

# Speaker Smashin'

## Lootpack

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When you think Lootpack cannot make a difference  
We'll come and break down your whole circumference  
Entering your atmosphere, B-boy style  
Thus we're the dopest MCs on earthAs dopest MCs, can you please exclude these?  
Wack artificially contaminated series of MCs  
'Cuz I feel these times aren't even close to being close to being close  
From them rhymes, Lootpack drop out from the West CoastYo, I hate it when MCs be like I'm come in this way  
or this way  
LP comes at you unexpected like that movie, Independence Day  
All of a sudden, we kick back in a B-boy stance and then say  
Wild Child, rhyme constructor, Madlib beat conductor Sen-seiWhile I intercept this mic and get in play  
Some might say we shine like ten rays  
You know we're gonna hit you with the speaker smashin'  
While I'm stashin' cushion all up in my fashionSo fasten your seatbelt before you melt  
From the rhymes we dealt, you felt welts whiplash  
(Help)  
Nigga, that's what you'll be yelling while your dome's swelling  
While my crew be like propelling, I'm telling y'allWhen you think Lootpack cannot make a difference  
We'll come and break down your whole circumference  
Entering your atmosphere, B-boy style  
Thus we're the dopest MCs on earthWe bust with tight lines, going through my rhymes like Red Vines  
But instead minds, be off the hook like some bed crimes  
The auditory wakes ya up and takes ya enzymes  
I pin my rhyme to the wall, rehearse it ten timesI walk into the sun to get away from weak ones  
If I got a crate of loops, nigga I'll freak one  
It's like whatever, yo, nigga I'll leak one  
Rhyme like I'm chrome like a stray bullet leading to your domeSo you're a gangsta cool, but on the mic what's  
the difference?  
Off the top, can you drop rhythmic metaphorical flows for instance?  
I didn't think so, you're just like all them floppy sloppy  
Who like to kick back and copy like you was Kinko'sSampling old school tracks, the only reason why the  
crowd claps

It covers up the fact that your rap's wack  
So I chill wondering when a miracle will bring you to ya  
Senses mentally and physically, bring out your lyrical skill  
When you think Lootpack cannot make a difference  
We'll come and break down your whole circumference  
Entering your atmosphere, B-boy style  
Thus we're the dopest MCs on earth

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