Episodes

Lootpack

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Unverified]I'm down with all the illest ain't no crabs all around me
So put your head together you still couldn't find me
Where I be and how I live is ill
Hey yo, niggas always talkin' 'bout there shit is real
I gotta flex with a Lex in my video
That's what half of these rappers be thinking in every city, yoYeah, you wanna fight don't ya, you wanna bite don't ya?
The involvement of a new coast is here
To take your soul, rearrange it with flows
You're unknown, come across our line, you get blown
Too many bids, ain't no puttin' together
Restorin' your body parts, leaving the rest for whateverYou talking 'bout you wanna freestyle, you wanna flow
But your flow be like oil and water, it don't mix
And you don't even know you're waiting for your rhyme fix
But my mind sticks, my rhyme hits, your mind gets
Amputated, 'cuz your style ain't even hip hop related[Unverified]This be the Kazi, my niggas call me Kaz
How does it feel to be mixed up and lost?
First of all, you shouldn't have bit the next rapper
Now your mind's confused, you lose, talkin' 'bout you paid duesSlay crews, when you ain't even at phase two
Talking about take two? You only get one take
Yo, my boys just run fakes, run ya out of my estates
Plus they just might take ya papes
Plus you won't remember no plates
So don't have no mistakes, steppin' over this waySecond to last, but not least, hey yo, Kazi's here to rip it
I'll take MC's, tie 'em up, and then split
It's like this, yo I'm up on some bliz
Total techniques for the hip hop kidsYo, we puttin' the lid on ya, if you're wack you're a goner
'Cuz we on a war path, droppin' math 'cuz we only wanna
Keep this hip hop real, innovatin' new styles
Takin' out wack MC's by the piles, for real[Unverified]I have no strings to hold me down
Beware of the Tupperware
It's the limited edition, prime series hum via tell a sport brain

Who came complete with all terrain capabilitiesTrack trail blazing a path of traveling freely
Beyond the vanity of border ampedence hindering
Progress intending to enhance those plagued with
Recessive styles, relying on primal rageDisengaged pushing trivial, unimportant material
Virtually there, but still visually impaired
Point of views defusing the output of ya outlook
Confusing ya confidence, 'cuz you dwell on surface knowledgeDig deeper into my speech or the only way you'll learn
Is to have a translator explain my rhymes in layman's terms
We now have confirmation, pure order has swarmed
Like locusts consuming all vegetationInto waste land fills fresh water wells seeping
Poisonous corrosion as a business proposition
Exposing flesh in nuclear explosions
Forming glowing boils at the point of contact of deformingThe surviving population as mass rotations
Resulting from advanced hip hop experimentations
On the island of Madlib Monroe
CDP pouring beats down your throat that dissolve your vital organs[Unverified]I'm cool with who I be, lyric slanger from CDP
Got shit locked up like slaves out at sea
Ya lost to the way I come across at all costs, I must get mine
Suck up all the sun rays and then outshineTill I blind all eyesights all over the planet
When I rhyme right, I out stand it
Cool with my ways, so chilled that most can't stand it
Y'all knows me, the rhyme wise who stays highWith fortys in my lap bust that old school boom bap
All over this map, for I be that down ass, South Cali poet
Ya know it to be The D E C L A I M E
Doin' my thang in this ringKnockin' niggas down with what I bring
Crazy chaos your way off
So swing ya partners are around
Do the hump to my soundFuck it, all panties down to ya ankles
Bending back ass over microphone entangles
Strangles all ya got chokes like chronic smoke
I'll take a toke and pass it to all my niggas
To all my niggas, take two and pass[Unverified]Everyday it's like a level in this game that we live
Gotta struggle to survive, that's why some MC's get blitzed
Situations got your mind in control, that's how you roll
But don't step to M E D, because your rhymes will be foldStraight in all black on the attack be Medaphoar so freeze back
So rappin' imitators get peeled back when I'm in combat
I got them rhymes to make ya shake the spot when Medaphoar's near
My rhyme's been set to blow up different spots so MC's stand clearI fear no MC's alive because my dangerous rhyme
Survives battles worldwide, until my cities recognize
For every rhyme that's built to self destruct three seconds after the buck
Niggas better duck, or take that risk to get stuckIt's this do or die mentality that keeps ya mouth frying

Sippin' on the E&J and smoking blunts stuffed with Hawaiian Chronic
For my homey Shack in SB, rhymes on the shiesty
Niggas on the run when Medaphoar is on the gunMC's out to get me from all of the battles I won
Med, comin' from the west, so represents where I'm from
Lyrically I got your block locked when I drop this hip hop
Fresh out the west to twist you up because the rhyme don't stop'Cuz everyday it's like a level in this game that we live
Gotta struggle to survive, that's why some MC's get blitzed
Situations got your mind in control, that's how you roll
But don't step to Oh No, because your rhymes will be foldIn this game, I ain't trying to see that wack rhyme bacteria
That's some next shit, material starts external
But also interior when y'all frauds claim imperial
Breaking down your inferior while you listen to your superiorSome niggas know me as Oh No
But in reverse in ya in the middle, I'm on ya ho
So slow your roll because I fold emcees like rheumatism
Syndrome and break 'em down like compression when I be up in 'emI skip more MC's than scratch compilations CD's
To have your speech in verbal poetical lyrical oddities
The heart's cold to make hell freeze, slash hot like a flame
I spread like dead grass up in the hills so run for your assI'm known as assassin' from the west livin' it up
Kaliwild shakin' up the best, messin' 'em up
This nigga's known as Medaphoar and I be the disrupt
Vocally tearing you up from the ground up[Unverified]When you bust that rhythmic freestyle flow to be that abstract
You bust back flips, lyrically you'll get asked that
Is y'all crew rally all that when you bump that
Track by Lootpack, ya like "They off the hook, cat"Focus, Wild Child representative of hip hop
Top 10 niggas get mopped 10 times
My rhymes will transform into 30 thin lines 'cuz I feep I'm
The responsible obstacle
For you non-freestyling MC's kickin' lots of bullI rock shit till the Eucalyptus
Flaunt it like, haunt ya mic to the point ya mic tells you
You can't rip this, I'll get it exited and, get the crowd hyped and
Slap you up with my right hand andFind out you're a little white man with a slight tan
Wild Child'll take ya ass out like lightning
Fresh in the flesh, steadily enlighting this mic
The fact that you lack the respect, got the mad knack of incompetenceStep to Jack and get smacked to lower your whole lack of confidence
Ya bro's out there know you have no composure
You unnoticibly slide to the back of thee
Open mic session with ya little wack facultyThirty minutes, prior to getting there
Claiming you had the knack to be
The dopest MC, that was the most inactively
Statement you ever said to Jack, you seeThe day you took hip hop into ya hands was an act of lunacy

So, if ya feel me, yo if ya feel me, party people say it
La la la la, come on, come on, come on, come on
My people say, "La la la la"When you bust that rhythmic freestyle flow to be that abstract
You bust back flips, lyrically you'll get asked that
Is y'all crew rally all that when you bump that
Track by Lootpack, ya like "They off the hook, cat"

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