

The Rap World

Large Professor

"Can you hear me say it?" Everybody in the rap world today. Pull up a chair
And parlay (word up). It's Extra P and Pete Rock (yeah) we got something to
Say (what?). Comin' at cha with the rapture (you know) for the nine double
Trey (c'mon) how we do e'ryday (knowwhatI'msayin'?), Bust the flava. "Can
You hear me say it?"

I represent from the east coast bringing the ruckus
Styles lost so from the mic you get tossed
Penetrating through your soul son taking drastic measures
Striving for burying treasures living life forever
However the Soul Brother still doing his thing
Bout to get you wide open off the songs that we sing
You fiend from Mt. Vernon to Queens the Extra P
About to set up shop and drop his next degree nigga

Yo, I brake it down unto the very last morsel
Make you shake your torso
Also
To bring in the light to what's dark like a nark on a drug bust
Niggas know the deal when I thrust
Over the track ain't actin' masquerade and get sprayed
By the automatic
Rhyme addict that gets dramatic
When the beast is ill you know the real really will
C'mon kid listen how we swing it like a krill

"In the world" We got drugs and crime
"In the world" We got snitch droppin' dime
"In the world" We got money and clothes
"In the world" You got friends and foes
"In the world" Theres projects and tecs
"In the world" Kid who knows what's next
"In the world" You got love and hate
"In the world" We got money to make

C'mon the loaded Sp's the ensemble
Pete Rock together with Large the bomb combo
We raise the stakes on flakes and rock the show
Flipmaster mania son we got to go to the top and won't stop
Flop or fold wheather cop a gold or plat
They hit the map
In every section tag team connection wide
Gettin' hot on each track we glide

Yo the beat got me twisted rhymes are too delicious (huh)
You look suspicious you wanna bite but can't grip it
Recognize the flav as we lay it on wax
Crime dogs of the funk and never Fakin' no Jax
But for the record look on your face you see rejection
It's hard to believe I liquidated every section
Let's Get It On like Smif 'N' Wessun
Or don't even look in my direction

We throw blows to the dome like Mike Tyson
Suspend your rap license
Kid bring on the cake plus the icing
Raw deal to all my niggas who keep it real

One love we fittin' like a hand in glove
(Yo shit is drug son) Even hardcore for the thugs
From east to west it's time to rise up above
And build so blacks can chill I make cash at will
The rap world is how I eat my meals

So here's the jist it's the high top crisp
Funk dons
Comin' through to knock out Nas
In this orderly fashion
Straight up to fuck flashin' (what?)
My capability to bring the uncut action
To any set be the Queens lounge vet
Large so dodge a camouflage cause you're pet
Competition is no I got the glow so yo
I'm truely in the world to stay the Large Pro