

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Treats For The Kid

(TALKING)

&quot;A problem? Yeah I got a problem.  
Cause. . . I been waitin for how  
long for this shit to come out?  
Now this the tricks and treats shit, ya know?  
Now all y'all motherphukkers that listen to it,  
and I'm sick and tired of  
this shit, because...  
all you wack motherphukkers keep comin out with records!  
And guess what I'm about to do?  
Guess what I'm 'bout to do?!  
I'm 'bout to catch you out there. . .  
and chopyourmotherphukkinheadoff!!!&quot;  
Who's the jester?  
Under pressure?  
Not me!  
I hate emcees a lot, flee  
Escape,  
I'll tape your mouth closed  
Dispose of your flows  
The ones that you chose  
Don't compare  
Where is your other shit?  
When I discover it  
I'm shovin that shit  
Right back in your mouth,  
And start with another kick  
Good riddance  
Suds of blood like the Red Sea splashes  
When I smash kids  
Ashes and cremations  
We wait in  
The torture chamber  
Of course you blame a  
Brother like Del for murder  
Word up, on a mission  
It's in my heart  
Rippin fools apart  
You dart and dash  
But I'll remove your heart fast  
With my bare hands  
Stashed it into their plans  
I'd like to see it pulsate in my palm  
Squeeze it, squish it  
Eat it with a biscuit  
For breakfast  
You're next if  
You step with  
Your bright ideas  
I might apply years  
Of rhymin  
Til the time when  
I blind men  
With a flash of light  
I'll blast you right  
In the corneas  
I'm warnin ya's  
So take heed to that  
Before you bleed, in fact  
I'm keepin niggaz outta my head  
Outta my head  
Instead,  
they bled  
They dead,

call the Feds  
(Chorus (4x):)  
"This is how you're treated (this is how you're treated)  
When my rhyme's completed  
Niggaz get defeated (defeated!)"  
I wanna push and shove  
Take off the kid gloves  
Tearin the terrorist  
Where a fist  
Holds a dagger  
Stick it in your stomach and drag your  
Insides across the ground  
Get 'em at the lost and found  
At the police station  
I'm patient  
I won't get you yet  
So no sweat  
You're no threat  
I bet I can belt your brain  
When my scalpel felt your brain  
You convulsed  
No pulse  
We lost him  
Cost him his life  
Phukkin around  
It's too easy to buck 'em down  
Let 'em drown  
Face down in a toilet  
Take his brain and boil it  
Watchin who I tell cuz they'll spoil it  
They might reveal  
My anger is real  
Keep your lips sealed  
Or yo might be the next to keel over  
or Murderous  
Refer to us  
When you feel the need  
To bleed your chicken feed  
Yeah, plead for mercy  
Before I burst free  
I'm blood thirsty  
When it comes to who disturbs me  
I make your life complicated  
Emcees get ground and grated  
While they waited  
In the lobby  
It's my hobby  
It'll prob'ly be me  
Who sees your knees  
Buckle-  
Phuk you  
And your duck crew  
I'ma pluck you from safety  
When I break free  
(CHORUS (4x))