

Verbal Experiments

Lootpack

Hah Hahahah...

From the dungeons of darkness
Comes God's Gift to Hip Hop
Representin' with the LP

We'll hit 'em hard and fast in a straight line
Concentrating all firepower to their blindside at sunrise
Operation sunray, UV radiation
First breach their outer barriers then continue penetration
To their central point, crushin' their nucleus
Rushing their central brain command
Planting a virus that expands
Through your whole nervous system shutting down all communications
To your ya bodily functions Handicapping your defenses
Swiftly attacking your unit, Neutralizing MC's
By ripping 'em apart before they even know what hit 'em
Style blitz

Jack gets pissed off, wack MC's step up and get lost
The rhythmic boss, Jack spits rhymes through my teeth like floss
I bust with motivation to uplift MC's with
High above controlling stratus clouds, my man God's Gift
Come down, assist us, wack MC's must be reminded
Get a Lootpack tape, rewind it, for those closed minded
To the abstract we kick, we rock all places
I found out MC's aren't human cuz they got two faces
They be chillin', willin', always time killin'
Wack rumor spillin' while Jack be still in charge
Asking me if I smoke chronic, niggas it's ironic
I'm Wild Child, 80% human, 20% bionic
My main occupation is to step up and rock the nation
Focus up upon my jam and blow up just like inflation
So if you ain't down, don't front, worry about your health
Worry about your wack crew and ya wack ass self

Hey yo, here comes the Master Don, here to renovate
My style hits ya like marble weights so pass the dinner plate
But pass up the swine like money ya rhyme lime
Madlib done told ya time and time again
Find the mental maze, faster ya plaster your instrumental
With lyrical disaster till you scream out "Who's the master?"
I flip it up rip it up to raw addict,
Crate diggin' for the static when I mad beat shop
Impulse down to prestige and Black Jazz
21st Century enja got mad
Record labels of the old, ill loop and take 'em out
I keep it secret when a nigga tries to peep shit
My beat hit like a Roy Jones Jr. skit
Your girl starin so now you wanna flip
I rip it down to the Loot while ya yell peace
While I pull out my piece, yell peace but now leave ya in pieces
But at least you escaped this beast
Smokin' on a cushin' leaf while ya try to bring grief

Now something's shaking in the palace, can't you feel the Santa Ana
Switching currents and building velocity, it got's to be
God's Gift and Lootpack, mentally superior master race of lyricists

Conducting verbal experiments
With open and imaginative creativity
Fathering styles from infancy to be lyrically
Complete, grown and fully developed adults
Trained in mastering total blitz coastal, total assaults
Also we launch all out war when we tour your area
First destroying your local underground spots
Rocked your major clubs and plugged into your theatres
Advancing as hip hop's vocabulary leaders
Hostile take-overs is our main focus
As the deadliest of CDP special attack forces
Basically, MC's lack division is appalling
Third rate styles with the nerve to say they're vocalists
Out of focus, often it's the people they run with
Coupled with their own wackness, they're futureless!

"And keep feedin you, and feedin you..."

[scratches and various talk to end]