

I Jus Wanna Chill

Large Professor

We gonna rock a little something like this" (4x)

I don't wanna ill, I just wanna chill
And keep my hand around a 100 dollar bill (Repeat 4x)

Sitting and thinking about the time I wrote four stacks of rhymes
For dimes, made me wanna go back to doing crimes
On the corner, but the street life? Hotter than a sauna
So I don't think I'm gonna, plus the fact I was born to
Nigga to hit the land with the mic in hand and
SP and hit it like (huh) Dizzy Gillespe
And this is how I do, not three or two
But one nigga from Queens for the hip-hop fiends
All over, gas a honey up to let me unclothe her
And this time around check how I get down
As I go the extra mile, raised in Carlyle
Born up in Harlem, ever since been destined for stardem
So move over bacon, it's the anti-faking
Beatmaking nigga that makes the Earth quake and
Let the man push through, others are left without a clue
Large Professor in the house one two

I don't wanna ill, I just wanna chill
And keep my hand around a 100 dollar bill (Repeat 4x)

About as deadly as a nine, hit a rock man kind
Like a landmine with the I'll shit that I design
Professor, keeping sucker chump crews under pressure
Like this girl I know, but yo, I can't stress her
Cause I'm cool like that, matter fact even cooler
Opposite of sun ruler, having nothing to do with Arula and Keena
You can catch me joyriding on Cocina
As I keep the compotition mind up in between a
Rock and a hard place, and just like a car chase
I'm action packed with the drama of Scarface
I'm real, honey'll hit me off with a meal
And I'm out so I can get me a stout, what's it all about?
Trying to stack off a contract, Jack
And stay black, as long as I can keep that intact
Ain't a damn thing stopping the one that keep ya hopping
Do you wonder what I'm dropping?

I don't wanna ill, I just wanna chill
And keep my hand around a 100 dollar bill (Repeat 4x)

So strap up for the return of the brother that earn
Props, but this time, I got to get more burn, hops
So record company man, please give me a push
So I can swing to higher levels of life like a kids and wife
And I'll deliver, for a while I didn't give a
Frustrated for fucking with the snakes that slither
But nevertheless, in 3-D's Large Profess
With what I would call a bullshit-proof vest
And yes, I make the beats you could feel in your chest
And write the rhymes that reflect a young man blessed
With the mind and motivation hitting your station
Coming back to attack off a ghetto vacation

For the hip-hop nation
I don't wanna ill