

Chino XL

"What You Lookin' At"

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[Chorus]

I, see, you, you, see, me
We, got, beef, you, try, to, hi-ide (can't hide nigga)
What the fuck you lookin at?
The next, time, I, see, your, face (yo, can't stop it, uh-uh)
I'm, gon', swing, or, shoot, on, si-ight (yo, soon as I see)
What the fuck you lookin at?

[Chino XL]

Yo... yo, yo
Where's he at, where's he been?
Don't count on a, calculator nigga you can count on
Poison Pen (for what?)
To spit it like he got some sort of a cold
And this fork in the road is that I expose without talkin
in codes
Blacker than niggaz eyes like they Lincoln limo tinted
windows
You need protection like you fuckin {*edited*} widow
I ain't here to play man games, don't wanna arm
wrestle
I pull out them thangs and blow out your brain vessel
{*BLAM*}
That's what actin insane'll get you
I ain't your cable company nigga cause physically I'll
come disconnect you
Disrespect you in front of your main bitch
Can't change this, throw you a hundred like "Kid,
change this"
It's dangerous speakin to me in a tone containin
anguish
I'm handin out revenge like it's a main dish
I give a FUCK if you speak Spanish or English
An ass whippin is an ass whippin in any language
You panic sensin my manic rage and aggression
Only bitch you see inside of my eyes is your reflection
It's in the rest of you, dead in a Def Jam restroom
Murder's a big investment, I'll bring it from small
intestine

It's like we in a Western, movie with Charlton Heston
You needed to learn a lesson, this is your point of
reference
It's embarrassin how bad you turned on me
Now you on the wrong side like steering wheels in cars
in Germany
I got the DVD of your wife gettin killed and raped
And everybody watched it like the Paris Hilton tape
Yo where I'm from there ain't no scared hearts (nope)
Had a twin brother but I murdered him, now I'm usin his
body for spare parts

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

Yo, and until somebody verse me, ain't showin no kind
of mercy
And don't call me homie unless you was born in Jersey
I got a gay gun and it kiss men {*whistling*}
That ain't old school Public Enemy playing, that's
bullets whistlin
And since I'm in the Benz cops stalk me
He got on that walkie-talkie, now he can't walky or talky
(force me)
I'm the type of crazy case
Inhale the weed as deep as I can and blow the smoke in
a newborn baby's face
I'm never gettin on "Punk'd" - fuck that!
They'll bury that faggot Ashton Kutcher in his red
trucker hat (welcome back)
I'm 'bout to have all these cowards that rap
where they get to heaven God will contact me to ask
me where the hell they at
The verbal god, I murder your entire entourage
I got so many edges on rappers that I'm an octogon
We can't get along cause when you rhyme you just
wastin our time
I'm makin sure the name Chino XL ain't no oxymoron
A braided napalm, streets created me like
Frankenstein
Wan' shoot yourself? Suit yourself like Puff wearin Sean
John
I cause charm like I'm flyin an Iranian airline
Even Indian niggaz know that they better keep they
dots calm
I'm crossin a line with more lines crossed and are lost
that made mark in a time on a wall of a cell losin his
mind
So I speak of pollution and crime over beats
executioner's kind
But Lucifer's kind was producin millions induced me to

sign
I only wanna rhyme hard - I refuse to do this
for everybody else but me like a blind chick with a boob
job
Now who want, what?
Who wanna get punched, stabbed, shot, stomped,
jumped?
Basically fucked the fuck up!

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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