

# The Mad Scientist

Large Professor

I'm called the Mad Scientist Extra P  
About to set up shop and drop this next degree  
On the masses, yeah it's the live guy with glasses  
The flushing, know from programming the percussion

Basslines are set now check me out and I'll bet ya  
The one that claims that he's the best can't catch a  
Beat like I catch it cause it's downright wretched  
Put it through the S-950 then stretch it

To create the great type of shit to fit  
My reputations full-fledged, yo, zip the lip  
I'm about to set it on society, watch me while I do it  
My man I've been through it and don't know many who would

Be able to survive after things that I've  
Gone through the born truth, and living though I'm driven  
By everything real and I know how to deal  
You think I'm lying this? The Mad Scientist

The Mad Scientist  
Never had a basement, never had an attic  
Only an apartment where I forever had static  
For me doing a beat and got through in the street  
(3x)

Even put in a cell living in hip-hop hell  
So far in my career, but I'm still here  
To organize for your eyes and drop science on your ears  
A strong black rebel, who loves the track level

Kinda loud, so turn it up so I can find a crowd to rock  
And I'll concoct something ill for real  
Come into my laboratory where you can't stand still  
And the funk keeps banging, to all my peeps hanging

On the block this one's for you, it's time to rock  
On a higher plateau, I supply a fat show, wherever I go  
Yo, you can't front on, fake, or even try and diss  
Your man the Large Profess the Mad Scientist

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I'll never die in this, the Mad Scientist  
You can't try and diss the Mad Scientist  
Or ever fry and crisp the Mad Scientist

Yeah, yeah