

# Deliver

Chino XL

[Intro]

Yeah

To all the real hardcore motherfuckers  
Soft motherfuckers  
With the bitches that don't give a fuck!

[Chorus]

Now who wanna diss to get they reps a little bigger  
How many bitches wanna fuck this yellow nigga  
You get your whole crew cut like a scissor  
Watch this world shake from the album I deliver

[Verse One]

I threw a Brownstone at Brandy now she's Changing Faces  
Standing in my Aaron Hall I'm Blackstreet packin suitcases  
Goin back to Indiana, on the Subway  
Soul For Real, missjones is my usher in church on Sundays  
Clear the runways, cause I'ma make you rappers my examples  
Avoiding battling me like I'm Eazy-E's blood samples  
It's me and Carey, nah never wrote no rhyme that's ordinary  
Won't throw my life away on coke like Darryl Strawberry  
Removing you skeletal system playing your ribs like xylophones  
I'm nastier, leave you scraped and ashier than Larry Holmes  
But ladies I ain't always violent  
You could pump pump until the dawn, like Adina Howard  
Can't You See, I'm Notorious as Total get  
Uptown Girls in bed, like Billy Joel do  
Laverne and Shirle, give us any room we'll break it  
Remember you was wack remember Ice Cube had a jheri curl  
BAMMMMM!!!! Dead on your car horn chump  
My beat get messy as abortion on the ninth month  
Now who be that, slap, did iiii do that?  
Now Whoopi Goldberg goes Steve Urkel  
but I'll leave your grill The Color Purple  
Give you a Dogg Pound, could even Dru Down  
Provoke me album is weak your whole shit sound like karaoke  
Conversation, loss of limbs amputation  
Head meaning decapitation rough like Craig Mack derm abrasion  
Evil tendency, strong like Miles Davis heroin dependency  
Fuckin up lives like teenage pregnancy

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Them clowns like Will Smith got fast cars and fancy homes  
But I'm headstrong, I could even break Puffy Combs  
Some kids still doubtin and they girlfriend stalkin keep it real  
We'll cross that bridge when we come to that Anita Hill  
Now Ever\_last\_, will never last, with no ghetto pass  
Leave you breathin hard like bitches at lamaze class  
Niggaz are slippin when they sippin gin and tonic  
smokin chronic Jersey niggaz packin more handguns than Harry Connick  
My style is welfare, half of you bitches is on it!!  
Was born with a halo, when broke, I had to pawn it  
I stir up controversy and sell I'm like Sister Souljah  
So bring out bum-ass Russell Simmons cuz comedy's over  
The Lucci I'm worth is enough to deficit a nation

With media coverage like a hostage situation  
(yeah and if you lovin them hoes you betta bounce back)  
Tryin to make that bitch your wife she fucked  
the whole New Jersey Drive (soundtrack)  
High like Stone Temple Pilots, Pearl Jams on tour  
Rrrraahhrrra rrrarhraarah I rips it like a chainsaw  
Dig deep as truth go ahead and shoot your Karl Kani suit  
in shock absorbing tired and I'm wide like a police informant  
Pray with one eye open, shootin more Led than Zeppelin  
Dysfunctional like the Jackson's, death is my obsession  
You comin through with thirty cowards think you causin fear  
Rush lookin bust in your boosted Donna Karan gear  
Now fuck the po-po, beats down the five-oh  
Been there, done that, do it again tomorrow nigga  
Sometimes I vibe inside a spot where nobody else knows me  
Until I come hot steppin like Ini Kamoze

[Chorus]