

Del The Funky Homosapien, Ahonetwo, Ahonetwo

I'm chocolate like a bar, but my name is not Roseanne
My skin has a pigment, reminiscent of a tan
I plan to grow dreads, but first a nappy 'fro
The longer the hair, the easier to scare a foe
It grows from my head til it covers up my face
People look and stare when I walk into the place
I grace the stage, I hates the age of charletons
Now I feel the time has come for me to spar with'em
Startin' with a swift up kick and an uppercut (Ouch!)
Plus the funky beat that moves your torso and your upper butt
Then I manipulate the spectators and I drop a real rhyme
for the times are a-changin'

I rearrange my style like a jigsaw
People jock the styles and the rhymes 'cause it is raw
Walkin' through the streets of Berkley where I lurk free
Brothers try to jerk me to the side and try to hurt me
But perky little devils only get to levels lower than
the grower of the cannibus plants and I dismantle the stance
that ya take, 'cause I ache the ear canals
Many try to flex my neck, but fear the child, so yep

(CHORUS)

"Ahonetwo, Ahonetwo, I like it
Ahonewo, Ahonetwo, funky human bein'"

(DEL Talking:)

Damn, fools be jockin' us, you know why they jockin' us? '
Cause we got the straight ultra sound, fool. (Mind music!)
We got the straight ultra sound, fool. We got the straight beat,
fool. (Ha Ha!) We are the dopest, fool.

(That's why all the fools at school be jockin' us)

(Yo, check it, check it, check it) (Check this out).

What's up Phesto, you know we the dopest...the whole universe. "

The friendly, many, scopin' up horizons

Keepin' eyes on the mischievious who flies on

the tip like a pile of feces, I release these

mad troops like Dr. Claw with the mad beats

Sequence that we brings to the world like a flood

I leap like a tigger and I land with a thud

Collasal, causin' earthquakes and the earth shakes constant

Kicks more ass than Charles Bronson

I pounce like a cat 'cause I think I'm all that

When it comes to the drums, when I see how y'all act

The H to the I, oh my, oh man, it slams

I never came candied like the yams

Sambo, stands low, never to my lattitude

Never was a nigga and I never had an attitude

Never actin' mad at you unless you try to front

on the D-E like you didn't know the day of the month

Once they get a whiff of the shit, you know it's funky

Please keep up your gall

'cause I'ma ball them fools who hunt me

Act like you do, or rather act like you know

Del, Souls of Mischief, Extra Pro, down with Hiero

(Hieroglyphics in the house) It's like that y'all

(It's like that y'all, ya don't stop

Check it out y'all, ya don't stop

Check it out, yo, ya don't stop

Hieroglyphics in the house, ya don't stop

Souls of Mischief in the house, ya don't stop

Extra Prolific in the house, ya don't stop

T-L-E is in the house, you don't stop

Morris J's in the house, ya don't stop