

Del The Funky Homosapien, The Undisputed Cha

(Del)

Up front, introducing my man Pep Love

(Pep Love)

My introduction:

It's such an unbelievable pleasure

For you to treasure;

And much needed too

Make it phat though

on another plateau-

You begining to begining to groove;

I do it natural

As we get Jazzy with classy shit

To make them hard ass rappers wanna blast me (buck buck)

Cause I exemplify a typified mac

In actin like the shit nigga

Mashin' rappers with a passion

When I get Tip and Tribe flashin' lyrics

I smash your spirits

Like a big disappointment

But this here shit will surprise ya

Devise a plan:

The pipsqueaks get tweaked

cause of the size of demand

So if you wanna measure up

then press your luck

Cause when I'm in the cut

Man there ain't no catchin' up

I bet ya never heard a nigga with a bigga this flow

Bigga this bro

gettin' ate like a clitoris?

No.

I never could'a seen it-

I rip a rapper's balls off

To make him scream when it's convenient.

Hear ye hear ye

Clearly we're the

Undisputed ones that you get mad at when you hear me

Pompous comp. just barely even registered on the meter

Cause we the niggas that they checkin' for

Me and you or, you and him

Ruinin' them

Doin' men in

When I'm cluign' them in

On the one

(Del)

Ya two... three, four

(Q-Tip)

Now niggas know I got lyrics out the anal

And any move that you make could be fatal

The poet that shows it:

and some of y'all niggas know it when ya

Grab the mic and you can't recite

Yo that gets me irate when ya can't debate

But wait- Now ya niggas think that I'm ya runnin' mate?

Naw phukk that, 'cause when I grab the baton I'm gone (zoom)

All around the track like a runnin' maniac (damn)

You babblin' your babblin' son; what the phukk?

Anybody here rap that doesn't go buck?

But can you grab the mic and kick ill shit? (like)

Stun'em with the verbs, instead of using clips.

Check it: I flip styles by the dozen;

I-could-even-(too fast) that I was but I wasn't

You MC's are slipping into rigor mortis

Give it up please

And just support this;
I got styles that are legendary
Even in the clink
Lyrically I'm like,
What the phukk you think?
Cause I'm down with the D-E-L
So what the hell?
(Del)
(Haha!)
I never come from the temple a simple rap
Cause your raps poor
I'm on track
I lap yours
Collapse yours
Elapse forever
You're never gonna get better bitin' my friend
But I lend a hand helping
MC's yelping like puppies (Arf! Arf!)
Their rhymes are simple
My rhymes are roughed up
Like a duffle bag
mags on my wheels squeal
Peel out towards your head
While others bust lead
That's dead
I beat your head in the resin when the pipe hits the buds in my
chamber
My rhymes are never tamer
Perpetrators I'ma hurt ya later/after
On the path of danger
I got fangs not bangs
like a bitch which I use to puncture
With punctuation-
And mutation
Racin' like my thoughts
Bust shots to scatter
And my latter lets me elevate
Over MC's that are hella fake
My reaction to your rappin' is laughin
It has been for askin they get their ass kicked
Cause they're plastic
I'm bringing lyrical lacerations
That you're tastin
Painful I mame foes
Metaphorically
Historically used the hip hop
To make your neck pop
Naw the eyes cause I kick the modern style
(Modern style, haha!)
(Cut:)
The undisputed ones that you get mad at
The undisputed ones that you get mad at
The undisputed ones that you get mad at
When you . . . grab the mike and you can't recite