

## Lootpack "Level Zero"

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[wild child]

'98 keep it real son 'cause I guess I feel someday that  
Wild to the child will rock at will son  
Keep them speakers boomin', body movin', wild child  
has proven  
Causin' mad paranoia like them kids nice 'n' smooth  
and  
When I flip flop, wreck shop, we be hip hop  
When you see me drop,  
Always in that shape you callin' tip top  
Coolin, effect I'm full in, droolin over madlib beats,  
Yo, guess who's pullin' plugs on thugs who's greedy,  
With their wheaties, spraying rhymes like graffiti,  
Formally known as the cdp assassins  
Dj romes is in effect and yo his ass is in  
Charge of the plastic

Keep it real son, I guess I feel someday that  
Wild to the child will rock at will son  
Got to keep it real son 'cause I guess I feel someday  
that  
Wild to the child rocks at will

[medaphoar]

Watch ya front and back when m-e-d terror attacks  
With that rhyme that's known to bring the terrordome  
so freeze back  
On the microphone I'm quick to get with you then I'm  
twisting you back  
When you enter my zone, realize where you're at  
In full combat, come prepared or ya better beware  
'cause over here we bring the real, it's like a style don't  
care  
I'll bust my rhyme into ya area, takin' over your spot  
And got it locked for the simple fact the rhyme don't  
stop  
It's worldwide when I'm riding on the crews who step to  
Cdp assassins, plus the lootpack the crew  
We got the verbal mentality with them rhymes so ya  
listen  
If you feel I hurt ya feelings, then ya wack so I'm dissin'  
All you weak mc's that fakin' there's no justice or peace

My rhymes will get into the middle of ya mind like  
smokin weed, that leaves  
Niggas in the state of only shows us what ya made of  
So put ya money down 'cause lyrically I'm out to break  
ya

[madlib]

Hey yo it's madlib the bad kid, back from outer space  
Still on that pure order mc master race  
But what comes after my rhyme styles irregular  
Modules predict anecdotes for underground hits  
But if you can't catch it today...  
It's probably too late, 'cause we about to detonate the  
388  
Relate the beat conductor, constructor, water loop to  
add pressure  
For every measure, you'll need my anesthesia from  
catchin' amnesia  
You'll end up with a seizure,  
>from steppin' not knowing the crate diggas is blowin'  
The spot, towin' this lot, empty 'cause I got  
Cdp assassins plus the pack, perfect combination  
Free improvisation, while I leave the next healthy wack  
mc  
Sick as a doctor's emergency patient

[oh no]

Yo I'll be chillin', realize oh be straight known to be that  
villian  
Ya that tall nigga to get up in that ass like penneccilin  
Bust the skills I kick the savage verbal lines that blind  
your crew  
Line 'em up and watch 'em fall, I be jukin' 'cause you all  
can't ball  
Relavent impossible mission, lot of y'all dissin'  
Elements unstoppable dishin', lot of y'all kissin'  
My ass, you know the flavor when I step upon the scene  
Yo I'll leave your birds in rage like menstruation  
Seein' nothin' but blood when I step out the station  
Got your vocal fluctuating worldwide  
Be dvd set locate when I demonstrate up in a battle  
You end up in a suicide line, I'm beyond your mind  
You gotta recline and chill 'cause I been past that  
bottom line  
Got lootpack and the assassins on the side  
Classic upon plastic when I break emcees down just like  
vlastic  
'cause they speak the real but when the real comes,  
they still dumb  
Actin' like they know the half so verbally you gots ta  
jack 'em

(what's your name? ), oh no, my niggas know the rebel  
hero  
When I come through wild to that level zero...

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