

# Del The Funky Homosapien, The Wacky World O

Fresh from the meadow with a mellow attitude  
I was plannin' to persue another quest for the bus  
I had to go to San Fran, it's something that I can't stand  
It's beggin' for a ride with ma dukes makes a fuss  
I don't like fussin' so I ask my older cousin  
Could he maybe find time to give the D-E-L a lift  
He said it is impossible because he has a roster full of plans for the  
day

I had to go and sift through pennies in my jeans  
To many it may seem that the public transportation really isn't keen  
And I agree with the theory

Because it's 3:30 and the bus was due at 2:35

I wear my Girbauds so I can wait with pride

I waited at the bus stop feeling kinda high

From a spliff that I smoked

I rified and provoked

A liitle scene when the bus arrived late like a joke

With a corny punchline

And it was only lunchtime

The bus should've been here, the driver had much time

To get is act together

No matter what the weather

Now I'm sittin' at the bus stop waitin' like forever

(SKIT #1)

When oh when is the bus gonna come

I'm getting sick and tired of the wait

When oh when is the bus gonna come

Well here comes a pack of about 14

Lookin' real mean with hoodies and jeans

And bad attitudes and I wasn't in the mood

For no head on collision with the hoods

Try to use my transfer but it's no good

Would these rough lookin' kids get busy with the youngsta

Amongst the many who must catch rapid transit to get through the city

I'm not certain

But if I go sit in the back it's curtains

Kids wanna ride the back

What kinda shit is that?

Nowadays niggas can't wait to hit the back

Let me stand in the front with the elderly

So those other cats won't raise hell with me

(SKIT #2)

Oh golly gee, not another day on the 46A

I should've caught the 46B

'Cause dukes takes the mass scene and group through the trees

And shoots the breeze with the ladies

Look at that around the way girl

Yeah, I see her

(whistle) More crack than a drug dealer

A kid sits by me with a gang of afro sheen on

I'm not Joe Clark and I would hate for him to lean on

My shoulder and try to hold a conversation

'Cause I don't have the patience

When oh when is the bus gonna reach its destination

Question over space and time

Wastin' time

Word up, I can't take this line of nitwits

I'm about to have a fit quick

'Cause this trip here is making me car sick

Check out the brother with the loaded .38

Braggin' to his buddies about the money that he makes

Sellin' crack viles like pancakes

To baseheads just like the one

That's sittin by the window starvin' for a fix

He spent his last 80 cents on fare  
He raises up and lets me get in his chair  
Then I sit and take a snooze  
But I still lose  
'Cause I cruise right past my stop  
Had to get off and walk 15 blocks. . .