assumin  
If we all super heroes, these bitch niggaz must be  
Wonder Women  
Fist to fist, skin to skin, I make you fall flat  
Brat little niggaz, the tat on my shoulder cover they  
whole back  
Cant hold back, splatter they whole rap to match my  
(?)  
Shittin on MC's, wipin my ass on they notebooks  
How the broke crooks in videos leave me stressed  
I'll turn on channel 2 if I wanna CBS, bitch

(Chorus w/ slight variation)

(Verse 3)

Least but not last, I'll blast an informant  
Until he has the cash to put end to his torment  
Now shine up the brass for his coffin  
I'm last of the rawest, my passion ain't dormant  
I've mastered the forces, I rap to the chorus,  
My cast is enormous, I'm fast and I'm cautious  
Twenty inch arms stronger than forklifts  
Smoke hash in front of reporters till I choke and they  
nauseous  
And smash through the glass of your Porsche's  
Show you how Newark is as hard as divorces  
Lay you out dead in the grass on the forest  
My craft is flawless, have ya flesh wrapped in a  
blackened sausage  
Blood Splashed across it for rhymin like a fag in a  
cordless  
Murder all witnesses, nousey, standing on porches,  
Like torches, super human, Chino's skin never scorches  
Drape your family reunion in black funeral mourners  
Have cats that sell ya drugs for you, avoid usual  
corners  
I never lost this mad lust to be rap's Colossus  
Breakin companies, Jersey got women strapped inside

they office  
I got.. DJ Supporters and women makin sex offers  
I got.. A crib like a fortress, tuition for all my daughters  
I got.. Rhymes hot like sauna's, and thousands from  
Time Warner  
I got.. Killas on every corner, surrounded by jewish  
lawyers  
What what what..

(Chorus w/ slight variation)

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