

Chino XL & Playalitical "Bat Signals Up"

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[Playalitical:]

Why they gotta be like, "Chino that and Chino this? "
Like yo, "Where Chino at? " What, you Chino's bitch?
Look, Chino back and he's on his
I'm on mine, we on time, lil' fucker we rich

[Chino XL:]

Yo... now stop askin me about my dawg Playalitical
Or it'll be a grand fi-nal, murder fa-tal
Throw in the towel, askin questions like a cop fed
Only fed I heard is K-Fed, a record deal wasted

[Chorus: Playalitical (Chino)]

What did y'all forget how to throw the bat signal up?
(What the fuck is wrong with y'all?)
They say we wait too much when we spit that smut
(What the fuck is wrong with y'all?)
I guess they want that pretty shit, they don't wanna
hear a nut
(What the fuck is wrong with y'all?)
Throwin up on a bitch like what, what-what
Wh-wh-wh-wh-what, wh-what, wh-what, wh-wh-wh-wh-
wh

[Chino:] Yeah, yo, bring it to 'em nigga

[Playalitical:]

Everybody know who roll call (already)
She do the chicken noodle soup, smash your head in
coleslaw
I'm back, back from the Staples Center
Didn't win nothin, you had to be gay to enter
Yeah we seen the top 20 at the 49th Grammy's
And we clap unloaded 45's to they panties
And we band like the Outlaws, they don't want a
battlezone
I high beep it, blow myself up like a camera phone

[Chino XL:]

'Litical mayne, yeah
Chino, I'll as they come, ass and tongue
Pack guns, I eat crack, you niggaz is rappin for crumbs

Murder jump out my lungs, punch out nuns
Punch out your gums, go dumb, I'm settin fire to bums
Y'all niggaz is scums, won't pull the heat out
Your heads is sunflowers nigga, I'm a punch the seeds
out
Ladies love it when I act this way
Bringin "Celebrity Deathmatches" without the clay Â-
one!

[Chorus]

[Playalitical:]

Uhh... addin new to my eye flicks
Put you in positions to pop with codfish
I won't take losses; I take faces
Got cases the size of Jimmy Dean sausage
The big fish in the pond that he got fish
Moby can't fuck with 'Litical, he'll get nauseous
Get cautious, watch as we ship boxes
You on my time now, switch watches
Switch places, expose all you dick faces
Add a pose playa because I went places
Y'all the type to mug me in the yard like a bunch of gay
gnomes
Now I gotta break bones over payphones
Ridin with Chino on 14th and J-Tones
Daytonas and eight chrome
He said M-A where he rep but Jersey where he from
If you rhyme in his hometown they'll lock him in
Greystone

[Chorus]

[Chino XL:]

Yo, Chino that fine young nigga that them ugly niggaz
hate
I wanna whip they ass but I ain't scrapin up my Bapes
Gun in my waist, known for goin in the paint hard
Stop tryin to save "'Face" like you Brad Jordan's
bodyguard
I don't give a damn if you a retard
Pop off and grab a bat and beat you, I'll you 'til you
have amnesia
Beat you 'til you have a seizure
I'll beat you 'til you blind in both eyes
Drag you under the bleachers covered in human feces
Fuck droppin sirens, drop a whole fire truck
I'm wired like when I first heard Kurupt bust
Listenin to "The Chronic" in New Jersey with my friends
Like Â- I'm movin out to Cali dawg, I'm more like them
(West coast!)

It was Ice-T that bought Chino that plane ticket
Sway & Tech and them ese's expose my verbal
sickness
Now I'm hood famous without too much promotion
But who else could record a mixtape and get God to
host it over?

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