

Prepared to bumrush this spot without warning
Dufflebagged up, we was there to conduct
Our bidness, clear it and never leave a eye witness
Barry White triplets, I'm grabbin em
Plus the Eddie Floyd Stax album in the back by the bathroom
Knowin all this shit no one knows
Way before radio played "Throw them bo's"
We was out there gettin em
Beats, plus spittin em
Bars, I'm Large, about the streets, I'm hittin em
Junkyard Psycho style
Keep them chickens from back there because they might go wild
Wants to get quick dose of this, try on ferocious
Blow and pow like 4th of July explosives
30 day notices gettin sent out
To all you greaseball rappers, this is world renowned

(I originate)

It's the originator
(Who got the funk?) Not the imitator
You just a french fry, I'm a hot potato
Big Psych, the drunken operator
Computer data broadcastin live from the buddha chamber
Future Flavas, so turn it up
Aiyo, that new Beatnuts shit is burnin up
Charts across the global, my vocal's
Like a yodel, Large Pro showed up
With three plates of soul food
Funk tracks, on point like thumb tacks
It's the raw, baby, bangin out of drum pads
Like oh, shorty asked me if I sniff blow
I told her hell no, I just puff 'dro
What's my muthafuckin name - Psycho
Junkyard and my nigga Large Pro
-fessor break it down like

(I originate)

It's Big Ju, I come through with the final component
Loaded and ready, just right for the moment
Serve it up raw, uncut and quite potent
Niggas still sleep with the do' and lights open
Me I dig deep, real deep in the earth
Find the right records, be freakin em first
Some say it's an addiction, some say it's a curse
I'm married to this beat shit for better or worse
I hustle till the work is gone
Go in the booth, get on the mic, go bezerk, it's on
Then whip up the perfect song
Cause really, if it ain't about the music then the shit's just wrong