

Del The Funky Homosapien, Wrongplace

I writes rhymes for rehearsal
but first chill
I gotta little story to tell ya
how I almost caught a
bad one
add one to the list of 2,000 and 1
stupid things to do
I had crew when they stepped at a party
hardly even known I own a Smith & Wesson
but it's resting at home
in a shoe box
they see crews jock
so they wanna step and test the rep I got
I said 'Wait a second,
check inside my coat for a shank'
they must be imagining that I'm money in the bank
they'll get spanked
cause I'm not the nigga
I got bigga brothers waiting in the bushes
to mush kids
I talk when I wanna talk
never silence
violence erupts when I clown ya
catch a beat down ya
cause I never back away from niggas
even if you gotta pistol
I dare ya pull the trigga
but that's suicide
either you must die
or I must
so why bust me
cause I'm guilty
of being in the wrong place
at the wrong time
comin' at ya in the wrong state of mind
I'm now in a hurry
a pow when a flurry
of bullets come speeding by
I needn't die
I gotta make tracks & take back my words
I eat 'em
cause everybody knows I didn't beat 'em...
(CHORUS:)
"Being in the wrong place at the wrong time"
I'm out on the town
I don't frown at people
cause they tend to get offended
and then the heat will
be on my ass
I got class
never out of line, cause
I'm standing here without a nine
pistols I wish will not blast me
TAZ be circlin' corners
lookin' for Warners
you know the Brothers
me & you
we didn't do shit
but we get hassled
because we crew & we rollin'
this is my car
it isn't stolen
I hope you catch a slug
straight in your colon

when ya walkin' the beat
I bet ya gotta sheet hangin' up in ya closet
phuck this law shit
but there is two laws to follow, you know
there is laws of the city
and there's laws of the ghetto
I go to clubs with a smile on my face
just in case niggas look & wanna whyle in the place
cause of jealousy
Del is me
only me
niggas walkin' in poppin' shit
that's who the phonies be
peep it one night
and you'll see it it's quite clear
since we all know now
that's why we're

(CHORUS)

Damn, I hate cops!
I need to bust they chops
always gettin' props for the niggas they pop
peep,
I smoke weed
get weeded
cause I need it to calm my nerves before a pig get bled
I got busted for less than a gram of hash
they wanna cram my ass
in the slammer
that punk po-po
bringin' back hash from Amsterdam is a no-no
I didn't know they would catch me
punk mutt fetch me
stretched me out at Customs
gotta bust 'em
I can't call it
they found it in my wallet
now Customs got me
and I just can't stall it
I wish they would leave me alone
dog lookin' at me like
feed me a bone
he might bite me
very likely
they had to strike me with a fine or time
I said fine
mine was 500 bones
for a gram of hash
my mind was blown
come back to Michigan
so we can pitch again
federal offense
now I better go & convince the judge...
(CHORUS)