

## Lootpack "Questions"

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Chorus:

Question, how many MC's do you know like this?  
The type who can freestyle, check it I must insist  
But before I stop my mic check and cock back my fist  
The LP gots to MC

[Wild Child]

Let's collaborate with the sounds of fate, gather round  
the plate  
Ya down to wait for the background chatter when I  
surround the fake  
Drop a soundpiece on ya ear using my mic arithmetic  
To getting up my flows while I'm using my mic  
equipment  
LP will like uplift you with beats and lyrics that shift you  
Predict you need help so may The Force be with you  
Since rap is like a court dismissing you like a jury  
When it comes to West Coast underground,  
Lootpack's enlisted yearly  
Ya best be concerned if you heard that I said I  
It's confirmed Jack must return like Jedi  
On the cuts is DJ Romes, rocking beats my nigga Madlib

[Madlib]

Come like this with an abstract jab  
Niggas mad cuz I plan to be green forever  
(Cuz whatever the cause) we'll get taken out never  
You'll end up gettin' caught up in our circle  
Hemmed up cuz you forgot to put your limbs up  
You can catch me with my SP or my pad and my pen  
Mixed with Hen, Heineken, Juice and Gin  
The California weed blend to get you open like stunts  
This is dedicated to them niggas that front

Chorus:

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[Madlib]

In any city, country, state, or any center  
The instrumental inventor be all up in the winter  
Summer, spring, fall, never hit you with no gimmicks  
Original loop beat patterns back the lyrics  
So when we start to invent, niggas know the flava  
Hit you off with no intent, than flip ill demented  
(Well how you feel about most niggas?)  
Most ya niggas comin out with that same old shit  
My niggas on that brain sick  
When it comes to lyrical wetting, its kinda like  
armaggedon  
Suckers be gettin beheaded, shredded so nigga forget  
it  
Ya fake MC's make me wanna laugh  
Ya niggas out for the cash but in a year y'all niggas  
pass

[Wild Child]

Now ease down off the treble and go threes up on the  
bass and  
We'll drop universal for the whole Likwit organization  
Y'all gonna be facing (soundpieces) forms of  
manifestation  
We'll run up in ya station and give messages to the  
nation  
We're gonna start to neglect wack MC's who lack  
respect  
As the lost art resurrects, I'll make all y'all want to eject  
Wackness, for the simple fact Jack is  
Sending this out to all of my 805 abstract friends

Chorus: 2x

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