

Del The Funky Homosapien, Stress The World

Stress the world
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Stress the world
(Stress the world)

I offer the maximum that you called for,
Who better, to get a crowd to go "Wow"?
Del, A champion true,
I do what the others can't do,
So when you come to,
Recognize I despise weak,
I'm at my peak I seek
More than the boredom you are accustomed to,
A connoisseur,
I love hip hop more,
Than I did as a kid,
So I gotta kid rid,
Of those, who pose,
Case closed,
I'm dynamic with panic
And it's exactly how I planned it

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Hah!

You better peep
Cause the price is very steep
For those who sleep,
I pile my rhymes by the heap,
On cassetts,
LPs, CDs, and twelve inches,
Perform the shit,
And get the girls like bitches,
With good intentions,
The key word is redemption,
For those who try to shit on my crown,
Let's get down!
Plastic ass rappers
Get smashed like crackers,
First I shellack ya,
Then hit you with the lacquer,
Then I go to marijuana class
And study cultivation,
So I can make the USA a better nation,
Get smoked, mellow out,
Vibe, f**k the stress,
While I kill MCs that say
"He's relentless",
Past you,
At last due
To technological enhancements,
On my part,
The art advances,
My rhymes are ravishing,
Ravaging the hip hop surface,
To get to the underground,
Four pounds to purchase,

Merciless,
As soon as I insert the disk,
Into the S.P.,
To make the world stress me,
Let's be up front and real,
What's up with this rap
Regurgitation that appeals to the masses?
I got pure plain funk,
Hold the mayo,
Like the formulation
Of ice crystals
Make the sun's halo,
A rainbow,
Pay in full
To MCs at large,
I barge and
Cordon them all when I
charge!
Personally responsible,
Behind all the hoopla,
Havoc 'cross the board,
Get the trouble shooter,

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Make the, Make the world stress me,
Let's be up front and real

Mathematically correct,
Collect rent on the daily,
This ain't a prince project,
Put out on paisley park,
Deep dark funk,
To dunk your face in,
Fully animated
In a time where hip-hop's contaminated,
With corny niggers talkin' gibberish,
They make me feverish,
I merely pull this lever which
Enables me to unveil tales
Of Del in action,
Smoked to the fullest
Project my voice like bullets,
I deflect your sect,
I check the scanner,
Damn you're persistant,
I stand with my fist clenched,
Tightly around the microphone like a scepter,
With rhymes average MC's can't see like a specter,
The inspector,
With the nectar,
Sharp like a black and decker,
I twist a nigger's neck
Like Chubby Checker,
Respect A,
Heiroglyphic insgnia,

You know it means murder,
With lyrics unhead of,
Stamina, stamina,
And with a new flow to boot,
Don't try to execute my patterin's,
I took hella notes while battlin,
Dismantling opponents alone
With my trusty verbs
Leave these MC's disturbed,
Everybody on my block
Knows I rock,
To MC's I'm hella cocky
So I keep my rhymes cocked
In position,
And if you actually listen,
To what I'm saying,
You'll see you can't resist them,
They're succulent,
And if you don't like them,
F**k you then,
Anybody with taste,
Sees it's a delicacy,
Not a mere hors de'ovuerve,
Or haven't you heard,
And it's totally take out,
About a million served,
Like that!
Absolutely a beauty,
I crush the shit that's booty,
Cause I figure it's my duty

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