Eye Examination

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I never had real friends 'til now
I never had to steal endz, 'cause that's foul
I walk the streets with the baseball bat feelin' secure
But I try not to incite fights that's immatureActions that come back to haunt
I work hard to get the things that I want, and never flaunt
Never post where the most guys post high
I keep my focus towards the ground, and pound
Any brother who's my ace to my faceEven if snakes on the unda', I try not to wonda'
Trainin' my brain wit' mental anguish
Strange, it's rather eerie, clearly just a whim
I adjust the hymn
Deal with the dealers and the squealers and the jockeys
I can take the fizz out the carbonated copyImprints are made in the sand as I walk
Dim hints reveal rather grand as I talk
Small individuals seem larger
When they take charge of their antics
Makin' them giganticSo you never suspect their neck bein' strained
So many situated thoughts in the brain
Heavy weight gain, so I weight train
'Cause to me the weight gain is a great gainAnd I hate sane individuals
Close they nose to new aromas
I got the smellin' salts that are prone ta'
Clear the nasal, dazeYou'll probably make a raise to a new level
And see the true devil
Any color ya wish because the devil takes any shape
Any form, any swarmRide over your dish like a picnic
I think the sick shit, I had my wrist slit
Like a suicide, but I survived and you can too
Plan to live a full life free of anxieties
While you're at it try to keep an eye on meThe man with meditation skills wastin' spills
Lyrical liquid, fillin' streams wit' dreams
And I will cream whoever seems wicked

Oral floral arrangements is strange sinceYou don't have the comprehension
I will stop and lynch them
I'm not the one promotin' gun totin'
'Cause I contain within my brain these computations
Just as potentThe mental torturer, of course
You will acknowledge me
'Cause Mr. Twister places pictures
Mental fixtures of photographyShitty little bitties never get their clitties done
But I don't think they'll resist
Mr. Twister when I flex my verbal techs
Exit mental anorexic
I don't cater to the imbecile, so you can bet this
Is a brain buster, pain thruster, strain twisterOverwhelming pressure between the temples
When I touch the microphone, I might condone
The usage of abuse if it is convenient
I slant and lean it
Like a lever when I leave ya mutilatedBy my enuciated cleaver
I survived the ither and the either
Now let me take a breather
From my own little world, little girls, little boys
Stay free of hurries, free of worriesThat's riddle poised for posterity
Where are we, goin' from here
As a ho, and I don't know
And that's the biggest fear
When I'm flippin' into darkness
Now I'm askin' can I spark this?It's D E L, y'all
From Hieroglyphics y'all
Sayin' peace

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