

# Live At The Barbeque

## Main Source

It's like that y'all (that y'all!), that y'all (that y'all!)  
That y'all (that y'all!), that y'all (that y'all!)  
That y'all (that y'all!), that y'all (that y'all!)  
And that's all!

Street's disciple, my raps are trifle  
I shoot slugs from my brain just like a rifle  
Stampede the stage, I leave the microphone split  
Play Mr Tuffy while I'm on some Pretty Tone shit  
Verbal assassin, my architect pleases  
When I was twelve, I went to hell for snuffing Jesus  
Nasty Nas is a rebel to America  
Police murderer, I'm causing hysteria  
My troops roll up with a strange force  
I was trapped in a cage and let out by the Main Source  
Swimming in women like a lifeguard  
Put on a bulletproof nigga I strike hard  
Kidnap the President's wife without a plan  
And hanging niggas like the Ku Klux Klan  
I melt mics till the sound wave's over  
Before stepping to me you'd rather step to Jehovah  
Slamming MC's on cement  
Cause verbally, I'm iller than a AIDS patient  
I move swift and uplift your mind  
Shoot the gif when I riff in rhyme  
Rapping sniper, speaking real words  
My thoughts react, like Steven Spielberg's  
Poetry attacks, paragraphs punch hard  
My brain is insane, I'm out to lunch, God  
Science is dropped, my raps are toxic  
My voicebox locks and excels like a rocket

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Fatal is merciful and they curse me  
When I grip the mic I show no mercy

I got heart, I rip the party apart  
From the seams and hem up like bell-bottom jeans  
But you get done, you get blues like 501  
Brothers are live but I bet ya I'm liver son  
So let me get upon the scene and redeem  
The dream of a team, and knock 'em out like Mitch Green  
Smoke some thai weed, flow at a high speed  
Rap on off breaks stomping like Northlakes  
Cause I'm living larger than the founders of Fendi  
An Asiatic brother that many rappers envy  
So round up your crew and entourage  
And let the God Merciful just take charge

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Some of them said (said what?) that the Ak should quit  
But I don't sweat it, cause I'm too big for that small shit  
Like pigs when it comes to a showdown  
Huff and puff but the Ak won't get blown down  
Cause I come strong, rather than come at all and not be ready  
That's what separates me from the petty  
MC's gas themselves by drinking too much Getty  
And get torn the fuck up like confetti  
I'm rich and thick, your lyrics like Aunt Jemima  
It doesn't take Keenan Ivory Wayans to know that I'mma  
Get you sucker if you bite like a piranha  
So save them preschool rhymes for the kids at Wonderama  
Point blank, period, with no comma  
Rhymes so dangerous, call for the homicide  
Cause I knock 'em dead even when I'm at my worst  
The only future that lies ahead of them is the lights from the hearse  
Got game like a crackhead  
But don't be misled, I keep rappers on lock like a dread  
Knots in the head from the words that I said  
So get a shovel and dig your grave cause the shit you talk is dead

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I grab up girls like jacks

Add 'em on like tax, and I'm over like Hot Trax  
As far as brothers are concerned a pressure cooker from start  
To finish I diminish like a Cuisinart  
Secondly, I'm sick of critics, who's necking me  
(Ooh he got an afro) yo, but I got dough  
Why's my name the Large Professor?  
Cause I milked your cow in other words I hit your heifer  
Don't talk about how you can break Rambo  
That's just a bunch of mamba-ja-hambo  
Propaganda, save it for Savanda  
Joe and Amanda, Zach and Alexandra  
Don't let the folks around your way puff your head  
Cause you'll be the owner of a hospital bed  
I'll kick fire out your ass so fast  
You'll be as crispy as my man Bill Blass

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