

Del The Funky Homosapien, Offspring

(Del) □ Aiyyo whattup El-P?

(El) □ Yo whattup Del-phonic?

(Del) □ Nuthin man; I was on the bus the other day man

tryin to listen to my Walkman

This motherf**ker all in my face

Tryin to holla at me and shit

I'm like, "Man - dude you just a offspring"

(Del)

I'm very interplanetary and vary with various experiments

Gregarious with verbals for your merriment

What El-P tell me to use, the beat di-ffuse

You lose and get played like a mood

I'm rude revolting leave you molting

No thing - compares to my compadres

We'll take it to Broadway

It's beautiful the execution flawless

You all wet, soggy groggy when you saw me

But I never tire whenever I adjust my thrust

Females blush I bring the California gold rush

Your flow sucks, your stamina can't endure

I manicure your lavender amateur landed words

You haven't heard? Cannabis analyst

Add a twist to my manuscripts

I'll have you sent to the showers

Me and El-P, is superpowers like the US and USSR

Blow you like the Deathstar

Leave your chest scarred like Sagat

My plot proliferates, hits you like barbituates

in a twist of fate and splits your face

It's the great DelTron-Z, soundbombing

Run to mommy, I'm airin out your dirty laundry

I'm shooting then executing you're aiming from mainstream

Your brain tingles, strangles your lame jingles

Bingo I bring flows that attack like wild dingoes

Can't be pigeonholed, anything goes gringo

(El-Producto)

Here we go - up jumps the outcast, sever the connection

My mostly overconfident acquaintances pull numbers

to the anti-potients and fear that I drip sick in

And rise out of my shell to teach sick or bedridden emcees

til they fear living

Blockin the cocks that bust shots, spittin smitten bitches

til the day of the locust, kitchen cutlery cuts

DMX 16 crossfade with a strange lust

Dr. Strangelove, born in the back of the train, fameless shame

shared with acne pick brain pit

Tried to capture the moment of subtle death

Destro magnet spit - action fit into capsules

slipped in the dirty waterway speaker cabinets

Maximum b-boy axiom stabbin shit

Intellectual women find that my rhyme style relaxes them

and wonder if I f**k to the same rhyme style pattern

It's autobahn pipe bomb glass fragment shatter

to break new jacks at after parties for actin actual

Factor X into your formula for fresh thoughts

with a Megalon wingspan that bulge from the back of the text radical

Radio time tracks flatten your flattery

The tradition excuse used by biters; ambiguously homo

Knotted tights and colored underwear

that's wrapped around the brittle legs of

things without weapons - I'm grief diseased brethren

Swim in a sea of shit and malt liquor, feed on Excedrin

Radiate through tenements; emcees bleed estrogen!

Chorus: Del and El-P
Watch insanity increase
Break it up piece by piece
Never weak in the least
Think you better see a priest
(Mortality, don't battle me, it's costly
We the raw breed all of y'all is just the offspring)

(El) □ Yo Del kick that shit again

(Del)
Tomahawking your tom-tom club
You tried to holler at me at my show, lookin like you on drugs
You love the Del I'll thug you, bumpin Juvenile
Thinkin you in style, packin like you movin now
I move top speed, scott free with cock-D
Knock-kneed delivery that scorches you like Lockheed
Dr. Decibel, my deliverance is questionable
but as far as this session goes I'm wreckin skulls
Better check your pulse, we visionaries with this
Scar in the shit outta record labels next to fatal
Right beside homicide bonafied bewilderment
Militant diligence like I'm buildin pyramids
Peel your cap reveal your lack of flavor
Track your pager plus your celly
Piss on your Pele Pele, catch you comin out of belly
Dumbin out daily, tell me, what was your rationale
Think of matchin Del I disconnect your PacTell
My mobile code words, showboat with no hope
for any rhyme you kick or any beat you load up
Leave you catatonic off a bag of chronic, skanless with anthems
Stomp your little cadence out at random

(El-Producto)
Ran-random, ran-random
El and Del-aphonic known to go off on a tantrum
Now you know..
For the backpackers, for the computer hackers
For the misplaced famous, for all the video gamers
For the derranged krylon stain makers
For the ungary hungry ass verbal brain rapists
That New York to the Bay shit!

"Go off, go off!"