

# Chinamen

Chester Watson

Gangrene, I'm slumped and I can't see shit  
Rolling up the ganja, the crew is a slant lean  
Medusas and camps team fit (Shrooms and a doob)  
Mix it and proceed to hallucinate, Lucifer playing Wii-Fit  
With a wide stance and a lance, think I'm just tripping off the  
Sounds of psy-trance in my pants pronounced Dickies  
Not showing you really want it, I'm taking your shit (Give me that!)  
We open the shutters with no piggy back  
Rough, raspy with flows that's buck nasty  
Just last week hit a dip with plump ass cheeks  
Creep dissing but you do not step upon the lad's sneaks  
No refunds, nigga, you chose this stuff actually

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Smoke in front of customers, get 'em accustomed to it  
Lush, fluent in the language of philosophy  
Dangerous like popping 360s in some soccer cleats  
He with it, only living for the days where I sway like the rocking beams  
Grades up, got a J tucked in the pocket tee  
See, all of these niggas praise us, watch them jock the steeze  
I'm in a daze counting broccoli  
Before you ship projects, make sure the crate is stamped Polynesia

Yes, it is I, the accomplice of the samurai  
Sick flows, hoes, and weed, and still camera-shy  
And we throw in bananas when them hammers fly  
Learn to use my grammar with my manners so I will be fine  
Later on, please don't hit my line if you isn't trying  
I got work, less than what it's worth, please respect the grind  
Decapitating lines, capture all the minds  
Could give 'em all of the science, but they still committing crimes  
We rookies to the game, testing waters  
Be on this local shit, but still I'm trying to take it farther  
[?], plugged in with his Asian father  
Kanisono in Japan whipping base, he make it harder  
Your team full of bench players, we a bunch of starters  
And Nick will dunk on your players regardless, we fucking heartless  
Threw Monty a alley, he lost it, he fucking lost it  
Been stuck in this hideous process, I can't be processed  
But no one got belief in me, I see the tree  
Should I take the fruit or should I leave? Is it the key?  
Bitch, I'm high as hell and moving keys, that's by the kilo  
Man with delivery, come spin with me  
Me and Watson got that killer beat, Ms. Hilary  
Take a trip into your memory and you will see  
I ain't lying I'm done trying, producer named Psymun  
All these rappers got a mouth but when they see us stay silent  
K-Breeze stay styling, we ain't scared of violence, this shit  
Timeless, hotter than saunas with prima donnas and your highness

The way I'm grinding, you would think I wrote the finest  
Nu Age taking off, and that's a promise, in the future, you won't find us

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