

Del The Funky Homosapien, Sunny Meadowz

(Yeah...I'm gonna take it light...Yeah...D-E-L in the house...funky,
funky,

funky, funky lyrics...check this out)

I contemplate a rhythm with a hunch

swing and give a punch and put a fraud out to lunch

and scrunch up your rap book pages, eat 'em like it's licorice

snatch your gold chains, steal your gold fronts and return 'em to the
caves

of the motherland

and ride a rhinoceros back to the other land

so I can show a foe who is the prototype

and then go toe to toe and if the rhythm is hype

I take it on my journeys to the mystic place

so I can dis the facial value of your ballyhoo

see, my style is rather passive but I can get aggressive

brothers get done when they try to be impressive

'cause I do not impress easily

D-E-L is eager to be

the founder of the fragrance

and watch the vagrants

scatter like rats in the sewer as we do 'em like two secret agents

in the region of the forest where the march hare dwells

I sit and write scriptures by the old wishin' well

collect all my notes and sail a boat back to Berkeley

tries fill my vibe 'cause my style is rather earthly

some say it's wack but I ain't tryin' to hear it

as long as what I do contains my soul and my spirit

it's cool, I use this as a rule of thumb

I take a dip into the pool of radiance until the fool was done

slidin' on the floor like a fat ignoramus

ya sold 8 million but ya still don't entertain us

'cause you're fraudulent, I have no time for a jester

go take your place beside Uncle Fester

'cause you are an uncle too, you are an Uncle Tom

and D-E-L and Hieroglyphics gonna drop the bomb

(Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under the sun...we gonna take it
light) X3

D-E-L, the 18 year old dwella of the meadow

is showin' it hell beats livin' in the ghetto

things are peaceful and everything's settle

with a good night's snooze on a bed of rose petals

I wake up in the morning feelin' happy and refreshed

before I make my journeys I must eat and get dressed

a pair of blue jeans and a shirt with greenish hues

greener than the grass that was caught between my shoes

when I trample through the forest with my brother CM-PX

the kinky haired nubian there with a human

my hair gets notty without the proper groomin'

the whole metamorphis resembles flowers bloomin'

in the shadows, deep within the trenches of the sea

free as Leah, a head of hair like a tree

'cause I'm a love child, follow me now children

'cause I'm a love child, I love to see the children smile

at my answers, foes get frantic and nervous and panic

even as I venture past the planet called Earth

born from the womb of the nebula

deeper in the meadow where my actions are irregula'

I bug out and tell my maid to take the rug out

and dust it, and proceed to throw the thugs out of the pasture

as I recline on a hippo

wipe the funky speech and watch my profits seem to triple and quadruple

teachin' all the pupils proper scruples in the meadow

[CHORUS]: "Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under the sun...we gonna
take it light) X4"

"(How ya doin'?, How ya livin'?, in the meadow, in the meadow...hey, How
ya
feelin'?, How ya doin'?...hey...ah yeah...)"