

# Jesus

Chino XL

They call me lyrical...Jesus  
They call me lyrical...Jesus  
I'm only second to...Jesus  
I'm only lyrical...Jesus

Now as I'm peeling myself down off of the crucifix  
Smiling like Jesus in the den of thieves tempting bitches  
Like the serpent tempted Eve  
Making it rain for seven days and seven nights  
Had several beats and several careers and several fights  
My lyrical rites make your spine hottest  
My rhymes stand out like a white boy on the Globetrotters  
Only child stuck up, selfish  
Buy my records and shine my shoes, treat a nigga like Elvis  
Ancient, melodic, mystic messiah  
Make MC's heads bob like Muhammad Ali's from Parkinson's disease  
Flows you get lost in  
Louder than Michael Irvin when he's snortin'  
Taking a time machien to talk my mommy into giving an abortion  
I don't want to hear you wack motherfuckers hating me  
Niggas is Australian they're so far beneath me  
Ever since Pac dissed me, Jersey tried to front on me  
Now I'm so vain/vein you could probably draw blood from me  
So why you doubtin?  
I'm embezzling more money than Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's accountant  
And spitting blood like Gene Simmons but that's irrelevant  
This industry prays I go away like Arrested Development  
Smilin(?) in a tenement  
Now they got me on rewind to dig up a piece of my mind  
But if y'all dig any deeper you might not like what you find  
Pac died and I cried but I'mma represent it  
When it comes to dissing my shit make Makaveli sound like Macarena  
Jesus Christ superstar immunity  
Got you apologizing like Marlon Brando did the whole Jewish community  
Hiding like Anne Frank, your mind is stomped like I wrote Mein Kampf  
Changing stone rhymes to bread with one wave of my hands  
Son of God, defy me better have a whole army  
Or make plans to leave America using the maps of Marcus Garvey  
Back up off me, nah nigga it ain't all good  
My name is offa more blocks than Lexuses is Puerto Rican neighborhoods  
Make you shut the fuck up, like wifey when the fight's on  
Lyrical Jesus, I got Satan sleeping with the lights on  
I have existed before man and will exist after man  
I am an everyman yet I am no man therefore I am a God  
Sounds odd  
But my talent is priceless  
So I rise on the wicked and the good  
And rain on the righteous and the unrighteous

Jesus  
They call me lyrical...Jesus  
I'm a spiritual...Jesus  
I'm only second to...Jesus

Straight up, yo Kurt drop some old school shit  
Drop an old beat so we can reminsce on something check it

Rappers stepping to me...they wanna get some  
But I'm XL so yo, you know the outcome  
Another victory, keep that gun in your holster  
My rhymes is off the wall like my Big Daddy Kane poster  
I gets a lot of love the beat searchers hate it man  
Come as recycled bullshit but you're leaving as a Chino fan  
That's how I know I'm God; nobody believes in me  
I make you wait while I stand in handicapped parking legally  
Erik Estrada making chips  
Handling fists to get rich  
I'm going overboard like strong-willed Africans off of ships  
Illest lyrics ever invented, said it, meant it  
You're hearing more claps than inside a Vietnam V.D. clinic, get it?  
Listen inattentive and get no wins  
Don't make me get beside myself like identical twins  
My cynical friends still quoting my old rhymes, my mind is a gold mine  
The shit is bugged like Martin Luther King's phone lines  
Closed minds mass phenomenon, starving like Ramadan  
If lines was episodes of Star Trek you niggas couldn't Kling-on  
Bugged out metaphor  
Got east coast bitches saying "No he didn't"  
While down south bitches be like "Oh no, hell no"  
I made a man blind  
So he didn't have to witness the wickedness of world gone cold  
Falling off on stages like Bob Dole  
Chronic keep my balance  
Cause good and evil are having a custody battle over my soul  
Like Macaulay Culkin's parents  
My hair's like lamb's wool, so fuck what your friends say  
You don't want to get off on the wrong foot like Kunta Kente  
So now it's going down, ta-dow  
Niggas better learn how to rhyme  
Before they tell the lyrical Jesus he should bow down  
Love your enemies, even in the lion's den  
Turn them to a pillar of salt, forgive them Father they know not why they si  
n  
Niggas coming sideways, and I've been that in the past  
But now I'm half past giving a shit  
And at a quarter 'til I'mma bust your fucking ass!

Just chill

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I'm sending rappers to...  
Guess I have to explain this one too.