

# Del The Funky Homosapien, Ya Lil Crumbsnatcher

DEL made a pact to be well natural  
Back from the wishing well to sell actual  
Funk from the fungus grown in the trench  
It's getting kinda heavy so I gotta pinch an inch  
And it's a sinch  
to let my hair grow like a plant  
Eliminate the fat gold chains and the daiper pants  
Trade 'em for a pair Girbauds  
Never make friends with the fraudulent foes  
Yes I suppose that I'm fat from the supper  
Skinny from the many that try to eat plenty  
Now I got to flip on a copper like a penny  
Vise uh versa  
quench your thirst with  
A swig of grapefruit juice straight from the thermos  
Hock your jewels, and you can drop your tools  
And make a move that can turn us in the right direction  
Show your affection as I correct men  
Who try to pull the wool over the third eye  
Comin' fly with Mr. Greenjeans  
It's a bird eye view of the Meadow  
As I greet the many people that I meet with a "hello"  
&"How do you do my compadre?"&  
What up Kwame?  
Back to the Meadow so I can show I'm a  
Smooth black brother that is gifted  
And if you try to lift this  
Yes I got a witness  
Nicknamed the Emperor  
This wasn't meant for ya' . . .  
Ya little crumbsnatcher!