

Peanut Butter Wolf

"Styles Crew Flows Beats"

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featuring Lootpack Quasimoto

Loot Pack in the place for the 1998 to the year 2000

You ya' crew and we we're forced to break you down 'til
ya eyes can see

'Til the day comes when you feel that sonic drum
Ya' dogs can't speak 'cause the cat got yo' tongue
(Repeat)

(Wild Child)

LP whats up you cerebellum anti hemerick

Tell 'em wait

You're not gonna see me kick 30 freestyle lines
and watch ya' ass regenerate

Lines I rejuvenate, jack elevates

Levels so thick, So ya can't even tell ya' fate

When my freestyle rhymes starts to recelebrate

I'll step back in the b-boy stance

Style will stop innovate

75% of signed niggas can't participate

Wait for the right time to rain on niggas, come and
precipitate

Damn, I hate two-faced brothers always agitate

First thought, put ya' head on the mantle

And watch it decapitate

I rhyme early, like Lavern and Shirley

Ya' rapulate, sport a 'L' on my chest

Can ya' elegance rapulate, jack infiltrates

On all you wack niggas who manipulate

Brothers irritate, watch a likwit emcee step up and
irrigate

Still I wait for the right time, when Wild Child's feelin'
great

Hungry, 'cause I got the munchies, and my rhyme style
still ain't ate

L's in the airs, sisters yellin' Loot to the Pack

Closin' up and illin' and searchin' brothers right to the
back

Before my rap attacks, ya' wack style sends you back

And all ya' hear from the crowd is "We wanna' hear

Cracker Jack!"

I kick a freestyle, brother's know I don't come wack
Ya' already clappin' that, a dope-ass manitrack
Matter of fact, Wild Child known to pick up the slack
Known to pick up a wack emcee straight by the neck

Ask him why he rap

Cuz i might tightly strap you in a seat to win a trip to the
Boomback

Style, if it wasn't for the style,

It would be hard for me to show my culture profile

What about the crew? If it wasn't for the crew,

It would be, only lonely me, payin' dues

Don't forget the flow, if it wasn't for the flow

Possibly, how could I suppose I could rock the shows

What about the beats? The beats.....

Quasimoto

It's Mad Lib, he's back kid, watch out

DJ Romes, Peanut Butter Wolf

>From this Stones Throw era

Yo' we bringin' it, West Coast

How we do? Mad Lib

(Mad Lib)

We drop shit like some architects

Spark and get, lit to make some underground hits

Mad Lib, the bad kid, we drop original

Precise, conceptual, house of wood, innovation nine
thousand

We keepin' business like Eric in perish

Have you hype like '89 like we buggin' on terrace

Sometimes on the low-pro, styles like the no show

I'm comin' from the 'O', What we do?

(Quasimoto)

The Quas, representin' Quasimoto

Peanut Butter's on the drum set

I grab the mic to run rec

I'll have you hype like illegal gun sets

Plus the Beat Conductor got my back

Attack, whenever, whoever

You wanna test me? Behold and don't cry

The bad character you see up on the screen

We keep it clean, like a diamond ring

or dirty like a one-night fling

(Quas and Lib) You gots to let us do our thing

We droppin' loops with static cling
While we steppin' on the scene
It's the Loot digga'
Man, it's the Loot digga'
My nigga
Yo', it's the Loot digga'
The Quas and the Pack and it's peace like Greece
For fried chicken (two million) or for Astro black sticken'
Niggas talkin' shit? Yo' watch the plot thicken
I'll leave y'all suckas wit yo' auditory sicken
(The game's on you) Like Wild Man fisher
If it's trouble in the West
We'll bring back the juice with Bishop
I'll smack yo' bitch up, like a pimp
And it's low-high,
And your whole zoo could get revved up, and that's no
lie
Quasimoto and the Pack, we keep it raw like sex,
Mic check on the sex

*Cuts 'til fade

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