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 moodI'm rude revoltin', leave you moltin'
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 meBut 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 wordsYou 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 DeathstarLeave 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 laundryI'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, gringoHere 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 ungry hungry ass verbal brain rapists
That New York to the Bay shit
Go off, go off

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