

Ya Lil' Crumbsnatchers

Del the Funky Homosapien

Del made a pact to be well natural
Back from the wishing well to sell actual
Funk from the fungus grown in the trench
It's getting kinda heavy so I gotta pinch an inch And it's a cinch to let my hair grow like a plant
Eliminate the fat gold chains and the diaper pants
Trade 'em for a pair of Girbauds
Never make friends with the fraudulent foes Yes, I suppose that I'm fat from the supper
Skinny from the men that try to eat plenty
Now I got to flip on a copper like a penny
Vise a versa Quench your thirst with a swig of grapefruit juice straight from the thermos
Hock your jewels and you can drop your tools
And make a move that can turn us in the right direction
Show your affection as I correct men Who try to pull the wool over the third eye
Comin' fly with Mr. Greenjeans
It's a bird eye view of the Meadow
As I greet the many people that I meet with a, hello How do you do, my compadre? What up Kwame?
Back to the Meadow so I can show I'm a
Smooth black brother that is gifted
And if you try to lift this, yes, I got a witness Nicknamed, The Emperor
This wasn't meant for ya
You little crumbsnatcher

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