

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 bourgeois
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 Fonzairelli eating fussilli
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