

Lootpack f/ Kazi

"Make Your Ears Want to Bleed"

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I Make your ears want to bleed
Yo
We Make your ears want to bleed
Yo
I Make your ears want to bleed
Yo
We Make your ears want to bleed
Check it out
West coast
I Make your ears want to bleed

[Kazi]
Climb into my mind yo I bet that you'll find
Mad static yo you had it by the force in my rhymes
I'm taking crews out
By the numbers of two
Kazi's on the microphone so what the hell you gonna do
While I'm raping taken over your mind like klepto's
Psychopathic brother with the style that cuts folks
Must we dwell into ya freestyle past
Ya making whack raps
That make me
Laugh at your crew because ya representing screwness
Zero's and tops
Percentage that your getting for filth of Hip Hop
Ya never last
Wont pass
My ability to rip your
Whack rhymes to shreds
So now you gotta to give em
What's up
Ya still dissin we can go round for round
No rematch relax
I knocked you out first round
Who holds the title
Better say CDP
We make the rhymes so fat they make your ears want
to bleed

[Madlib]
Suka I make your ears want to bleed

When the Madlib's on the set yo all the brotha's take
heed
All the sista's boob their heads while they go hit that
tree
You superficial but I chew you like gristle
Aint no ref to blow the whistle
All the CDP whistle
Now from cali on the way to Montre just to pack the
bucks
Get off that starship rush
To rush
Back in the days I get down with Shai
On the phonograph when I kick the math my wrath
Will make you want to keep your soul on the road
When I hold the microphone you know I roll on my own

[Chorus]

I Make your ears want to bleed
Ha what
We Make your ears want to bleed
Say what
I Make your ears want to bleed
Ha
We Make your ears want to bleed

[Kazi]

But yo
No need for all the dissin
Just grab your head phone sets
I'm taking crews on a mission
To a state of oblivion
No need for luggage
Just a pen and a pad
And some rhymes for extra leverage
Turn off the lights
Plug in the mics lets go
For an ill session
I'm letting off some depression
Before I blow up
In the state of Cali
Never mind the criticize because me crew be LA
Upon the top notch 95 CDP coming through
To a crew near you so what you gonna do

[Madlib]

We got the five thousand boomin watts
I got so many beats you can slang them like rocks
Wolfe backed the eight wit the never ending melody
Down in masons galaxy and high off fidelity
I switched that pitch with the vibe of therapy
And come next with the ruggedness and plus the

clarity
I saw a brotha putting rhyme's on charity
You missed the gong mixed up in a parody
We got the styles for miles even upstairs
Bust the vigorous
Nigga's sus beware
Chillin on the west cali side so run and hide
Cause you're buggin and I'm shrugging to bust that
pesticide
World wide

We Make your ears want to bleed
We Make your ears want to bleed
I Make your ears want to bleed
Yo
We Make your ears want to bleed
No doubt it's west coast in the house

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