

Ultimate

Large Professor

Yo, I take your brain on a freestyle excursion
Cuttin things up, ask P I'm his surgeon
Hip hop emergency, yeah, it's kind of urgent
Rappers getting all washed up in their detergent
But I'm still fresh and my lyrics is strong
I like Mary J girls all night long
I tale the metal back, Colt gave you the gun
Then tell Chuck Berry how I rate your song
To mess with the best reach inside your purses
Put that money on the men with live verses
Top to the bottom, bottom to top I
Make the rest look drunk like a bottle of vodka
In the alley way, bent, leaning over the stoope
Used to roll with my beats now I roll in the coupe
With the quickness, quick mix without the relic
If it's anyting good I'm about to grabb it

One, two, one, two
One, two y'all, one, two, one, two
One, two y'all, it's the ultimate shit
That you got to go get with the niggaz legit

You listen to a hardcore legend of rap
With the doller sign rhyme and a five star track
I travel the scenes all across the world
Even Mexico bustin that Charles Suprero
And ther's no jokes, large coast to coast
Listen to grown folks, while you takin your toast
I be straight like that bent line juming out genuine
Automobile with the back seat climb
Straight captain of the south and the north
And I ride trough the streets so I care for law
Better stay on, niggaz be writing with creon
I type in the laptop, quick to spray on
Like crylon, dvd made out of nylon
With the ribbon, kill them with that Larry Bird weapon
Hot now ever since when I was warm
I was telling y'all I would take the world by storm
Now it's on

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That you got to go get with the niggaz legit

One, two y'all, one, two, one, two
One, two y'all
It's just rhymes