

I'm down to battle any nigga that steps inside my zone
That's word to my own, you'll get your head flown
We could do this lyrical or I could bust a beat miracle
To your eardrum, I make your dome numb
Mysterical loops, not in numerical order,
You ought to act up, so I can eat ya like some piranhas
Yo I'll greet ya, just defeat ya,
Delete ya off this West area, word to Wild Child, we'll mosh it
up
Cuz you're all washed up, star struck, ready to catch a bizzare
buck
But yo the raw addict, y'all, I'll make your crew take a fall
I see you all until after the brawl because

"...I'm on a roll and ready for combat"
As we freak the physic (and/we break MC's on contact)

Roll with the soul man, slow flow instigator
Motivator of the greatest MC's with the hardcore data
From the inner soul, Wild to the Child end ya flow
Bros don't even know I'm like the baby brand,
I'll kick that Evenflow
Even though Madlib the bad kid crack ribs
Lootpack's definition of abstract is
To take the mic in ya one hand, motivation in the other
Flip a freestyle flow and stop biting wack rhymes from another
1998, Lootpack drops the ill type
I'll bet in 2000 wack brothers, yo, they'll still write
That wack ish, the fact is
Big up to the evangelistic baptist
Church from Oxnard, it's the first
Time that I represent, lyrically non-hesitant
To grab a conscious style of rap and straight up represent
Like this, I don't stop or quit
Lootpack got props to get, soon as we drop the hit
Yes yes yes yes

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