

## Large Professor

### Main Source

I'll advance to your backside, foot and put  
Nine prints and diss a meantimes, where the sun don't shine  
So get a flah of the spotlight fast  
You got kicked in the ass by the man with the eyes of glass  
Slide from me you money kicking the dull crap  
I'll make your skull snap, seeing me all at  
In this here field my foot equals yield  
Your brain is simple and reveal while mine is sealed  
Coming up with the archeological finds  
Funk drums allow me to spark you with rhymes  
The mic's my instrument, my skills are infinite, catch a hint from it  
Cause it's the Large Professor

While you was doing the butt, I was putting game down  
You frowned before now you wear the same frown  
Just as long as the buck I sit when I think  
I couldn't care less who was jelling the Profess-or  
Sir Scratch and K-Cut the Main Source  
Back to break more atoms of course  
With the beat no more melodious, votes I surprise folks  
I'm as sharp as a toothpick, come and watch the youth kick  
The game so tough cause the shine I'll scuff  
Busting the fluff cause I'm just that tough  
The mic's my instrument, my skills are infinite, catch a hint from it  
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I stomp supposed comp like a posse  
Brothers try to squash me, so I speak harshly  
On the constant truth of the Main Source crew  
I peruse the place just to see what I can do  
To stupid MC's whose rhymes sound fabricated  
Heads get deflated when the Professor's untranslated  
Style gets everyday play  
Brothers on the butters can't flip the Parkay  
Their mouths are sealed like Zip-Loc bags  
Fake like wrestling and small like frags  
The mic's my instrument, my skills are infinite, catch a hint from it  
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Finessing the songs like this, babblists get bust with the quickness  
Baby hit the mist  
You want to feel hard times, then friend say your rhymes  
The results will be about 10 volts in your mind  
I'll electrify, your brain is hollow like a tunnel  
I squeeze out doubt like a funnel  
I'm the MS rep on the microphone  
If I say what you don't like, go home  
That's why the places I play stay packed  
You like what I say and you always come back  
The mic's my instrument, my skills are infinite, catch a hint from it  
Cause it's the Large Professor