

## DJ Visage

### "Ijuswannachill"

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("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 unclithe 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 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

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