

Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz

"Chynalude"

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[Lil Bo - Talking]

Aww yeah ya know it was real hanging out wit y'all
motherfuckers

On this here album right

But this motherfucker bout over and uh

Time for me to get the hell on

Been in the studio, the motherfucking sun coming up

In this bitch, motherfucker, been in this motherfucking
studio

Working hard on this motherfucking album

{*Background vocals from Lil' Jon & Big Sam come
in*}

What up B-leech, goddamn Sleet as usual in the
motherfucking studio

Kit, all the boys higher den a motherfucker

We got Tim over there fucking up shit

Ha, ha, but like I said time to get up out this album
knowhaimsayin

Hope y'all enjoyed this motherfucker

It was a lot of hard work putting this bitch together

Go look out for them, LG's, my girl Chyna Whyte

And who knows what else to motherfucking expect

From the motherfucking BME ya little Biatch

(Chorus) x2

[Chyna Whyte]

It's one time for my soldiers on the front line

Strapped with AKs, and car bombs

With K-nine blood lines

It's one time for my killers on the front line

Strapped P-nines and semi-autos

Actin like it's no tomorrow

[Chyna Whyte]

To survive in this world makes me a soldier

Cause I wear Reeboks, nigga why, cause they colder

Every 3 years I battle my fans thug years

Now I shed tears, nigga, I ain't happy here

Like pot, so I blow herb thinking it'll stop the pain

When I come down I'll still be left with the strain

So I stay high so my eyes can stay dry

And I don't give a fuck why
Nigga I was born to die
In the club head tight off of gin and kiwi
Camouflage and dimes so the niggas can't see me
Tellin em my name Le-Le or Lisa
Breaking them walls the Visa 9-millimeter
Sha-sha click, cock it, rock it
Nothing but the Reeboks and poppin
Nuttin but motherfucking nines and
Bump, bump, you be running like Forrest Gump
Knock you on yo ass like Humpty Dump
Chyna Whyte leaves niggas in a slump, serial
Deadly like disease venereal
Game as be RD imperial
Pumpin through your stereo, nigga what you know
Ain't no log when that fo'-fo'
Ejaculate up in your fo' door
Bitch die slow, lyrical calico
Purple tablets I flow
None want war, Gambino
Emptyin clips, I rips
Motevl I flips
Words comin off the lips like Teflon's hips
IT'S ONE TIME!

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