

Del The Funky Homosapien, Same Ol' Thing

(Chorus:)

"The same ol' thing (all over the world),
The same ol' thing (got to get 'em wit it),
The same ol' thing (MCs out there got),
The same ol' thing (so let me tell ya bout it),"
MCs keep comin' with the same ol' thing
with the same ol' swing
with the same ol' ending
the same ol' climax
cause many have no vertebrae
yo, but D-E-L & HIEROGLYPHICS have to murder a
fraudulent foe real quick
and get them off of our dicks
show the public that they ass ain't slick
they lack skills
and they can only thrill ya by dance steps
I coulda iced Vanilla, but I haven't got the chance yet
but that's ok
cause he was dissed on Soul Train
he got booed because his rhymes are so lame
he ain't the only one
he's far from it
there's more on Earth
and they're all gonna plummet
like falling stars
because a brother's in charge
I'ma stomp mud holes in they ass like they was El DeBarge
then charge to the front of the class
suckers everywhere like broken glass, yo
but I'ma keep troopin' through the Meadow with the fellow named X
and a pillow
to sock the pussy willows
while I get dough as I grow as a rhymer
and they can keep showin' their teeth like Aunt Jemima
it's the same ol' thing...

(Chorus:)

...and it's gettin' kinda ancient,
I'm in your face with force
to eliminate monotonous
braggin' & boastin' so most will end up profitless
cause they ain't got a foot to stand on
and I'ma leave the stage bloodier than a Tampon
I can't get no rest
because of gamin' little pests
will step & try to test me with the same ol' thing
I wish it would stop
but more than likely it will not
cause too many MCs got the same ol' thing
so I change & rearrange rhyme patters
keep ya mind scatterin'
from the solar system
and I still dissed 'em
the ones with the CRUMBS on they lips
talkin' about Sucka MCs that don't exist
and I get the gist
so don't play me like a imbecile
thinkin' that ya large
but ya small as a thimble
plus I get mantal over funky tracks
and ya still talkin' Sucka MCs?
That shit is wack
if I ever dissed an MC
it was one with a name
so don't tell me he was one in the same

because I know better
I flow better than the average Joe
I use my nubian stick to overthrow that same ol' thing...
(Chorus:)
MCs out there got the same ol' thing
got the same ol' game
and trip, some got the same ol' name
like Rockmaster This
Mighty King that
who died & left you the Wolfman, Jack?
But the Boogiemens are irregular
spectacular, dracula
and plus we're gettin' clever
I never had the urge to ass a tag to my title
and I won't add a (rah!) or a (huh!) at the end of my recital
hip hop hibbit
I never say a rhyme like that
cause I can take my time & give it
thought, so I went & bought
a pen & pad
now I'm makin' MCs real mad
like Young MC
goin' out like Sugar Hill
add a new beat
new rhyme (huh!)
bogus still
and even if we are in the same gang
it ain't no need
for all MCs to have the same ol' thing...
(Chorus:)
...and it's gettin' mighty ancient...