Lootpack, Answers

(Madlib)
This nigga take it back like blacksploitation flicks
And afros where niggas trying to catch this shit
I was "uhh", three years ago,
If you didn't know that we keep it fresh like douche
If you didn't know, y'all need that extra push (when y'all up on the mic)
We're rushing through with raw delight
We're dropping that shit while y'all niggas bite
Speaking 'bout ya copycats (ya copycats)
Ya weak beats and ya sloppy raps (ya sloppy raps)
We come though spreading light
While ya weak lyrics spread negative hype
We kicking true forms of music, sketches of sound increase
Niggas try to stop the force, (you know we on course)
Thinking that they have the source (when ya catch 'em, show 'em no remorse)

(Wild Child)
Hey man, I've got a question for you,
Can you feel me? Speaking on you wack MC's
Ya saying "Not really", that's cuz I cut ya hands off
Time to set the story straight, brothers looking for their fate
You was that nerd fake cat who went to school at Lamda Lamda
Trying not to recite the rhymes so you bite the poems
I slap your lip, so you talk sideways like Sly Stallone
Face the truth, my fists are guided to knock your left tooth
Lyrically, ya moms rhymes better than you and she's deaf mute
Step two times to the left, throw up ya fists
Direct 'em towards those wack MC's please as I reminisce
You might have more dollars than you have common sense
The LP's stand ground like Hercules
Let's take that fake cat, break back and make black
People around the world realize they trying to play us like 8-track
I formulate rhymes to educate all those who's killing
Music be the only way to express how I'm feeling
Ya conniving like Clinton, with more nerve than, Judge Judy
You'd be a good ass looking girl because ya rhymes sound booty

(Madlib)
But on that subject, on talking bout ya wack MC's
Ya comin' like counterfeit (phony)
But back in the days y'all wasn't no killas, gambinos, or gangsta G's
Y'all up on some other shit,
(Talkin' bout ya shooting off clips)
Yo, we waiting for the Mothership,
But most of y'all niggas is the reason that half of us brothers have split
(Yo, it's a damn shame)
You know I'm kicking true to the game
You know I am to keep it real
Like my nigga Kaz, I'm letting off battle drills
I'm your replacement (replacement)
Madlib up in the basement (Madlib up in the basement)

(Wild Child)
Now on that subject,(What you talkin' about, cat?) talking 'bout ya wack
MC's
We drop a soundpiece, we keep it, we keep it, we keep it real
Not like them fake gangsta G's
I rock the mic and strike while dictating light
I'm peaking, you keep weakening like Kryptonite
Yo, what I'm tired of, absence of the High Above
Niggas riot up, and then blame it on the blaze they've fired up
So I'm bringing back something that was never lost
Cuz you know we can't just forget about them peeps who's strictly conscious
The 8-0-5 niggas got soul like Kato

When you swing I'll block blows, rock roll the cradle
So, ay yo, on beats I'm like the Tazmanian Tornado
Wild Child live from the 5 that be 8-0!