

## **Main Source**

# **"Large Professor"**

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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 suprise 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  
Cause it's the Large Professor

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 jsut 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  
Cause it's the Large Professor

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

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