

Del The Funky Homosapien, Missing Link

Hey, I gotta start it
MCs be carted, off
ya soft
Dinosaur Jr. will flood that's gotta warn ya
what in blazes
hey this, is phat
weigh this
I'll portray this
photographs, so the last laugh
is mine, you're behind
for the mind, and for the soul
that's how I roll
now I hold
the mic, with my life
depended on it
I'm doin' ya bond it
my non gets warts it
and I'm apart from wackness
I'm separated
did you like how I spiked the ball
despite ya all
you could come bite a small portion
there's more in the vault
halt, have a malt
I alta your brain patterens
yet it's my fault
I sustain phatter blends
of words heard, stampede
damn he the speech with two teach?
(CHORUS:)

"Just me, no simile, never flow simpily, cause it was meant to be, the
truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth, I tell it to the youth,
propelling with the proof, in the puddin', wouldn't you like to know?
Oh, no you didn't, my flows never quittin', and that's the truth, the
mothephf**kin' truth my man."
I'm on the scrimmage
waitin' for you phucking imitations
and I'm not descriminating
myself, when I'm making my wealth
pure facts
it's hard for me to endure wack MCs
I lay my tracks with ease
I'm tellin' you that Del is truth
appelin' through your arteries
you scar your knees
bowing, praising, now when I phase in
like Kitty Pride
city wide
confer to kick the rumor
him admit he lies
the truth will set you free
when I upset MCs
execute MCs
I do my best to mute MCs
all it takes is intelligence
I'm great with embellishments
they need a savior
so Del is sent...

(CHORUS:)

"Yeah, the truth, the truth, the nothing but the truth, I tell it to
the youth, propelling with the proof, in the puudin', wouldn't you
like to know?, Oh, no you didn't, my flow is never quittin', and
that's the truth, the motherphucking truth my man, the truth, the
motherphucking truth, I'll punch you in your tooth, ass drop the roof,

bitch..."
You know my attributes
so don't act cute
it's moot
a closed casket
the most massive
fluff, just me
no simile
never flow simply
cause it was meant to be
never concluded
sever your crew with
microlazer surgery,
I get Adam split up like atoms like the Molecule Man
now all of you stand
like a congregation
on the basement titric
hip-hop
not carin' sharin'
tearin' Jones here in clones
wearin' bones
skeletons, your plasma is like gelatin
and tell a friend
who's developin'
cause Del's intelligent...
(CHORUS:)
"Yeah, my lyrical technique, will make ya body freak, my lyrical
technique, will make ya body tweak, my lyrical technique, will make
ya body seek, the beaning, double-teaming, on your motherphuckin'
brain. Yeah, see that hoe, too, yeah, bitch phuck it...slammin'"