

# No Need for Alarm

## Del the Funky 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 behalf I 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 man But 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 dunk in my coffee  
Get off me, I'm not your softie But 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 brawn Ask 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 toothless The 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 near You 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 me You 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 me You'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, swelling Getting 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 motherfucker Who 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 spin Back 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 thought Connected 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  
But you don't alarm me  
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But you don't alarm me

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