

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Pet Peeves

Part 1: FWA--Fare Weather Associates:

Fare weather associates

You better, watch how close they get

It's the, fare weather associates

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It's the, fare weather associates

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[Del]

We all know FWA's, how they lay

cause they figure if you're bumpin the pays

In the long run, and it's all fun in their eyes

They must be on one how, they prepare lies

Get up close make you think, you the host of the ceremonies

Why you ain't peepin like a doggy mark his territory

They're never there for me when I need a little boost

Because of who you are, they can get a little juice

Then they like to seemingly leans up on your shoulders

Otherwise he's steppin on toes gettin over

Flappin his molars talkin 'bout he owe you

and every time he smoke, he don't show you no love

And be the first fool with his lips on the blunt

If he persists to front I'ma commenced to dump

Be careful when you make a little something that's yours

Cause a lot of these predators want yours to be theirs

Or at least own a share just by bein there

I be on some hermit skit, and fools think I'm square now

There's an interesting way to look at it

I look at them as bein fake, the way they took advantage

Speaking on the crooks of the planet, who claim they got game

Yeah you the game and they the hunter; just one more

[Intro]

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["Shit Talkers" part two of "Pet Peeves":]

Hey whassup man, this is D-E-L once again

I'm here to tell you a little story about this motherfucker

who keep runnin his big ass mouth

You don't know me, motherfucker

Shut your ass up, 'fore I slap the lips off your motherfuckin face

Man, you got a big ass mouth!

You know what?

[Del]

Fools is hella talkative, saying how I walk and live

Always trying to start the kid, wishin that we all can give

a small interview, just a subterfuge

Wanna hook up with you so they can say 'whatchu do'

Get your own life, live your own legacy

Why you wanna spread my rees, talking 'bout my girls pregnancy

Professor, I guess you never learned your lesson

When you saw me out drinkin at the bar,

you said I was sexin this other ho

Chuck D, what a brother know

about my beeswax, runnin off with your feedback

Who I smoked weed with? Who I smoked crack with? (false)

How I sexed every girl you know without no prophylactic
Fool, I'll be in the house and that's it
On the rap tip or studyin, unlike you
You quite new, no game
I understand you a youngster, wanna be hustler
Undercover buster
Can't believe I trusted ya - but that goes to show
how fools fold getting jelly off the dough, yo!

[Del's imitation]

"Del's rich Del's bitch got zero, cause Del's a hero,
Del's a weirdo because he do heroin"

[Del]

Ain't got no idea where Teren's been
I should take it to pugilism so
I can fuse your vision with some realness
Instead of these fake phony stories you be glorifyin
Don't you know that many more are dyin?
From the fatal disease, called runnin them choppers
in front of females, or on front of the coppers
You only do this shit cause you be wanting your propers
Somebody's gonna get steamed and run up and pop ya
You exercise your choppers really, choo choo choo
You exercise your choppers off some brand new news
Your molars bite, your canines tear, whether it's false or true
You exercise your choppers like some gossipin fool
You know what?
You get your little notices from bumpin your gums
When you should be concentratin on lumpin your sums
Got to show your little ass when company comes
Cause We From The Crew That You Wanna Be From
You get your little notices from bumpin your gums
When you should be concentratin on lumpin your sums
Got to show your little ass when company comes
Cause We From The Crew That You Wanna Be From!
BIOTCH!

["Followers" part three of "Pet Peeves":]

[Chorus]

Followers, dick swallows
No power over themselves, blindness
Don't take it as a diss, take it as an act of kindness
We wanna be in front while you fools is behind us
Are you gonna live your whole life with blindness on your eyelids?
Pretty boys fakin like they grinders

[Del]

First off, you a buster so mind us
On the street with your crack thinkin your a timer
Co-signin, findin it ain't workin
Fiends is perkin, I seen you on Perkins
Fools chirpin around the blocks with glocks
And you, really ain't ready for the plot they got
It's unbelievable the way the leave your skull on the pavement
Snatch up your scrilla as soon as you made it
You could be layin dead, instead you play dead
So they would quit whoopin your ass; you get, put in the past
Tryin to keep up with the Jones' like the mass
N.C. baby, means you got no class

[Poser speaks]

"Aw what nigga? Man, I be on the flat lands all the time, nigga.
I-I ain't even trippin!"

[DEL]

"Man you from the hills though man, what you doin"

[Poser]

"Aww nigga you don't know nigga. Nigga, I'm following niggaz."

[DEL]

"You trippin' man."

[Poser]

"Man I be grindin' and chillin'

Nigga, I was rolling dice the other day nigga."

[DEL]

"You need to take your ass to school."

[Poser]

"Aww"

[Chorus]

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("Dude, that ain't me, dude")

[Del]

You bite somebody's style, it's invitin like a child

You cling to it; I hear it, hmmm

It's got a ring to it - if that's your thing do it

At least you claim you ain't down with that hiphop shoobeedoobee

Which is fine cause my click say you booty

You a white kid, your mom said I'm a mooley

Now you talking 'bout pass the doobie and the toolie

Got your raps and your gat pointed at yours truly

Talking 'bout you gonna school me, who me?

Here's a little jewel like a ruby

since you talkin like you knew me

Playing a role that's straight out a movie

Acting unruly, and your neighbors call SOO-WEEE

to the pigs then they fling you in the brig

Leave gang bangin to the real gat holders

or real black soldiers who you don't know of

Who don't show love with all you sun and your thun

Cause they know where you from,

You from Oakland, you rich and you ain't from the slums

Your pops is a politician

So why bein a criminal is your three wishes

used up, do what comes naturally

Quit playing a role that don't even have to be

You slippin

[Poser 2]

"Dude, I ain't slippin, man I'm from the town too,

man I'm from the Oakland hills dude.

That's East Oakland, blood. You don't even know, man."

[DEL]

"Man, you trippin man."

[Poser 2]

"I ain't trippin dude.

Why you trying to step to me like, you know, you somethin man?"

[DEL]

"Yap, yap, yap, yap."

[Poser 2]

"What up? Whatever dude, whatever."

[DEL]

"All in my ear with that yappin, man. You trippin."

[Poser 2]

"I'll keep at it to! Wassup?"
[DEL]
"What!? [laughing] You gonna get hard?
What you talkin about fool?"
[Poser 2]
"Hey, you never know."

[chorus]
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