

# Feelin' Evil

Chino XL

Intro:

Yo, can I represent Gravitation to the fullest? Word up. Some times I just cool out, yeah, come on, get with it.

Hook:

Yo, it's still an ill vibe when I want to unwind

"Like you inhale, like a breath of fresh air" -Phife Dog from "Can I Kick It?"

Verse 1:

Slice like a cesarean, shoot like insulin

Hip hop lives at no radio station, penetrate you like a vaccination

Fascination do you like styro foam and crush ya

Needles in pressure points, acupuncture

You shouldn't of start no rubbish you got no indentivity like Jay

You sing more blues than Sarah Vawn, easy to ruin like sued

Respect like Areatha Franklin', half asleep dark must be

But still American as fuckin' in the back seat

Yo dig this, Your biting is constant

When I knock shit, get your wig split, I rip shit

Till I'm sweatly like Whoopi's armpits

The bomb's lit, you try to pick my style like chop sticks

No concepts, you would of met me long ago

Producers put me on hold

Now I can roast you motherfuckers like Roticery Gold

And this whole rap world is gonna miss me when I retire

Vampire, I be setting homeless motherfuckers on FIRE!

Hook (2x)

"Day after day after day"

The yellow nigga try to chill but then, I'm feelin' evil again

"Day after day after day" and everytime I pick up the pen

I'm feelin' evil again "Day after day after day"

Since the only good friend is a dead friend, I'm feelin' evil again

"Day after day after day" Everytime my temper go thin

I'm feelin' evil again

Girl talking:

"A-yo fuck you, you yellow ass nigga, you ain't sayin' shit. I know you ain't trying to diss me with that ole evil shit. A-yo what's fuckin' with that? Chino you ain't shit and you ain't ever gonna be shit.(aaaaaah)

Verse 2:

I put out more wax than Martin Lawrence earlobe

I rock forever, Or at least until the Jets win the Super Bowl

There's no comparing me, shocking your system like Chemotherapy

Osmosis, cysticfibrosis, Slick Rick eye could be the closest

I focus, on Naomi Campbel, but she's a leisbian (damn)

Stress me and, I'll make you see more stars than planetariums

Your horrorcore is homocore, you screamin' you Evil Live

Only played on AM and your vinyl is a 45

No Indecent Proposals cause I'm not Woody Harrelson

I ain't checkin' for you like PE's new album son

(Blurting obscenities at random) I think you got Turret

I make niggas sore like the first pussy Tyson get

What part of Jersy do you come from black?

The part that white people be speeding though in 6 seconds flat

They scared of death, they out of breath, they gonna get car-jacked  
That's what happens when you don't recognize hispanic and blacks  
Blessed by the nation, cause I'm expecting to blow up  
More than Tevin Cambell is expected to have a sex-change operation (oooooh)

Hook

Outro:

Fuck all of y'all