

Intro: Tash

Yeah, Tha Alkaholiks  
Ay J, I got a crew  
They called the Loot Pack  
And they can get crazy fresh y'all, crazy fresh y'all  
My man Jack is about to get fresh y'all

Verse One: Loot Pack

Check the flavor here's a rootin tootin hydraulic trooper  
Tha Alkaholik grouper in the house and when I bust the hula-hooper  
Peep my ish, when I flips next I flash with the Cracker Jacker  
A true Loot Packer  
Gettin versatile when I smile toastin to the funk  
All punks put your glass down, or end up in the trunk  
You wonder when my dope styles sound kind of varied  
The Pictionary, man with my backpack, I'll Carey  
Mariah took her back, and show her how I Pack, Loot  
Kick lyrics on originally outrack black in fact  
People call me moody, I simply knocks the booty  
Pull up my hoody, and then I bust a Sam Goody

Verse Two: Tash

Bitches on my woody cuz I likes to get the loosest  
I eat niggaz up and wash em down with deuce geoses  
A Colt .45 cuz I gotsta rush the likwit  
Tash from the group that the bitches wanna get with  
I kick it from the East all the way to the West  
Yes stay away from booze that puts the hair on your chest  
And that's a little piece of advice for the kiddos  
I bust more flavor than your teacher got dittoes  
I keep it up to date or take it back like The Twist  
E-Swift is out of town so the Pack load the disc  
So, take your ass home, good night, the party's over  
If your ass is drunk, ride home with someone sober

Yeah... Tha Alkaholiks, ah yeah, the Loot Pack  
(the party's over, it's all over) Nineteen ninety-three  
And this is how we kick it

Verse Three: Loot Pack, J-Ro

I'ma wreck the neck conducting props like Randy Wrecker  
The mecca licka mega-hot mega-mike checka  
Call me diesel to the easel, the weasel, the wacky  
The packy, the Rikki, Tikki, the Taffy  
One for the trouble, two for the trouble  
I gotta get snaps and spit raps on the double  
On and on to the beat I wreck shop  
scoop a rumplestil-skin then I'm out, the brother with the clout  
Be so dead on the loopa, the super-duper wrecka mic checka  
I roll soul like an old trooper  
I used to play football, now I'm into rockin  
My rhyme is the tailback, the track is the blockin  
My name is J-Ro and I've been waitin for ages  
To let the world know what I've been writin on the pages  
I don't smoke sess it's rough on the West  
OK, I confess, I puff on the stress  
I rip it when I wreck it, when I mic check it  
Brothers check the flav, check the Alkaholik record  
While I flip styles, and rip styles, and hit styles  
and hit piles for miles of styles, I still pile  
The flavor flippin funk, bringin diesel be the packer  
A trooper loop, scoop you like a hula-hoop and smack ya  
Like you stutter, I ribbedyribbedyribbedyrip styles, I'm comin  
The Loot Pack, Tha Alkaholiks keepin niggaz runnin  
  
Runnin, yeah, do that shit, yeah  
Turn the party out, yeah yeah  
Turn the party out, c'mon c'mon

Verse Four: E-Swift

You think that you can fade this, you must be out to lunch  
They call me E-Swift, I'm from Tha Alkaholik bunch  
I just downed a brew, now check out one two  
It's the Liks baby rockin with the Loot Pack crew  
Funky like Con-Funk-Shun, more style than Stylistics  
I got mo' beats than Magic's got assists so  
raise up off me, or get snatched by the collar  
The party ain't over till that fat bitch holler

I'm in the house so check the way I flow  
Niggaz say I'm fat, everyday I say I know  
But my head ain't swoll, I stay down to earth  
Never gangbang, never claim the turf  
But I drink a gang of forties, ain't nuttin wrong with that  
Unless you go buckwild and start bustin off your gat  
\*bang, bang bang\*  
\*stumbling\*  
Ay nigga fuck that the party's over man!  
Everybody get they shit get the fuck out