

# I Told You So

Chino XL

[Chorus: Girl + (Chino XL)]

Girl that's a fly nigga (I told you so)  
Daddy come up with the rhyme nigga (Yo, I told you so)  
Lyrically he crucifies niggaz (Yo, I told you so)  
Chino's here, bye bye niggaz, ha hah! (Yo, check it out)  
Girl that's a fly nigga (Yeah, I told you so)  
Daddy come up with the rhyme nigga (Yo, I told you so)  
Lyrically he crucifies niggaz (Bust it, I told you so)  
Chino's here, bye bye niggaz, ha hah! (Peep it, yo, yo)

[Chino XL]

Multiplicty, out huntin my clones  
Rap's turnin out more sweet proteges than Quincy Jones  
My style pendergrass shoes: never touched the ground  
My IQ so high it ain't no number it's a sound  
I'm Jim Brown in his day, toughest nigga to tackle  
I'll leave your brains hangin out like Chris Rock's adam's apple  
I'm so rare, battlin Chino's like Africa:  
Yeah niggaz talk about it but they don't really wanna go there  
I'm hooked in leather, floored never  
Create more tracks than Brandy and Monica's weaves put together  
This to whoever if you rhyme like a daughter of mine  
You sound like me so much I think my sperm's in your water supply  
With a war to survive I slaughter and mortify  
Creating a torture guy be forced and falsified  
And duplicated and authorised  
I autograph a girl's bra, menage-a-trois  
I dont want no men in shit, let's have a women-age-a-trois

Chorus (w/ slight variations)

[Chino XL]

On everything that I love, I attack rap genres..  
Fatter than Chaka Khan was  
XL excederin verbal medicine sealed for tamperin  
Consider me the Master P of God like Kirk Frank-lin  
Shoot 'em shank 'em and burn they skin  
Blast for laughs at Chino actions  
Skill is a blessin you cowards could only imagine  
You ain't an X-Man like comic books, you an ex-man like RuPaul  
Run through y'all leave y'all stiffer than Ken dolls  
You wanna start friction? Play Don and King and..  
.. end up gettin fucked like Ving Rhames in "Pulp Fiction"  
My rhymes hot they just might trigger the sprinkler system  
Like freaks that Eddie Murphy, call witch you comin up missin  
Now you gonna listen?! Or do I have to remind you?  
I'll punch a hole through your chest  
and give a pound to the man behind you  
Killin you and the nigga that signed you like my Dad invented murder  
I rhyme til it's a torture to me, exhaust like a catalytic converter  
It's sad for me to admit I heard of, you, such a fake one  
There's so many gay rappers  
they probably diss me cause I'm the straight one  
Plus chicks can't trick the light-skinned nigga with the long hair  
With Nick Cage in an airplane these hoes couldn't +Con Air+

Chorus (w/ slight variations)

[Chino XL]

Yo, yo, you wanna raise up? Now that takes bravery  
I house niggaz like light-skinned-ed Africans durin slavery  
I detonate crazily, a bomb, military can't disable me  
So loose in the cypher I got Lucifer ashamed of me  
Fuck who you proclaim to be, better reconsider  
Turned on wrestlin and Goldberg was like "Chino that's a big nigga"  
I died a thousand deaths to possess skills such as this  
With delivery like where Arabs live: in-tents/intense  
Sliding in events riding inside of limos with tints  
Been rhyming since Timberland trees were seeds; Burger King was Prince  
Better run for the fence, click clack on all you rats  
I shoot blindly like I'm Ray Charles with loaded gats  
(Shit) The fact is, I'm one of them crazy half-black kids  
Like Jesus in the army but I earn my stripes like zebras  
Without the H.I.V. I'm positive you don't wanna test  
I leave rappers confused like homeless cats on house arrest

Chorus til fade