

What You Got

Chino XL

Y'all coward niggaz make a nigga like me laugh,
what the fuck? yea, yea.. chargin y'all niggaz
yea, yea.. behold the only thing greater than yourself

(Verse 1)

I'll slash ya grill, don't start me
You'll be the only entertainer with less groupies than Biz Markie
I'm never dull, Chino the pretty thug, style centerfold,
I'll have every latin in the country aimin at ya skull
I'll aim it at the Pope if he claimin he sellin the most dope
My Jersey blocks is locked tighter than prisoners hold soap
And listeners where we vote out ya CD and vinyl, the final result
Yell, fuck tricks and smoke, till our vocals combine with a Colt
They playin this in every club, whip, party and bar you in
Give you more blood clots than two jamaicans arguin
Sweat till ya fake silver platinum chains is tarnishin
Women shakin they ovaries, look what we accomplishin, what..

(Chorus)

We got better lyrics than you got "What You Got?"
We got better bitches than you got "What You Got?"
We run with more killas than you got "What You Got?"
We got better whips than you got "What You Got?"
We got better cribs than you got "What You Got?"
We got better bitches than you got "What You Got?"
We run with more killas than you got "What You Got?"
We got better lyrics than you got "What You Got?"

(Verse 2)

Coming to kill me, I cant hear that
Fear is a stimulus I haven't been programmed to feel yet
Snatch you outta your Roots like I'm from Illadelph
What I do to push your hairline back, Rogaine wont help
My Quest for the Wealth, like Stone Cold Austin's quest for the belt
I mention myself as a celestial cell, an extension of hell
At a lynching I smile, cut myself down, murder your guest list
My style never a drag like they do black men in Texas
Next rapper to mention this, I'ma show them the real threat
Cause I'ma ride till my daughters like "Daddy are we there yet?"
Ain't no priest in the streets, only drugs before miracles
See more keys than a lot of Hammer's repossessed vehicles
Told you I was coming, you ain't believe I'm assumin
If we all super heroes, these bitch niggaz must be Wonder Women
Fist to fist, skin to skin, I make you fall flat
Brat little niggaz, the tat on my shoulder cover they whole back
Cant hold back, splatter they whole rap to match my ((?))
Shittin on MC's, wipin my ass on they notebooks
How the broke crooks in videos leave me stressed
I'll turn on channel 2 if I wanna CBS, bitch

(Chorus w/ slight variation)

(Verse 3)

Least but not last, I'll blast an informant
Until he has the cash to put end to his torment
Now shine up the brass for his coffin
I'm last of the rawest, my passion ain't dormant

I've mastered the forces, I rap to the chorus,
My cast is enormous, I'm fast and I'm cautious
Twenty inch arms stronger than forklifts
Smoke hash in front of reporters till I choke and they nauseous
And smash through the glass of your Porsche's
Show you how Newark is as hard as divorces
Lay you out dead in the grass on the forest
My craft is flawless, have ya flesh wrapped in a blackened sausage
Blood Splashed across it for rhymin like a fag in a cordless
Murder all witnesses, nosey, standing on porches,
Like torches, super human, Chino's skin never scorches
Drape your family reunion in black funeral mourners
Have cats that sell ya drugs for you, avoid usual corners
I never lost this mad lust to be rap's Colossus
Breakin companies, Jersey got women strapped inside they office
I got.. DJ Supporters and women makin sex offers
I got.. A crib like a fortress, tuition for all my daughters
I got.. Rhymes hot like sauna's, and thousands from Time Warner
I got.. Killas on every corner, surrounded by jewish lawyers
What what what..

(Chorus w/ slight variation)