

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, No Need For Alarm

(Del)

I wait to see your skull vibrate  
when I bury the hatchet, I hope you catch it, I'll attach it  
to his focus, when I broke his head in half  
Feel the wrath, on my behalf  
I drop math, and english, leave you squeamish  
Then I squish your wish you're all fuckin dreamers (alla y'all)  
No time for tiddlywinks - if your titties is pink  
then you are white and I'm not the right man (not for me)  
But you can blow pipe, my style is so tight  
I be carvin, MC's when I'm starvin (I'm hungry)  
You little chunks of punks that I dunks in my coffee  
Get off me, I'm not your softie  
But you will cough for your breath and phlegm, death to them  
And silly broads, I fuck 'em and I chuck 'em (why?)  
In the river, without a liver  
And I donate to science, cause I'm a giver  
The mysterious clearly busts brains with my brawn  
Ask Sean, Cassidy about how I trash MC's  
On the daily, Alex Haley had to write about it  
Doubt it but it's true, get a clue (get a clue)  
I'm tellin you the truth you'll be toothless  
The boots get smoked like they on fire, I desire  
Like Salt'N'Pepa, I'll fuck a fat heffer (yeah)  
like I was Fritz the Cat, and she admits to fat  
So I'm movin removin wackness from my stratosphere  
If I thought that that was near  
(CHORUS: repeat 4X w/ variations)  
&quot;You still bet that you can harm me, but you don't alarm me..&quot;

(Del)

Listen to this  
You're just a test tube baby, you can't fade me, but hey G  
Your style is lazy, boy you're crazy  
Losin it, check out my fusion kit (here it is)  
It's welding rhymes and propelling, swelling (rrrahh)  
Getting bigger, getting niggaz in headlocks  
Instead lock your scanners on Bruce Banner  
I crush fools plus tunes used by the master  
will blast you into Tuesday, when I bruise a  
motherfucker, who mother suck a cock  
and his brother fuck a jock, and his sister, got blisters  
on her lips that be spreadin, she be-headin (yes she do)  
Showin cleavage, with my futuristic styles I leave kids  
in a trance, hypnotizin your eyes spin  
back in your head like you dead but instead you was buggin  
Ugly bitches get the dillz after shows (shows)  
Cause I don't be runnin after hoes that be stank  
I thank the Lord, for my thought  
connected to the microphone, so check the cycle tone  
that I be arousin, housin your blouse and your pumps  
The mac daddy makes you jump! (yeah)  
I pump info, into nymphos, who be bonin  
Clonin, Vanessa Del Rio  
And yes sir Del see no evil, hear no evil  
It's normal, I come formal, to keep 'em warm 'til the morn'  
(CHORUS)  
(sample in chorus repeats to fade)