

Luniz F/ Dru Down, Richie Rich

"Level Zero"

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[Wild Child]

'98 keep it real son cuz I guess I feel someday that
Wild to the Child will rock at will son
Keep them speakers boomin', body movin', Wild Child
has proven
Causin' mad paranoia like them kids Nice 'N' Smooth
and
When I flip flop, wreck shop, we be hip hop
When you see me drop,
Always in that shape you callin' tip top
Coolin, effect I'm full in, droolin over Madlib beats,
Yo, guess who's pullin' plugs on thugs who's greedy,
With their Wheaties, spraying rhymes like graffiti,
Formally known as the CDP Assassins
DJ Romes is in effect and yo his ass is in
Charge of the plastic

Keep it real son, I guess I feel someday that
Wild to the Child will rock at will son
Got to keep it real son cuz I guess I feel someday that
Wild to the Child rocks at will

[Medaphoar]

Watch ya front and back when M-E-D terror attacks
With that rhyme that's known to bring the Terrordome
so freeze back
On the microphone I'm quick to get with you then I'm
twisting you back
When you enter my zone, realize where you're at
In full combat, come prepared or ya better beware
Cuz over here we bring the real, it's like a style don't
care
I'll bust my rhyme into ya area, takin' over your spot
And got it locked for the simple fact the rhyme don't
stop
It's worldwide when I'm riding on the crews who step to
CDP Assassins, plus the Lootpack the crew
We got the verbal mentality with them rhymes so ya
listen
If you feel I hurt ya feelings, then ya wack so I'm dissin'
All you weak MC's that fakin' there's no justice or peace

My rhymes will get into the middle of ya mind like
smokin weed, that leaves
Niggas in the state of only shows us what ya made of
So put ya money down cuz lyrically I'm out to break ya

[Madlib]

Hey yo it's Madlib the bad kid, back from outer space
Still on that pure order MC master race
But what comes after my rhyme styles irregular
Modules predict anecdotes for underground hits
But if you can't catch it today...
It's probably too late, cuz we about to detonate the 388
Relate the beat conductor, constructor, water loop to
add pressure
For every measure, you'll need my anesthesia from
catchin' amnesia
You'll end up with a seizure,
>From steppin' not knowing the crate diggas is blowin'
The spot, towin' this lot, empty cuz I got
CDP Assassins plus the Pack, perfect combination
Free improvisation, while I leave the next healthy wack
MC
Sick as a doctor's emergency patient

[Oh No]

Yo I'll be chillin', realize Oh be straight known to be that
villian
Ya that tall nigga to get up in that ass like pennecilin
Bust the skills I kick the savage verbal lines that blind
your crew
Line 'em up and watch 'em fall, I be jukin' cuz you all
can't ball
Relavent impossible mission, lot of y'all dissin'
Elements unstoppable dishin', lot of y'all kissin'
My ass, you know the flavor when I step upon the scene
Yo I'll leave your birds in rage like menstruation
Seein' nothin' but blood when I step out the station
Got your vocal fluctuating worldwide
Be DVD set locate when I demonstrate up in a battle
You end up in a suicide line, I'm beyond your mind
You gotta recline and chill cuz I been past that bottom
line
Got Lootpack and the Assassins on the side
Classic upon plastic when I break emcees down just like
vlastic
Cuz they speak the real but when the real comes, they
still dumb
Actin' like they know the half so verbally you gots ta
jack 'em
(What's your name?), Oh No, my niggas know the rebel
hero

When I come through wild to that level zero...

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