Burnt (feat. The Hyrogliphics)

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

DEL:
Mista, twista, get ya
every single time when I rhyme like I know so I flow
with tha gifted tounge, an encriptic rung
new phases to enter the mazes-play this
two times a day with the dayo
day, hey, hey ho with a day light come
I plum forgot what a wack rhyme was
because I buzz like a bee in the ears of my peers so
they know and I know we all know day hey yo-
day light come and me wanna go home-
cool
no tool, no Smith and Wesson
just an oppisite so I can pop a bit of
shit on the mic when I get on the mic
"pee-pee--pee-ping!"
I ricochet a bit on the mic
and I like it-
Just like the Gulf or World War II
d-e-l will say and straight slay anyone who
makes advances when I make um heel
peel off the anwsers when i'm drilling in your skull like a beaver
binito-but I ain't finished
till I like to flip side rhymes cause the rhythm gets deminished.
Casual
I would if I could but I ain't cause I'm dank
time for me to lay down the law: who's raw?
you saw the blues and the shoes of the writer
stronger than a siskel and your like a side bar
artery-
try to win the lottery before you try to slaughter me
because I'm not the g

to be stepped to
let loose negative bones
that my rep crew I let loose negative tones
so you better get flows to counter act what we've done
proceed more stunts cause I'm hard like a street, son
we go and step back as I wreck shop
pronounced to break necks of those who won't stop
artist-the one who does better they ain't found
and if someone else tries to step: I knock that ass down
the bigger the batter the bigger the fatter is
whenever you figure this nigga is gettin his
be real and don't kill my walk with your next thought
and answer that your boss-
cause that's when you lost
keep on losing, amusing many tactics
I came to earn more green than Saint Patrick
and I make backs if you get caught frontin'
never bought a Newport but I'm on the button.
Tajai
I needs no sugar crisp to get swift
so what with two sylabols-it's just the positive
Tajai
I steals Souls that try to steal my laddin
coming to your brain like I would on a sheet
I respond with no distraction when I see one
fatter than re-run so what's happennin'?
it's not where you from, it's just how you come
correct my stacks will get rough to bake
get phucked enough to my men like idie midie
look in the membrane enough because I am a righty
fight these-
you'll catch follies if you folly
I make shanks to stick fakes I'm dank and you're quaint
wack shit puritian surround like ineffectual
I get um-blunt style like the heart of homosexuals.
not for sex when you cross the intersection you're damaged
get bruised knuckles and what you look for
bad ones
busted a few much more than two
a slew of sold ass phonies,
bust their cohonies
try,
you'll catch my Vans in your highnee
that's if my bankrupt slips though I doubt
how do you want to convert me in time

but I seize more than those candies-nothing gets by me
so play them tracks-
and you'll go out like beta max
next to Tajai cause I kicks the greater stacks.
Opio
Be deep boom-
bob your head to this, mischievous
soul socidle,
idle chatter never slips off the lips of this writter
might not be the greater innovater of the mind scheme
but my style is like the visine: it gets your eyes opening.
this raggedy andy gets dandy like a lion in the meadow
while the teapot blows steam like a kettle
the hip to the hop
I make up flip when I get drastic
stepping with their moods but their flows are pornographic
and man with the vocal making the locals go insane
the regal rhyming speech substan-nance for the brain
get frisky with the phrases like you praises like a deity
the one with liberated souls
-control for infinity
got style much slimma-kids' got a body child
Hieroglyphics gonna flip the rhythm for the meanwhile
articulate my lingo as I linger in my medium of speech
and I could keep poppin cause I'm trying to teach
a smidgen of religion to the fraudulant
listen, pay attention I'm the master of this convention
kick the wigidy while ye style be stutering
just like smiley
skipping singles down your satur-dreams to bad it seems you try me
and I can make it play down into extreme conscienceness
plus your wondering extinguish all them myths
optimistic, stylistic, mysticness I'm swift like murcury
nursing me
I show I've got the gift.
A-Plus
People call me Snupe: that's because I'm living fat
People call me nasty: that's because I eat the cat
and I swing a bat to knuckle heads, leaving devils dead
never said
never cause I cock my head
better dreadlock on the top of my head,
never flakky
if this was a peel then Bodasa couldn't shake me
or bake me

cause Betty Crocker's oven isn't hot enough
if you wanna spread the skins
then I got alot of stuff
got it? tough-got enough-gotta lick it twice
why step? here's a fly rep
I kept my step ladder
I had a fatter flow to be hittin on
now it's just a smidgen like a pidgeon I be shittin' on
sittin on a futon...
slip the larger roots on
I'm the type of brotha that ya have to keep ya boots on
opps-
I'm sorry cause I didn't mean to dis you
I could hook a hoe and make um blow like I was tissue
mary had a little lamb, Adam got a lot of doe
looking in my garden,
schylar got a lotta hoes
Yo-I didn't mean hoes, yo I meant women
If she got the pooh, I got the trunks: let's go swimming
dip dip dive as I'm live
moving in on the top of my jock you don't stop
here a pimp there a pimp everywhere a pimp pimp
this A-plus grades the quiz-so there it is.

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