

Don't Forget the Bass

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm ready for action, packing provisions of visions
Verbally, every word will be enhanced
With the bass that puts you in a trance
Some dance, come take a chance, Del won't do you wrong I've been in the rap game too long to falter
I rock like Gibraltar
Make you kneel to the butt like an altar
We move to prove, this is improved When you're at water
Caught 'em with vibration
That soothes your back like massages
Before you can park your car in garages It'll be just for riders, listening to Rock the bells'
You can barely hear the vocals
Mixing is important, getting the public into choke holds Hip hop homo's will do well to know this
It ain't about who's the dopest
It's who gets the fan's focus upon you
When they feel what the song do I think I'm onto something, when I got my shit pumping
I remember when they were satisfied with just lyrics
Now, if the music's flat, I can barely stand to hear it And my rhymes are impeccable and you can't dissect my
flow
With music sounding like it's out of tin cans
Just wretch the whole vibe and stride for perfection
Why you think they call this a profession? Hey Can't forget the bass
The bottom got 'em crawlin' to the wall, man
We got cassettes, CDs and LPs
DJs for days, whatever you do
Give it your all, 'cause that's what pays Can't forget the bass
The bottom got 'em crawlin' to the wall, man
We got cassettes, CDs and LPs
DJs for days, whatever you do
Give it your all, 'cause that's what pays I just love when I can hear the bump pleading to the walls
In the halls coming from the record stores in the malls
A beat with walls I like that, it bites back and strikes back
At niggaz who are wack 'Cuz back in the day when hip hop was just developing

It was back in the day, we should be relishing in experience
All you newcomers better be leery 'cause
Hieroglyphics got the bump and it ain't mysterious Can't forget the bass
The bottom got 'em crawlin' to the wall, man
We got cassettes, CDs and LPs
DJs for days, whatever you do
Give it your all, 'cause that's what pays Can't forget the bass
The bottom got 'em crawlin' to the wall, man
We got cassettes, CDs and LPs
DJs for days, whatever you do
Give it your all, 'cause that's what pays This don't apply to the niggaz who salved
And fell out of their fam base, trying to chase the big bucks
It sucks, I know, when your heroes wanna appear to hoes
Super macho And watch the whole role and image of a mic champion
To the fam base, it simply can't be done
'Cuz they're your folks when you don't get the prop shit
They know you got the top shit and in it only for profit But since we on the topic, let me drop it
We need to stop this segregation of hip hop
Talking 'bout fuck the east coast and fuck the west
He's sold out 'cause someone either sings a notion in the chorus What is real hip hop then?
Only the shit you listen to, everything else pretending
I'm sending a message to my fam base
Fuck this is hip hop and this is rap, it came from the same place And there's a place for everything including
hieroglyphics
And we gonna come with it, as long as y'all with it
'Cause the fam base is like a legion
For one cause, we want the dope shit
'Cause the others got flossed Now I'm a fan who likes a lot of different things
I differentiate with music just to spread my wings
I always do my best that's why my fans love me
Not simply drop shit, so I can be bubbly We all got some preferences, that's just how it goes
But when you see there's an effort being made
Don't turn up your nose
Turn up the bass, race to go and buy it
And don't dub it, some of y'all do it, don't deny it Can't forget the bass
The bottom got 'em crawlin' to the wall, man
We got cassettes, CDs and LPs
DJs for days, whatever you do
Give it your all, 'cause that's what pays

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