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)
"You still bet that you can harm me, but you don't alarm me.."
(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)