

The Large Professor

"Ijuswannachill"

Visit "[Ijuswannachill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We gonna rock a little something like this" -- Repeat 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 ill 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 competition 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

Visit [The Large Professor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.