

Speaker Smashin'

Lootpack

When you think Lootpack cannot make a difference
We'll come and break down your whole circumference
Entering your atmosphere, be -boy style thus we're
The dopest MC's on earth

As dopest MC's can you please exclude these
Wack artificially contaminated series of MC's
'cause I feel these times aren't even close to being close to being close
>From them rhymes Lootpack drop out from the West Coast
Yo, I hate it when MC's be like I'm come in this way or this way
LP comes at you unexpected like that movie Independence Day
All of a sudden we kick back in a be -boy stance and then say
Wild Child, rhyme constructor, Madlib beat conductor Sen-sei

While I intercept this mic and get in play
Some might say we shine like ten rays
You know we're gonna hit you with the speaker smashin'
While I'm stashin' cushion all up in my fashion
So fasten your seatbelt before you melt
>From the rhymes we dealt, you felt welts whiplash (Help)
Nigga, that's what you'll be yelling while your dome's swelling
While my crew be like propelling, I'm telling y'all

We bust with tight lines, going through my rhymes like Red Vines
But instead minds, be off the hook like some bed crimes
The auditory wakes ya up and takes ya enzymes
I pin my rhyme to the wall, rehearse it ten times
I walk into the sun to get away from weak ones
If I got a crate of loops, nigga I'll freak one
It's like whatever, yo, nigga I'll leak one
Rhyme like I'm chrome like a stray bullet leading to your dome

So you're a gangsta cool, but on the mic what's the difference?
Off the top can you drop rhythmic metaphorical flows for instance?
I didn't think so, you're just like all them floppy sloppy
Who like to kick back and copy like you was Kinko's
Sampling old school tracks, the only reason why the crowd claps
It covers up the fact that your rap's wack
So I chill wondering when a miracle will bring you to ya
Senses mentally and physically, bring out your lyrical skill