

# Del The Funky Homosapien, Madness

In the year three thousand and thirty everybody wants to be an MC  
In the year three thousand and thirty everybody want to be a DJ  
In the year three thousand and thirty everybody want to be a producer  
In the year three thousand and thirty  
everybody want to tell ya the meaning of the music  
I must appeal to you people with your faculties  
'cause everybody else is gonna laugh at me  
People try to get over and take a crack at me  
The universe is one and I can see what rap can be glorious  
Put in the Smithsonian my podiums for holy hymns  
But you see whos controlling them  
F\*\*k myself off 'cause of the egotistical mode I'm in  
No I can't slap you no five  
When you and your cutty is talkin shit about me outside  
People take pride in what they have no hand in  
Sorta like a phantom holographic handsome  
But deep inside he wants to do what his man done  
Just because his peers jeer and and clown  
When your six foot deep no one hears you now  
They say were not compatible like deers and cows and owls  
So many rules and regulations say you're not allowed  
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)  
If I had to describe the way I survive its like vice squeezin  
The reason I'm black and still breathin  
Heathens will breed heathens so  
Everybody's suspect I must check your ID  
'cause you lookin sheisty you might be intelligence  
Someone that Del's against  
Opposite or positive  
When I drop the law against nature be faithful  
Why should I hate you we ain't that different  
We may act differen't in some ways  
But we still grouped together like a f\*\*kin survey  
Sufferin and f\*\*k em all's the motto  
I'm trapped in a bottle  
My music's gettin hollow  
That's what happens when humanity you follow  
Where every leak or info is hard to swallow  
Sell your Marlboros and car insurance  
Put niggas on the moon and can't pay your burdens  
I smoke herb and rock a turban  
Meditate on the world and whats occurin  
A lot of white boys like the style and copy  
Dig in something deeper and youll peep that were not free  
It's not about the seperation its about the population  
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)  
Simple minded people always poin't the finger  
To bring it to a close as if life is their role, their path  
When all paths are intersections  
It all depends on the persons perception  
When I'm mad as f\*\*k you get shot  
And to some it's bad luck  
I believe you held something back for too long  
It grew strong  
And enegy has its own will  
And people think they make music still  
But music is there with out you or me we just manipulate  
For better or worse so let it situate  
I get to make records and dough  
Paid out the ass hole  
And still seen as another face on the totem pole  
Conquer, my sponsors are monsters  
And everybody thinks that I owe them one  
I'm glad I love music and life

'cause it's easy to see the pain and strife and end it all tonight  
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)