

## Frenz Vs. Endz

Lootpack

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

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  
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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"

I gots to 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 in the end  
But in the end it equals frenz vs. endz