

Mindy McCready F/ Richie McDonald

"Questions"

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Chorus:

Question, how many MC's do you know like this?
The type who can freestyle, check it I must insist
But before I stop my mic check and cock back my fist
The LP gots to MC

[Wild Child]

Let's collaborate with the sounds of fate, gather round
the plate
Ya down to wait for the background chatter when I
surround the fake
Drop a soundpiece on ya ear using my mic arithmetic
To getting up my flows while I'm using my mic
equipment
LP will like uplift you with beats and lyrics that shift you
Predict you need help so may The Force be with you
Since rap is like a court dismissing you like a jury
When it comes to West Coast underground,
Lootpack's enlisted yearly
Ya best be concerned if you heard that I said I
It's confirmed Jack must return like Jedi
On the cuts is DJ Romes, rocking beats my nigga Madlib

[Madlib]

Come like this with an abstract jab
Niggas mad cuz I plan to be green forever
(Cuz whatever the cause) we'll get taken out never
You'll end up gettin' caught up in our circle
Hemmed up cuz you forgot to put your limbs up
You can catch me with my SP or my pad and my pen
Mixed with Hen, Heineken, Juice and Gin
The California weed blend to get you open like stunts
This is dedicated to them niggas that front

Chorus:

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[Madlib]

In any city, country, state, or any center
The instrumental inventor be all up in the winter
Summer, spring, fall, never hit you with no gimmicks
Original loop beat patterns back the lyrics
So when we start to invent, niggas know the flava
Hit you off with no intent, than flip ill demented
(Well how you feel about most niggas?)
Most ya niggas comin out with that same old shit
My niggas on that brain sick
When it comes to lyrical wetting, its kinda like
armaggedon
Suckers be gettin beheaded, shredded so nigga forget
it
Ya fake MC's make me wanna laugh
Ya niggas out for the cash but in a year y'all niggas
pass

[Wild Child]

Now ease down off the treble and go threes up on the
bass and
We'll drop universal for the whole Likwit organization
Y'all gonna be facing (soundpieces) forms of
manifestation
We'll run up in ya station and give messages to the
nation
We're gonna start to neglect wack MC's who lack
respect
As the lost art resurrects, I'll make all y'all want to eject
Wackness, for the simple fact Jack is
Sending this out to all of my 805 abstract friends

Chorus: 2x

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