

# 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