

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Jaw Gymnastics

[Del The Funky Homosapien]

Check it out

Uhhh

Del's back, go get ya life preserver

Aquaman with the flow you might get murdered

You get caught in the slipstream

When I was fifteen

I was ripping

You were shoplifting

My accent on rap is smashin'

Emcees be past tense

Didn't make the draft pick

Come get ya ass kicked

You awful

And slothful

I'm grease lightning

Hit cha with shit that's uncalled-for

Leave ya jaw broke

Tryna simulate

Gimme a break

You rhyme purely functional

Merely fills the gap

I'm a rhymin' mercenary

I'ma kill the track

My brainstorm cause a cloud burst

Bring forth a rhyme like childbirth

Style search

Tearin' out the whereabouts of lyrics

Somethin' you don't care about

I eviscerate your mental state

Into strips of steak

I'ma situate barbituates to get you baked

Your effeminate image is far from intimidating

Cause my style you're imitating

That's as sin as Satan

Your corny insubordinate rhymes are like a porno flick

Compared to Edgar Allan ya spread ya talent thin

You gotta problem with balancing

Ya equilibrium is givin' up

Ya symmetry is imagery

Your videos are pretty dull

Big budget

But my poetry you covet

Mega-destructive

You can't fuck with

I'm loony wit language

This artform is truly endangered

So I change it, never doing the same shit

I'll make a profit off of oxygen

Phenomenon wit no homonyms

Hit'em wit a sonic boom

Eradicate ya Nom De Plume

Procure of insert a word wit hypodermic earnest

And leave ya burnin' like a furnace

Poetry protagonist

Leave you havin' strict

Advocate of whatever I'm imagining

That's what's happening

Party-goers call me Yoda

I use my force with fortitude

Just sure to groove

And support my crew

Hiero

Vital

Components in the lineage  
Of Hip-Hop heritage  
Where we go is limitless

(Chorus)

Let's follow along with the rhyme y'all  
I bet some of y'all get lost and can't find y'all  
Just on a mission to let you know that I'm raw  
With the Jaw Gymnastics verbals for your minds y'all

[Casual]

I'm the difference between Hanna Barbara and Hanibal the Barbarian  
The metal stiletto ghetto cesarean  
Word carryin' clarion  
My drum kicks got blood on a steel toe  
Nasty like crud on a dildo  
For real though  
Bram bisque gets bust and break a baller for his billfold  
Better beware boy before the shoddy make ya body prostrate  
Huh  
Before they dope make ya eyes dilate  
My rhymes'll gyrate  
Irate  
Liquid spills covering nine states  
Liftin' crime rates  
Shiftin' earth plates  
Casual amongst the ranks of greats  
Bitch niggas get treated and took out like dates  
They lightweights  
Have dat ass beggin' for another day like Nate  
Your hard  
Boulevard facade'll get you scared  
Get cha shit served preserved  
Banned, canned and jarred  
And labeled as a fable  
Ya unstable  
My methods on the mic make money under the table  
Pay-Per-View, Digital-TV, or Cable  
By cell phone, via satellite, or right at cha label  
Hell, you can even send an email  
I rip that ass in 500K detail  
Use a seasheal  
In an ocean of emotion  
Periless notions of my delicate delivery devotion

[Del The Funky Homsapien & Casual]

Minimal effort make are shit sound phat  
Delvon  
And Smash Boogie  
We gets down like that  
You know I grab the mic  
And hit cha tit for tat  
Delvon  
And Smash Boogie  
We gets down like that

(Chorus 2X)