Hungry

Large Professor

Bussin out the woodworks on all rap jerks

It's me Large Pro kid the one that perks up the party

Whenever its time to drop mine

I come through correct with the power to shine from the suns

Radiation I clock funds

f**k all the bullshit I'm making spot runs from state to state

But I'm the worldwide great

Bound to blow up and won't ever deflate or go pop

Cos once I start I don't stop

So check out the man as I hop to the top

On that ass like the temperature heat I'm risin

To all the critics that keep critisisin

Y'all don't know about shit

I'm strictly large core without intermission I'll split

Your whole rap staff in half then laugh

Cos I done mastered the art and the craft

Of freaking a loop to make the girls wanna shoop

And kickin a line to make the guys wanna find

A nice cool spot to roll up at its fat

I say and slay it and lay it to DAT

Baby without an if or a maybe

There ain't no other and we don't bother

Cos I got a lot more albums galore in me

And in the end some of y'all might see what it is

That separate the pop pop fizz from this

Radioactive one who never lacked it

Coming from Queens with the over ground tactic

(Word) Word mad clear not blurred

The next man slipped and he only got heard

For trying to come against he got his ass mixed

For various wack ass subliminal hits on the low

I'll take you wherever you wanna go

In this hip hop world cos I was born to flow

And drop logic on everyone in every project

To maintain the reign is the motherf**king object(ive)

For longevity and I could never be wack

In fact I stay as sharp as a thumbtack

Penetrating the non-innovating ain't shit to me

Same old same your lame rollin out the budha

To get blown out the frame on some arsine shit

Boy you get lit like a stove when I'm in complete flip mode

So watch out carve another notch out son (Why?)

Cos I'm hungry

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