

No More Worries

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

[Featuring Hieroglyphics]

A Plus:

You don't have to worry any longer. . .

Yo wait a damn minute

Listen to the way the man spin it

Even with improper diction

I split in & gets ends

I'm lettin' suckas know

I'm fin ta buck a bro

The nigga figga he can dust a pro

Fessional I test a fool

I get a tool

And beat him wit it

He didn't see me wit it

And this is what I'ma do

Tie the crime to you

Niggas need to find a new rhyme to do

I remember when I used to grind a few

Indo sacks at my wack Sr. High School

But I told the Dean 'Bye fool.'

I graduated

He was a man I hated

And I'm glad I made it

Hie-ro

I know

You know

Fools know, that my crew's so

Phat, and niggas try to jack

Then I know they got my back

A-Plus must bust the wack.

Casual:

I'm fed up with the wackness and this weak shit

So peep the style and learn how to freak shit

I hope, ya, learn how ta cope

By the time you peep this shit here,

I'll be three times dooper

Yeah, this is for the trendy G's

To ya bitches, & High School enemies

All the hoes

Shoot me to the left & shit
Cause my financial state was on defecit

But I,

Really didn't trip

Now I'm livin' phatter

And then niggas don't matter

A lot a rappers try frontin' on me

Bet they ain't got nuttin' on me

And ain't no way that buck can harm me

I turn the mouths of MCs into molecules

Niggas locked onto me like my follicles

I swallow fools with no regurgitaion

We hurt ya face, men

When ya placed in my path.

[BRIDGE]

Del:

I bust asses

Ya slow like molasses

As this continues

Then you know the fastest

Computing, looting, I gets the root of things

Bitches with problems

I leave ya jaw numb

I slap hoes

My rap flows along

With the flow of the song

As I flow on the bong

I use Jedi mind tricks

To find tricks

Bind tricks, tie them up

Then I try and phuck then they die

And what do I care?

I dare hoes

And prepare flows cause I never spare those lives

Who strives

With knives & slice

I parylize ya twice

With fear

Del is nice to your ears.

Snupe:

Not of hardest, artists going far

Jack off from Jupiter

Because I'm shooting for the stars

I'm a mack

Never come wack

Gimme a 30 second snippit
I'll rip it
Because the shit gets deeper
Creep ya ass as the floor rocks
We got the beat hittin' hard like four cops
Shorts out my last record
I write my rhymes nekkid
Let me give you a tip
I'm on the balls
So just expect it
My rep gets phatter thinkin' about those kids
They tried to step and got plucked like they momma did
By the Mr. Mostskill
I did ya hoe, still
She's askin' for waxin' and taxin' cause she heard a hoe squeal
Hoes I'm, getting more plays than Showtime
The demon got ya screamin' with no shine
No time for regular run of the the mill
I'm packin' with steel boy soldiers
Never no more the soul soldier.

[BRIDGE]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MUCKALA, DAN / JONES, DENAINE
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>