No More Worries

Del the Funky Homosapien

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 and gets endsI'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 itAnd 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 SchoolBut 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
If niggas try to jack then I know they got my back
A-Plus must bust the wackI'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 doperYeah, this is for the trendy G's
To ya bitches and High School enemies
All the hoes shoot me to the left and shit
'Cause my financial state was on deficitBut 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 meI turn the mouths of MC's into molecules
Niggas locked onto me like my follicles
I swallow fools with no regurgitation
We hurt ya face, men when ya placed in my pathI 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 numbI slap hoes, my rap goes 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 fuckThen they die and what do I care?
I dare hoes and prepare flows

'Cause I never spare those lives
Who strives with knives and slice
I paralyze ya twice with fear
Del is nice to your earsNot 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 snippet I'll rip it because the shit gets deeperCreep 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 itMy rep gets phatter thinkin' about those kids
They tried to step and got fucked like they momma did
By the Mr. Mostskill, I did ya hoe, still
She's askin' for waxin' 'cause she heard a hoe squealHoes, 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

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