No Need For Alarm

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

I wait to see your skull vibrate
When I bury the hatchet, I hope you catch it, I'll attach it
To his focus, when I broke his head in half
Feel the wrath, on my behalfI drop Math, and English, leave you squeamish
Then I squish your wish you're all fuckin' dreamers
No time for tiddlywinks, if your titties is pink
Then you are white and I'm not the right manBut you can blow pipe, my style is so tight
I be carvin', MC's when I'm starvin'
You little chunks of punks that I dunks in my coffee
Get off me, I'm not your softieBut you will cough for your breath and phlegm, death to them
And silly broads, I fuck 'em and I chuck 'em
In the river, without a liver and I donate to science, 'cause I'm a giver
The mysterious clearly busts brains with my brawnAsk Sean, Cassidy about how I trash MC's
On the daily, Alex Haley had to write about it
Doubt it but it's true, get a clue
I'm tellin' you the truth you'll be toothlessThe boots get smoked like they on fire, I desire
Like Salt 'N' Pepa, I'll fuck a fat heffer
Like I was Fritz the Cat, and she admits to fat
So I'm movin' removin' wackness from my stratosphere
If I thought that, that was nearYou still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm me
You still, still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm meYou still bet, still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm me
You still, still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm meYou're just a test tube baby, you can't fade me, but hey G
Your style is lazy, boy you're crazy
Losin' it, check out my fusion kit
It's welding rhymes and propelling, swellingGetting bigger, getting niggaz in headlocks
Instead lock your scanners on Bruce Banner
I crush fools plus tunes used by the master
Will blast you into Tuesday, when I bruise a motherfuckerWho mother suck a cock and his brother fuck a jock
And his sister, got blisters on her lips that be spreadin'
She be-headin' , showin' cleavage, with my futuristic styles
I leave kids in a trance, hypnotizin' your eyes spinBack in your head like you dead but instead you was buggin'
Ugly bitches get the dillz after shows
'Cause I don't be runnin' after hoes that be stank
I thank the Lord, for my thoughtConnected to my microphone, so check the cycle tone
That I be arousin', housin' your blouse and your pumps

The mac daddy makes you jump
I pump info, into nymphos, who be bonin'Clonin', Vanessa Del Rio
And yes sir Del see no evil, hear no evil
It's normal, I come formal
To keep 'em warm 'til the morn'You still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm me
You still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm meYou still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm me
You still bet that you can harm me
But you don't alarm meYou still bet that you can harm me
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