

Del The Funky Homosapien, Captain America

The Falcon: "I don't know who that cat is, or why he's got a hate on for Cap'; But I sure aim to find out!"

Villain: "So bird man! You sneak up from behind; Precisely the sort of tactics I should have expected from you."

The Falcon: "Save the conversation, for I am not behind you now, clay face!"

Villain: "Out of my way fool! This is good enough for you! And for you..."

Del

Flexin' the futuristic style

That will devastate minds

As I find more elaborate metaphors

So meditate

Think for a second as I beckon

Abstract thoughts brought to the surface

Watch as I burst this

Rhyme flow

I design slow moving tempos so the simple minded foes find my flows moving at the speed of light

I need a tight

Sample so I can dismantle your cranium

Play me dumb if you want imbecile

I can pick your brain

like a grain of sand

in an hour glass when its filled

to capacity Cassidy

Hop-a-long to the song that is strong

I'm the massive bee

with a twelve foot stinger and I wring you're little wet towel

Cause I'm getting foul when I'm meddled with

I settle this

Violence I silence

MC's who continue

when you know you will fail

Slow snail as I salt ya

Then watch ya shrivel up and sizzle cause I'm hard like Gilbralta

You're butter-soft so you can park it out ya little chauffeur

Cause I go for the esaphogus when I choke ya

Broke ya skeletin ya fail again

And I'm the victa

You can pick the time and the place

So you can get a taste of medecin for your medulla cause I school a

Ferris Beulla cuttin class cause your style is butt 'n' ass;

I pass one to A+

And I say hush child

cause your plush style

Is unstable as a slush pile

You ain't down with the program

You snow man

Me the Homosapien is funky like your toe jam

So damn enlightenin I'm frightenin allota men

Open up your shutters let the sunshine in

Simple Simon rhymin' on the airwaves

So scare slays to the rhythm

So I give 'em more than a fair trade

Verbal blades

Slice humans

To ribbons cause they're fibbin' so you'll be assumin'

That I'm the dopest

I focus on the vibes that I conjure

Clean up the stains in your brain when I launder

Now feast upon

the thoughts like a mental plum
Maybe you might learn something before I'm done
Spit out the pits and hit the flows in the nose
Del lets your sub-conscious be exposed
Where it like a bullet proof vest upon your chest
Even the best hollow tip bullet couldn't make an impression
Cause this lesson
Is invulnerable
Never dwell on the hellish aspects
Have fun until you perish
Cherish your lifetime
This is why I write rhymes
To illuminate the ones with the tight minds
Sign on the dotted line
Spottin fine shelter
Step to me wrong and I'ma belt ya
Eye for an Eye
But you're eye shouldn't cry over spilled milk
Feel guilt when you know you're wrong
Never sing the song like you know it better than anyone else's
Cause that's selfish
Learn to admit mistakes
Just sit and takes a load off your back
Don't this acoustic bass on this track
Pack a wallop
All up in your face cause I'm the bold kid
Check out the illogical styles that I molded
Silly-putty syllables
That still will pull uplifting
The masses the higher plateaus of hip-hop listening
Villain: "My red, white and blue foe- I have no desire to kill you, not
now, not when I can make
you suffer all the more by slaying the one you call the Falcon."
Captain America: "No way to reach him in time."
Villain: "So watch, my friend. Watch and greive. Eh? My weapon's charge.
. . Exhausted?!"