

Episodes

Lootpack

I'm down with all the illest ain't no crabs all around me
So put your head together you still couldn't find me
Where I be and how I live is ill

Hey yo niggas always talkin' bout there shit is real
"I gotta flex with a Lex in my video"
That's what half of these rappers be thinking in every city, yo

Yeah, you want to fight don't ya, you want to bite don't ya?
The involvement of a new coast is here
To take your soul, rearrange it with flows
You're unknown, come across our line, you get blown
Too many bids, ain't no puttin' together
Restorin' your body parts, leaving the rest for whatever

You talking bout you want to freestyle, you want to flow
But your flow be like oil and water, it don't mix
And you don't even know you're waiting for your rhyme fix
But my mind sticks, my rhyme hits, your mind gets
Amputated, 'cause your style ain't even Hip Hop related

This be the Kazi, my niggas call me Kaz
How does it feel to be mixed up and lost?
First of all, you shouldn't have bit the next rapper
Now your mind's confused, you lose, talkin' bout you paid dues

Slay crews, when you ain't even at phase two
Talking about take two? You only get one take
Yo, my boys just run fakes, run ya out of my estates
Plus they just might take ya papes, plus you won't remember no plates
So don't have no mistakes, steppin' over this way

Second to last, but not least, hey yo, Kazi's here to rip it
I'll take MC's, tie 'em up, and then split
It's like this, yo I'm up on some bliz
Total techniques for the hip hop kids

Yo we puttin' the lid on ya, if you're wack you're a goner
Cause we on a war path, droppin' math 'cause we only want to
Keep this hip hop real, innovatin' new styles
Takin' out wack MC's by the piles, for real

Episode #2: God's Gift

I have no strings to hold me down
Beware of the Tupperware
It's the limited edition, prime series hum via tell a sport brain
Who came complete with all terrain capabilities
Track trail blazing a path of traveling freely
Beyond the vanity of border impedance hindering
Progress intending to enhance those plagued with
Recessive styles, relying on primal rage
Disengaged pushing trivial, unimportant material
Virtually there, but still visually impaired
Point of views defusing the output of ya outlook
Confusing ya confidence, 'cause you dwell on surface knowledge
Dig deeper into my speech or the only way you'll learn

Is to have a translator explain my rhymes in layman's terms
We now have confirmation, pure order has swarmed
Like locusts consuming all vegetation
Into waste land fills fresh water wells seeping
Poisonous corrosion as a business proposition
Exposing flesh in nuclear explosions
Forming glowing boils at the point of contact of deforming
The surviving population as mass rotations
Resulting from advanced hip hop experimentation's
On the island of Madlib Monroe
CDP pouring beats down your throat that dissolve your vital organs

Episode #3: Declaime

I'm cool with who I be, Lyric slanger from CDP
Got shit locked up like slaves out at sea
Ya lost to the way I come across at all costs, I must get mine
Suck up all the sun rays and then outshine
Till I blind all eye sights all over the planet
When I rhyme right, I out stand it
Cool with my ways, so chilled that most can't stand it
y'all knows me, the rhyme wise who stays high
With forty's in my lap bust that old school boom bap
All over this map, for I be that down ass, South Cali poet,
Ya know it to be The D-E-see-L-A-I-M-E,
Doing my thing in this ring
Knockin' niggas down with what I bring
Crazy chaos your way off
So swing ya partners are around
Do the hump to my sound
Fuck it, all panties down to ya ankles
Bending back ass over microphone entangles
Strangles all ya got chokes like chronic smoke
I'll take a toke and pass it to all my niggas,
to all my niggas, take two and pass

Episode #4: Medaphoar and Oh No

Everyday it's like a level in this game that we live
Gotta struggle to survive, that's why some MC's get blitzed
Situations got your mind in control, that's how you roll
But don't step to M-E-D, because your rhymes will be fold

Straight in all black on the attack be Medaphoar so freeze back
So rappin' imitators get peeled back when I'm in combat
I got them rhymes to make ya shake the spot when Medaphoar's near

My rhyme's been set to blow up different spots so MC's stand clear
I fear no MC's alive because my dangerous rhyme
Survives battles worldwide, until my cities recognize
For every rhyme that's built to self destruct three seconds after the buck
Niggas better duck, or take that risk to get stuck
It's this do or die mentality that keeps ya mouth frying
Sippin on the E&J and smoking blunts stuffed with Hawaiian Chronic
For my homey Shack in SB, rhymes on the shiesty
Niggas on the run when Medaphoar is on the gun
MC's out to get me from all of the battles I won
Med, comin from the west, so represents where I'm from
Lyrically I got your block locked when I drop this hip hop
Fresh out the west to twist you up because the rhyme don't stop

In this game, I ain't trying to see that wack rhyme bacteria
That's some next shit, material starts external

But also interior when y'all frauds claim imperial
Breaking down your inferior while you listen to your superior
Some niggas know me as "Oh No"
But in reverse in ya in the middle, I'm "on ya ho"
So slow your roll because I fold emcees like rheumatism
Syndrome and break 'em down like compression when I be up in 'em
I skip more MC's than scratch compilations CD's
To have your speech in verbal poetical lyrical oddities
The heart's cold to make hell freeze, slash hot like a flame
I spread like dead grass up in the hills so run for your ass
I'm known as assassin from the west livin' it up
Kaliwild shakin up the best, messing 'em up
This nigga's known as metaphor and I be the disrupt
Vocally tearing you up from the ground up

Episode #5: Wild Child

When you bust that rhythmic freestyle flow to be that abstract
You bust back flips, lyrically you'll get asked that
Is y'all crew rally all that when you bump that
Track by Lootpack, ya like "They off the hook, cat"

Focus, Wild Child representative of hip hop, top 10 niggas get mopped 10 times
My rhymes will transform into 30 thin lines 'cause I feel I'm
The responsible obstacle
For you non-freestyling MC's kickin' lots of bull
I rock shit till the Eucalyptus
Flaunt it like, haunt ya mic to the point ya mic tells you,
"You can't rip this" I'll get it exited and, get the crowd hyped and
Slap you up with my right hand and
Find out you're a little white man with a slight tan
Wild Child'll take ya ass out like lightning
Fresh in the flesh, steadily enlightening this mic
The fact that you lack the respect, got the mad knack of incompetence
Step to Jack and get smacked to lower your whole lack of confidence
Ya bro's out there know you have no composure
You unnoticibly slide to the back of thee
Open mic session with ya little wack faculty
Thirty minutes, prior to getting there, claiming you had the knack to be
The dopest MC, that was the most inactively
Statement you ever said to Jack, you see
The day you took hip hop into ya hands was an act of lunacy
So, if ya feel me, yo if ya feel me, party people say it
"La La La La", come on, come on, come on, come on...
my people say "La La La La"

[Chorus]