

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Time Is Too Expensive

(CHORUS)

"Time is too expensive"  
Too expensive, it's too expensive  
Too expensive, you know what?  
Time is of the essence  
Whacha say now? Whacha say, whacha say now?  
You know what? Time is of the essence

(Del)

My vast knowledge of rhyme is past college  
Blast, demolish, polish off all enemies  
I can't fall in this rap game, I got acrophobia  
Plus half these rappers out here are fuckin dead like necrophilia  
You know the thing, chocolate like Ovaltine  
Comin down on the mic like eggs from ovaries  
Monarchal metaphor, malevolent with settlements  
Maniacal when Hiero flow, unstoppable and chock full  
of funk the freak, so fuck the foreplay  
Del has been ordained to terrorize your brain  
The diagnosis, the show business bogus  
My lyrics lash out, like I was throwin stones in a glass house  
Rappers pass out, ass out  
And anyone left on the scene who has doubts  
Y'all fools ain't got no nuts I'm doin donuts  
Slow up whoever show up, I'm too robust  
So what? I'm invincible invisible lyrics  
Original origin unknown from here on in  
Uncommon dominating hip hop  
Permiating every portal with mortals  
More flows Heaven scent, microphone etiquette  
And lyrics up for your goblin and kill the novice  
I write bad subjects like the Hobbit  
And on to the next phase before you try to rob it  
You know, D-E-L, yeah!

(CHORUS)

(Del)

Supreme MC's reach out when I'm on top  
Catch altitude sickness not to use fitness  
In front of witnesses get with this fetch the funk  
While I test the skunk, see I will caress the blunt  
Come step through the flames of Hades or remain a lady  
Rhymes infectious as rabies -- Deltron, hell on earth  
Prevailing curtailing, you're shattered with data  
Directed, my method, hectic, try and dissect it  
Next shit, hydrauling we're calling you out  
I rap with accuracy - I'm sick of fools actin  
like they blacker than me - y' know, usually bourgeoi'  
We a new breed of MC remedy  
For inner street jerks who wanna flirt with our sound  
but ain't really down, silly clowns Barnum and Bailey rejects  
Press eject on defects (yeah)  
These threats delivered signed and sealed by the Delmeister  
German for master, burnin the blasphemous  
Whatever you ask of us gets fulfilled  
Non-linear, you couldn't find a flow friendlier  
Or even similar with beats that knock  
Those who cock block transport 'em to the chop shop  
Operation X cause we often facin death  
And fake ass players are lost and wastin breath

(CHORUS)

(Del)

Lyrical master, turnin mic sessions to disaster areas  
I'll wax your derriere  
Disable MC's with fatal degrees and flows  
Flamboyant flamin fools like mesquite, let's eat

These barbeques are for you  
Were are the few the proud the Hieroglyphics  
Microphone moguls with code words and hand signals  
For negros, spanish for black  
I'll vanish your raps, at the borderline  
Where you can order rhymes  
Never monochromatic, y'all know the habits of Del  
Talented, creating lyrical Gallaghers  
Highest caliber, hip hop puritan  
Throw my voice like Surrican, or ventriloquists  
Until it sit in your cerebrum, I need them  
Through the medium of music, too sick  
The ratio is glaciator, Gigantor  
My flow is lighter fluid, you'll need a higher druid  
Magicians and Mages, superb my primal rage is  
My styles all over the place, disease contagious  
And treacherous (what?) like Mussolini (uh-huh)  
but cooler than Fonzarelli eating fuscilli  
With roots in hip-hop goin back to Whodini  
Who see me, no eyes, your style is corny like bow ties  
No fries, keep that shake for a keep sake  
As well as patened Del hysteria  
Malaria area, 88 bait for bitin MC's  
They're bitin to see, see that's like a likin disease  
My time is up, I take my mic and I leave