

# Del The Funky Homosapien, Ahonetwo, Ahonetwo

(Chorus:)

"Ahonetwo, ahonetwo, I like it..."  
I'm chocolate like a Barr  
but my name is not Roseanne  
my skin has a pigment, reminiscent of a tan  
I plan to grow dreads  
but first a nappy fro  
the longer the hair  
the easier to scare a foe  
it grows from my head until it covers up my face  
people look & stare when I walk into the palce  
this is just a taste form the Funkee Human Being  
ain't no misbehavin'  
ain't no use for ravin'  
surrounded by the people who would stab me in the back  
my skin is really brown  
even though it's labeled black  
sometimes I wear a cap, and sometimes I wear bandannas  
forbidden in L.A. but I wore one in Atlanta  
I chisled up a sculpture  
to complement my culture  
thoughts of silly nubians is prone to give me ulcers  
hangin' with the brothers who are tribal in their ways  
for this is how I like to spend my days  
and it pays  
to steal a groovy sample form the archives  
use my mental staff to eliminate apartheid  
still gather papes like my man Malcom Forbes  
ponderin' my life as I look into my orbs.

(Chorus:)

I love the shade of green like my brother Billy Bixby  
I utilise a sample that I salvaged from the 60's  
cause I'm picky  
my meal must appeal to me like Morris  
far too many fraudulent opponents in the forest  
I fall into the Gap when I need to purchase clothes  
easy on the fads  
cause the posers always pose  
I suppose they will bite  
they'll try not to show it  
I came very plain and then feelin' rather loaded  
I ditched all the beads  
cause my needs seem to differ  
me and CM-P are like the Gil and the Skipper  
he will use his clippers to give himself a fade  
I give my fro a sheen with a smidgin of Pomeade  
I laid in the shade and I greeted mixel place  
with a rhythm and a rhyme  
and he said that it's a twist  
from the ordinary everyday continual assumption  
that R&B & Rap makes a winner  
guess who's comin' through for dinner  
a native-like brother with the passive little style  
that most certainly will smother  
suicidal rhymes with apoclyptic tunes  
I will drink a seltzer while you dabble with the booze  
and giggle when I see ya liver shrivel to a prune  
I'm the Funky Human Being  
not a monkey or a coon  
assume that the style is Funkadelic in the 90's  
Del is livin' phat  
as I leave a foe behind me.

(Chrous:)