Level Zero

Lootpack

'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 and 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 mad lib 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

Watch ya front and back when MED terror attacks
With that rhyme that's known to bring the terror dome 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

Hey yo it's mad lib 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 antecdotes 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

Yo I'll be chillin', realize oh be straight known to be that villain
Ya that tall nigga to get up in that ass like penicillin
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

Relevant 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
Oh no, my niggas know the rebel hero
When I come through wild to that level zero

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