Future Development

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"Earth to Del, Earth to Del, Earth to Del do you read me?
Do you copy Del? It seems we've lost radio contact
Descend for warp speed so you can receive transmission"

Each rap is texture-mapped to perfection
A 3-D world for you to step in
I leave MC's stranded on asteroids
Floatin through the void of space
Del the black man, African back again
Crackin windshields, so I can heal your souls
When you feel my flows
A wild beast when I piece together beats like puzzles
MCs feel muzzled like dobermans
Its over when you try duplicate
And then your tooth'll ache for tryin to sink your teeth in
Meetin your maker, Del the caretaker here break your life
Away from you faker the Tammy Faye Baker
I shake your brain up like Quaker Oats
For tryin to memorize my maniacal quotes
The funk coats your eardrums, Oaklands where we're from
The deviant, workin feverishly but easily
Eagerly awaiting your arrival
Hide all you cowards
You're powerless I'm live and in technicolor and tumorous
Your humorous, my rhymes are numerous
I'm too elaborate in my habitat
With words that hit your skull like a battle ax, imagine that
I'm actually destined cause I'm acutal perfection
Equals natural selection with rhymes as my secret weapon
This involvement in my newest installment
Is dissolved in the chains on your brains like solvent
I can't call it, all it means is my genes
Comes from supreme beings, ancestors ya can't step ta

No way out come right in, writin incredible shit
They can't meddle with us
Future development is too intelligent
Future development, too too intelligent
No way out come right in, writin incredible shit

You can't meddle with us

"And you say it, And niggaz are still frontin with that
old technology shit, why is this soundin garbage?"
To many fans and not enough artists
Niggaz frontin heartless like they packin ultra cartriges
You ain't gonna smoke me, you smoke weed
I've seen some sick characters and they ain't scared a ya
The true soldiers who will unload on your intersect
Not me I'm into Tex and Mex
Giant robos and ponos, and road shows
I like to blow dough on the latest, not the status quo though
More pull than yo-yo duncan
Puttin passion in my rappin like a tongue kiss and right on by the hundreds
With no bass the foundation crumbles
Like niggaz bumble they whole life over rumbles
Scandals, sure you got hand skills
But unless you gonna be a boxer who's gonna offer
Your hand scrill? (Nobody) I used to program computers
Now I make manuvers on the mic to screw ya
On the ole, how it goes how the flow for the uninitiated
Plus on the side, get my own life sitiated
You know writin lyrics in between lines
Play some Samauri Spirits, oops
Drop funky like defecation, poop
Leavin ya mute moose, speechless
Niggaz blackin out like an eclipse
No defense for your pretense
Which is just a feat to proposal
Towards your disposal
Del flow solo, fully mobilized the wise words
So niggaz can get the total
Perception, perfection destined for greatness
Etched in your consciousness, metaphorically monstrous

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