

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Burnt

DEL:

Mista, twista, get ya  
every single time when I rhyme like I know so I flow  
with tha gifted tounge, an encriptic rung  
new phases to enter the mazes-play this  
two times a day with the dayo  
day, hey, hey ho with a day light come  
I plum forgot what a wack rhyme was  
because I buzz like a bee in the ears of my peers so  
they know and I know we all know day hey yo-  
day light come and me wanna go home-  
cool  
no tool, no Smith and Wesson  
just an oppisite so I can pop a bit of  
shit on the mic when I get on the mic  
"pee-pee--pee-ping!"  
I ricochet a bit on the mic  
and I like it-  
Just like the Gulf or World War II  
d-e-I will say and straight slay anyone who  
makes advances when I make um heel  
peel off the anwsers when i'm drilling in your skull like a beaver  
binito-but I ain't finished  
till I like to flip side rhymes cause the rhythm gets deminished.

Casual

I would if I could but I ain't cause I'm dank  
time for me to lay down the law: who's raw?  
you saw the blues and the shoes of the writer  
stronger than a siskel and your like a side bar  
artery-  
try to win the lottery before you try to slaughter me  
because I'm not the g  
to be stepped to  
let loose negative bones  
that my rep crew I let loose negative tones  
so you better get flows to counter act what we've done  
proceed more stunts cause I'm hard like a street, son  
we go and step back as I wreck shop  
pronounced to break necks of those who won't stop  
artist-the one who does better they ain't found  
and if someone else tries to step: I knock that ass down  
the bigger the batter the bigger the fatter is  
whenever you figure this nigga is gettin his  
be real and don't kill my walk with your next thought  
and answer that your boss-  
cause that's when you lost  
keep on losing, amusing many tactics  
I came to earn more green than Saint Patrick  
and I make backs if you get caught frontin'  
never bought a Newport but I'm on the button.

Tajai

I needs no sugar crisp to get swift  
so what with two sylabols-it's just the positive

Tajai

I steals Souls that try to steal my laddin  
coming to your brain like I would on a sheet  
I respond with no distraction when I see one  
fatter than re-run so what's happennin'?  
it's not where you from, it's just how you come  
correct my stacks will get rough to bake  
get phucked enough to my men like idie midie  
look in the membrane enough because I am a righty  
fight these-  
you'll catch follies if you folly

I make shanks to stick fakes I'm dank and you're quaint  
wack shit puritian surround like ineffectual  
I get um-blunt style like the heart of homosexuals.  
not for sex when you cross the intersection you're damaged  
get bruised knuckles and what you look for  
bad ones  
busted a few much more than two  
a slew of sold ass phonies,  
bust their cohonies  
try,  
you'll catch my Vans in your highnee  
that's if my bankrupt slips though I doubt  
how do you want to convert me in time  
but I seize more than those candies-nothing gets by me  
so play them tracks-  
and you'll go out like beta max  
next to Tajai cause I kicks the greater stacks.  
Opio  
Be deep boom-  
bob your head to this, mischievous  
soul socidle,  
idle chatter never slips off the lips of this writter  
might not be the greater innovater of the mind scheme  
but my style is like the visine: it gets your eyes opening.  
this raggedy andy gets dandy like a lion in the meadow  
while the teapot blows steam like a kettle  
the hip to the hop  
I make up flip when I get drastic  
stepping with their moods but their flows are pornographic  
and man with the vocal making the locals go insane  
the regal rhyming speech substan-nance for the brain  
get frisky with the phrases like you praises like a deity  
the one with liberated souls  
-control for infinity  
got style much slimmer-kids' got a body child  
Hieroglyphics gonna flip the rhythm for the meanwhile  
articulate my lingo as I linger in my medium of speech  
and I could keep poppin cause I'm trying to teach  
a smidgen of religion to the fraudulent  
listen, pay attention I'm the master of this convention  
kick the wigidy while ye style be stutering  
just like smiley  
skipping singles down your satur-dreams to bad it seems you try me  
and I can make it play down into extreme conscienceness  
plus your wondering extinguish all them myths  
optimistic, stylistic, mysticness I'm swift like murcury  
nursing me  
I show I've got the gift.  
A-Plus  
People call me Snupe: that's because I'm living fat  
People call me nasty: that's because I eat the cat  
and I swing a bat to knuckle heads, leaving devils dead  
never said  
never cause I cock my head  
better dreadlock on the top of my head,  
never flakky  
if this was a peel then Bodasa couldn't shake me  
or bake me  
cause Betty Crocker's oven isn't hot enough  
if you wanna spread the skins  
then I got alot of stuff  
got it? tough-got enough-gotta lick it twice  
why step? here's a fly rep  
I kept my step ladder  
I had a fatter flow to be hittin on

now it's just a smidgen like a pidgeon I be shittin' on  
sittin on a futon...  
slip the larger roots on  
I'm the type of brotha that ya have to keep ya boots on  
opps-  
I'm sorry cause I didn't mean to dis you  
I could hook a hoe and make um blow like I was tissue  
mary had a little lamb, Adam got a lot of doe  
looking in my garden,  
schylar got a lotta hoes  
Yo-I didn't mean hoes, yo I meant women  
If she got the pooh, I got the trunks: let's go swimming  
dip dip dive as I'm live  
moving in on the top of my jock you don't stop  
here a pimp there a pimp everywhere a pimp pimp  
this A-plus grades the quiz-so there it is.