

Leatherstrip

"Crooked I & Chino XL Freestyle"

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[Crooked I]

Yo

I spit impossible rhymes

Full of philosophical lines

My phenomenal shine

Leave everyone our your opticals blind

Run you over when it's Apocalypse

I'm half man half diesel like Optimus Prime

Cocking this nine to pop ya

Permanente disfigurement have you rocking

Half a mask like the Phantom Of The Opera

Mach three is how fast I'll drop ya

Walk back to (??) the speed they clocked

You thought you had it win here

Like watching porno flicks with six chicks

I'm the hardest one in here

Straps on the New Year

We bust from every night's New Year

Cerebral hemisphere get blew here

It's really no need to cuss and fuss

Just

Hope out of the bushes scratched up

From the brush and bust

I make the angriest atheist praise me, if not

He's fenna simultaneously pain of a shot

And I shake his pancreas

Maybe it's my instantaneous plots

The craziest emcee couldn't face me

If an alien gave him this thoughts

Kamikazes regulate

I strap a time bomb under my trench coat

And hug you till it detonates

I was brain washed by NWA and BDP

I'm the year 2000 version of the DOC

And when Crooked I spot these fake clicks

They better be able to dodge bullets like The Matrix or
take six

I'm so onerous in dominant in prominent hip-hop
conglomerate

On this Continent I'm bombing it

When Icon ill out

I spit out rhymes so offensive even Chino will tell me to
chill-out

[Chino XL]

I don't care what nobody slits
Or what they kick
I punch them in the throat
And watch them choke like the Knicks
But why all these rappers want to rhyme like me
Your words should be like Jon B worships black ponani
And push me to the point
I wanna smack them yo
To try to steal my fans like Chico did to D'Angelo's
But if imitation were an asset
There will be nothing left of me but jewelry 52 teeth
And a belt buckle my skills are to die for
During writers block I still create this timeless lines of
wisdom
Like they pass the lips of Buddha's
Who the sharp shooter that's claiming
That they gonna kill me
When they see me
(??) a hundred inch color TV
I'm all for the hezy
See that your record company done hired
Chino XL to come and repossess their deal back
I put the fly to your eye
Like Ethiopians starving
Life tedious task
You no longer have to take pardon
You shouldn't have start them
You done, done it
Go purchases a microscope to read the rappers
Names that won it
My brain deserve its own infomercial
For the how it thinks
You can't be safe by coping
Tae-Bo with Billy Blinks
I turn sins to rock
To the rhymes of the water drops

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