

# Lootpack "Episodes"

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\*radio skipping\*

Episode #1: kazi & madlib

[kazi]

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

[madlib]

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

[kazi]

Yeah, you wanna fight don't ya, you wanna 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

[madlib]

You talking bout you wanna freestyle, you wanna 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

\*scratches\*

[kazi]

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

[madlib]

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

[kazi]

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

[madlib]

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  
wanna  
Keep this hip hop real, innovatin' new styles  
Takin' out wack mc's by the piles, for real

\*radio skipping\*

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 ampedence 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 retations  
Resulting from advanced hip hop experimentations  
On the island of madlib monroe

Cdp pouring beats down your throat that dissolve your vital organs

\*radio skipping\*

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 sunrays and then outshine  
Till I blind all eyesights all over the planet  
When I rhyme right, I outstand it  
Cool with my ways, so chilled that most can't stand it  
Y'all knows me, the rhyme wise who stays high  
With fortys 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-c-l-a-i-m-e,  
Doin my thang 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

\*radio skipping\*

Episode #4: medaphoar & oh no

Chorus: medaphoar

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

[medaphoar]

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

Chorus: oh no

'cause 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 oh no, because your rhymes will be  
fold

[oh no]

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, messin 'em up

This nigga's known as medaphoar and I be the disrupt  
Vocally tearing you up from the ground up

\*radio skipping\*

Episode #5: wild child

Chorus: 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"

[wild child]

Focus, wild child representative of hip hop, top 10  
niggas get mopped 10 times  
My rhymes will transform into 30 thin lines 'cause I feep  
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 enlighting 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: 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

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