# Del The Funky Homosapien, Eye Examination

I never had real friends 'til now
I never had to steal endz 'cause that's foul
I walk the streets with the baseball bat feelin' secure
but I try not to incite fights that's immature
actions that come back to haunt
I work hard to get the things that I want
and never flaunt
never post where the most guys post high
I keep my focus towards the ground
and pound
any brother who's my ace to my face
even if snakes on the unda'
I try not to wonda'
trainin' my brain wit' mental anguish
strange, it's rather eerie
clearly
just a whim
I adjust the hymn
deal with the dealers and the squealers and the jockeys
I can take the fizz out the carbonated copy
imprints are made in the sand as I walk
dim hints reveal rather grand as I talk
small individuals seem larger
when they take charge of
their antics
makin' them gigantic
so you never suspect their neck bein' strained
so many situated thoughts in the brain
heavy weight gain
so I weight train
'cause to me the weight gain
is a great gain
and I hate sane individuals
close they nose to new aromas
I got the smellin' salts that are prone ta'
clear the nasal, daze
you'll probably make a raise to a new level
and see the true devil
any color ya wish because the devil takes any shape,
any form
any swarm
ride over your dish like a picnic
I think the sick shit
I had my wrist slit
like a suicide
but I survived
and you can too
plan to
live a full life free of anxieties
while you're at it try to keep an eye on me
[BRIDGE]
The man with meditation skills
wastin' spills, lyrical liquid
fillin' streams
wit' dreams
and I will cream whoever seems wicked
oral floral arrangements
is strange since
you don't have the comprehension
I will stop and lynch them
I'm not the one promotin' gun totin'
'cause I contain within my brain these computations just as potent
the mental torturer of course you will acknowledge me
'cause Mr. Twister places pictures, mental fixtures of photography

shitty little bitties never get their clitties done, but I don't think
they'll resist
Mr. Twister
when I flex my verbal techs.
exit
mental anorexic
I don't cater to the imbecile so you can bet this
is a brain buster
pain thruster
strain twister
overwhelming pressure between the temples when I touch the microphone
I might condone
the usage of abuse if it is convenient
I slant and lean it
like a lever when I leave ya mutilated
by my enuciated cleaver
I survived the ither and the either
now let me take a breather
(PAUSE)
From my own little world,
little girls, little boys
stay free of hurries
free of worries
that's riddle poised for posterity
where are we
goin' from here
as a ho
and I don't know
and that's the biggest feeaaar
when I'm flippin' into daaarknesss
now I'm askin' can I spark this?
It's D-E-L y'all
from Hieroglyphics y'all
sayin' peeeeace. . .