

## **Chino XL & Playalitical "Posiden"**

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Chino XI & Playalitical Posiden Lyrics:

[Chorus: Chino XL]

Sometimes I get so high (so high)  
So high that I can't feel my face  
Sometimes I wish I'd just die (just die)  
So it could take away this pain  
Sometimes I close my eyes  
While I'm drivin 'bout a hundred-and-five  
Open my ride, just flip off the side  
This Jack Daniels, is he in my mind?

[Chino XL:]

Sometimes I wish I woulda, chosen another path  
Mighta made more math, mighta got mo' ass  
Maybe I shouldn't, work so hard on every rap  
I mighta got the write-off for right out Aftermath  
I shatter grasp when it come to paragraphs  
Real talent battle last, holdin heavy talons that'll blast  
Scowl that I ask when it come to other cats  
That of stolen flows, instead he gettin swole cash  
I cross paths with a lot of dudes that know that  
Line for line, Chino will put 'em inside a bloodbath  
(f'real)  
I been locked in the box with the riff-raff  
What if then Posieden decidin my jam's not that  
Sometimes I feel so numb  
Realizin that the world will only see me as a hoodlum  
Sometimes for weeks I don't even see the sun  
Sometimes I baptize myself in holy water and rum; I'm  
done

[Chorus]

[Chino XL:]

Yo... sometimes I go with my instincts  
No matter how crazy they are, and if they mislead  
(mislead)  
And take me down the wrong road  
All blow, tryin to find my way back home  
But I'm livin in this black hole  
Split my Black'n'Mild down the middle then I dump out  
the tobacco

(Let's go) Eyes redder than tobasco  
For my casket and funeral I'm waitin patient as a stone  
(yeah yeah)  
Sometimes when I'm alone viewin all the things I done  
wrong  
Talkin to Bun B or Young Noble on my global phone  
Since the kindergarden room been lookin forward to  
the tomb  
Pain fatter than Fantasia carryin harpoons (yeah)  
Ain't no love for me, it's all ruined  
Lyrics and liquor is all I got, day to day, June to June  
I'm so hot I leave fingerprints on lit coal  
Thick flow navigatin waters feelin ice cold

[Chorus]

[Chino XL:]

Yup, sometimes I'm feelin like I can't breathe  
Sometimes I cut myself and I can't bleed  
Imagine havin the lyrical blessin I receive  
Combined with a momma that didn't want you to  
succeed  
Combined with angel dust and this purple weed (okay)  
Combined with record companies that sabotage you  
purposely  
(Get it together) If I could just think clearer  
But, I can't take time to reflect in the dirty mirror (yeah  
yeah)  
I tried to summon the spirits to get me through this  
period  
Of darkness and hopelessness, you listen close I swear  
you'll hear it  
The most phenomenal marketable manic depression  
Mad aggression, mad questions, whiskey stops all the  
stressin (yeah)  
My weakness is I have no fear  
Slice my neck ear to ear, join Proof, FUCK bein here!  
Yeah, sometimes I'm lost in Los Angeles  
Hangin on for dear life, like I got antlers

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