

Main Source, Live At The Barbeque

Ahhhhhhhhhhh ohhhh ho!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
It's like that y'all (that y'all)
That y'all (that y'all)
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That y'all (that y'all)
and that's all!

“(Nas)”

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 snuffin Jesus
Nasty Nas is a rebel to America
Police murderer, I'm causin hysteria
My troops roll up with a strange force
I was trapped in a cage and let out by the Main Source
Swimmin in women like a lifeguard
Put on a bulletproof, nigga, I strike hard
Kidnap the President's wife without a plan
And hangin niggaz like the Ku Klux Klan
I melt mics till the sound waves over
Before steppin to me you'd rather step to Jehovah
Slammin MC's on cement
Cause verbally, I'm iller than a AIDS patient
I move swift and uplift
your mind shoot the gift when I riff in rhyme
Rappin sniper, speakin 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)”

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 betcha 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 stompin' like Northlakes
Cause I'm livin 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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"(Akinyele)"

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 seperates 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 jemimah
It doesn't take Keenan Ivory Wayans to know that I'ma
Get You Sucka, 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 homi-
cide 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 mislead, 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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"(Large Professor)"

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 neckin' me
(Oooh he got an afro) yo, but I get dough
Why's my name the Large Professor?
Cause I milked your cow in other words I hit your heffer
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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