

# Offspring

## Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Aiyyo, what up, El-P? Yo, what up, Del-phonic?  
Nuthin' man, I was on the bus the other day, man  
Tryin' to listen to my Walkman, this motherfucker all in my face  
Tryin' to holla at me and shit  
I'm like, "Man, dude you just a offspring" I'm very interplanetary and vary with various experiments  
Gregarious with verbals for your merriment  
What El-P tell me to use, the beat diffuse  
You lose and get played like a mood I'm rude revolting', leave you molting'  
No thing compares to my compadres  
We'll take it to Broadway  
It's beautiful, the execution flawless  
You all wet, soggy, groggy when you saw me But I never tire, whenever I adjust my thrust  
Females blush, I bring the California gold rush  
Your flow sucks, your stamina can't endure  
I manicure your lavender amateur landed words You haven't heard? Cannabis analyst  
Add a twist to my manuscripts  
I'll have you sent to the showers  
Me and El-P is superpowers like the U.S. and U.S.S.R.  
Blow you like the Deathstar Leave your chest scarred like Sagat  
My plot proliferates, hits you like barbiturates  
In a twist of fate and splits your face  
It's the great Deltron-Z, sound bombin'  
Run to mommy, I'm airin' out your dirty laundry I'm shootin', then executin', you're aiming from mainstream  
Your brain tingles, strangles your lame jingles  
Bingo, I bring flows that attack like wild dingoes  
Can't be pigeonholed, anything goes, gringo Here we go, up jumps the outcast, sever the connection  
My mostly overconfident acquaintances pull numbers  
To the anti-potions and fear that I drip sick in  
And rise out of my shell to teach sick or bedridden emcees  
'Til they fear livin' Blockin' the cocks that bust shots, spittin' smitten bitches  
'Til the day of the locust, kitchen cutlery cuts  
DMX 16 cross fade with a strange lust

Dr. Strangelove, born in the back of the train, fameless shameShared with acne pick brain pit  
Tried to capture the moment of subtle death  
Destro magnet spit, action fit into capsules  
Slipped in the dirty waterway speaker cabinets

Maximum b-boy axiom stabbin' shitIntellectual women find that my rhyme style relaxes them  
And wonder if I fuck to the same rhyme style pattern  
It's autobahn pipe bomb glass fragment

Shatter to break new jacks at after parties for actin' actualFactor X into your formula for fresh thoughts  
With a Megalon wingspan that bulge from the back of the text radical  
Radio time tracks flatten your flattery

The tradition excuse used by biters, ambiguously homoKnotted tights and colored underwear  
That's wrapped around the brittle legs of things without weapons  
I'm grief diseased brethren  
Swim in a sea of shit and malt liquor, feed on Excedrin

Radiate through tenements, emcees bleed estrogenWatch insanity increase, break it up piece by piece  
Never weak in the least, think you better see a priest  
Mortality, don't battle me, it's costly

We the raw breed, all of y'all is just the offspringYo Del, kick that shit againTomahawkin' your tom-tom club  
You tried to holler at me at my show, lookin' like you on drugs  
You love the Del, I'll thug you, bumpin' Juvenile

Thinkin' you in style, packin' like you movin' nowI move top speed, scot free with cock-D  
Knock-kneed delivery that scorches you like Lockheed  
Dr. Decibel, my deliverance is questionable

But as far as this session goes, I'm wreckin' skullsBetter check your pulse, we visionaries with this  
Scarin' the shit outta record labels next to fatal  
Right beside homicide, bona fide bewilderment

Militant diligence like I'm buildin' pyramidsPeel your cap reveal your lack of flavor  
Track your pager plus your celly  
Piss on your Pele Pele, catch you comin' out of belly  
Dumbin' out daily, tell me, what was your rationale?

Think of matchin' Del? I disconnect your PactellMy mobile code words, showboat with no hope  
For any rhyme you kick or any beat you load up  
Leave you catatonic off a bag of chronic, scan less with anthems  
Stomp your little cadence out at randomRan-random, ran-random  
El and Del-aphonic known to go off on a tantrum  
Now you knowFor the backpackers, for the computer hackers  
For the misplaced famous, for all the video gamers  
For the deranged krylon stain makers  
For the hungry hungry ass verbal brain rapists  
That New York to the Bay shit  
Go off, go off