

Del The Funky Homosapien, Meet Cleofis Rando

[MC Paul Barman]

What's happening?

I keep my dreadlocks in a napkin ring

Rap and sing

Unlike the homogenous clones

I'm into earth tones, birth stones, and erogenous zones

The more ticklish the more you have

Sitting on the curb of what used to be the burbs

And before that was Canarcie

I'm a disturbed and bitter herb

Like saltwater and parsley

Mics crawl up, tights fall down

That's my mnemonic voice stalactite slash stalagmite

You may have this Maglite

It survived the apocalypse

And for the fragile force of an agile horse

Here's a handful of very special chocolate chips