

## **Destinys Child Featuring Wyclef Jean**

### **"Loosifa"**

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[Brewin]

What y'all know about them wild niggas  
Devil child niggas  
Have-you-kick-the-bucket-say-fuck-it-and-smile-niggas  
The type to catch the Buddha buzz, slide up to the fuzz  
Sayin "Officer, run your shotty before I catch this body"  
I knew this nigga Smokey, sorta like his pistol  
Barrel when you're in peril and shit like that was wanted  
But later that would die down,  
Sorta like many abandoned that he ran with  
His block felt sorta haunted  
His only solitude was wifey, word to life, G it seemed  
They was together forever and now the womb had  
been seeded  
He needed a job and the robbin wouldn't do it  
He wasn't tryin to go out like Diquan in Strapped  
Her mother was a nurse, her purse was chubby  
From the hospital she found Smokey some work and  
shit was lovely  
With some cream in here, feed a patient there, he had  
loot  
And not a nigga on the street would have to get that  
pocket tapped  
He's workin in maternity and learnin  
Seein much about the infant children  
To be skilled in fatherhood  
Stealin baby stuff home for self  
And he didn't have to pull the Mac-20 off the shelf and  
get...

Chorus:

Loose if a brotha can't take no more  
Loose if a brotha can't swing it  
Loose if a brotha can't break once more  
Loose if a brotha.....

[Brewin]

In Maternity, Smokey saw stuff, raw stuff,  
Make-you-drop-your-jaw-stuff, hospitals get sorta wild  
He saw some babies shakin, awakin if they were  
fortunate

His soul was scorchin, it would have thinkin of his child  
Later there would be no "Honey, I'm home,"  
Strictly "Woman if you jeopardize my seed, dead up, I  
leave you wet up"  
On the block, a flock of zombies entranced  
By the peddlers of temporary ghetto heaven had him  
fed up  
His job was gettin hard to fuck with  
They had even had him stuck with the disposal of the  
stillborn  
Poisoned by the nourishment, the ill torn soul from  
flesh  
From the womb to tomb  
Seein shit like that'll have you crazy  
That night he had a dream  
And it was a child nursin upon the semen of the glass  
genetalia  
Clouded nut after clouded nut  
He woke and shouted "What the FUCK is goin on?"  
Smokey was swayze, it's time to get...

Chorus

[Brewin]

He figured there was only one way  
As he rushed the runway lookin wild deranged  
This was common, without any qualm inside he was  
tookin  
Lookin at fiends of the pebble adored praised,  
Devil for lord raised from the crystallized tombs  
Through fumes from the floor  
Blazed the sole sacrificial altar  
He chose now to halt the worship dealin that ultimate  
headrush...

The lead crushed, buyer or seller decoratin hell a  
flame  
With the choir of the firearms to blame  
In the mornin by the time the smoke cleared,  
Everybody seen the massacre, the local folk cheered  
"Oh, thank the Lord Almighty," the pharmacy was out  
of business  
On the L a chubby widow cries alone because her man  
had gotten...

Chorus (2x)

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