

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.