

Lootpack, Frenz vs Endz

(Madlib)

Hey yo, it's about sex, lies, money, murder, jewels, cars
Clothes, hos, hats, blunts, and gats
These are the things when you think of raps
Now a days, if you ain't Geein', then apparently you ain't seein'
Like a normal human being, mad lives waistin'
Too many niggas that's freebasin'
Modern day slavery run by racists
While you're actin' like you got a chip on your brain
You don't wanna see a nigga succeed without no pain
Off others' misery you probably gain
The games people play always pissing me off
Make me wanna start rushin' like my name was Gorbechev

I've got to go for self, now a days by myself
Cuz it's bad for my health to collect mad wealth
Brothers playin' the role like we friends to the end
But in the end it equals frenz vs. endz

(Kazi)

Yo, you're irritating, do you know what you're doing?
That's why my head don't really nod when you bust
Let's check your background, no outlook on future plans
That's why you won't last cuz your hip hop is jammed
Plugged up with wackness, how could you let this happen?
I thought you was the man, now I hold your rhymes for target practice
I can't role with the, I can't hang with the
Fake nigga, *bitch* nigga, ain't got their backs when it's time to throw down
Verbal wars, they never came around
Ya side of town, now show me how you get down
What's this, now ya speechless? Show me what's the reason
Lacking skills, ain't reaching nothing but deacons

As I go for self, now a days by myself
Cuz it's bad for my health to collect mad wealth
Niggas playin' the roles like we friends to the end
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(Wild Child)

I'm Wild Child the rhyme constructor,
Madlib's the beat maker
Funk fakers in the place, hey yo, this rhyme might make ya
Snap back, check ya crews one time pay out your fees
I step on the mic, eat MC's up like Mickey D's
Fake MC's, can't you please realize we rock the seas
Stepping on the microphones with 1, 2's, and 3's
The mellowist, moodiest brother rhyming with that rhythmic technique
Sort of unique, you'll hesitate to speak
When Jack rips the rhyme time for a little
Get together with my crew cuz I'm like yeah, we gonna spit the
Freestyle, freestyle flows from the top
Them spontaneous rhymes that make you wanna hop
Now say what you say but A.K.A. Jack be known
To rarely write them rhymes because I'm freestylin' prone
Tired of MC's who never pass the mic
And yo, we be like, "Time to kick that ass";

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