

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Ahonetwo, Ahonet

(Chorus:)

"Ahonetwo, ahonetwo, I like it..."
I'm chocolate like a Barr
but my name is not Roseanne
my skin has a pigment, reminiscent of a tan
I plan to grow dreads
but first a nappy fro
the longer the hair
the easier to scare a foe
it grows from my head until it covers up my face
people look & stare when I walk into the palce
this is just a taste form the Funkee Human Being
ain't no misbehavin'
ain't no use for ravin'
surrounded by the people who would stab me in the back
my skin is really brown
even though it's labeled black
sometimes I wear a cap, and sometimes I wear bandannas
forbidden in L.A. but I wore one in Atlanta
I chisled up a sculpture
to complement my culture
thoughts of silly nubians is prone to give me ulcers
hangin' with the brothers who are tribal in their ways
for this is how I like to spend my days
and it pays
to steal a groovy sample form the archives
use my mental staff to eliminate apartheid
still gather papes like my man Malcom Forbes
ponderin' my life as I look into my orbs.

(Chorus:)

I love the shade of green like my brother Billy Bixby
I utilise a sample that I salvaged from the 60's
cause I'm picky
my meal must appeal to me like Morris
far too many fraudulent opponents in the forest
I fall into the Gap when I need to purchase clothes
easy on the fads
cause the posers always pose
I suppose they will bite
they'll try not to show it
I came very plain and then feelin' rather loaded
I ditched all the beads
cause my needs seem to differ
me and CM-P are like the Gil and the Skipper
he will use his clippers to give himself a fade
I give my fro a sheen with a smidgin of Pomeade
I laid in the shade and I greeted mixel place
with a rhythm and a rhyme
and he said that it's a twist
from the ordinary everyday continual assumption
that R&B & Rap makes a winner
guess who's comin' through for dinner
a native-like brother with the passive little style
that most certainly will smother
suicidal rhymes with apoclyptic tunes
I will drink a seltzer while you dabble with the booze
and giggle when I see ya liver shrivel to a prune
I'm the Funky Human Being
not a monkey or a coon
assume that the style is Funkadelic in the 90's
Del is livin' phat
as I leave a foe behind me.

(Chrous:)