## Lootpack "Speaker Smashin'"

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When you think Lootpack cannot make a difference We'll come and break down your whole circumference Entering your atmosphere, B-boy style Thus we're the dopest MCs on earth

As dopest MCs, can you please exclude these?
Wack artificially contaminated series of MCs
'Cuz 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 MCs 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 B-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

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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 rhythmatic 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

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