In and Out

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

Fun, even funner
I'm the gunner sub-machine gun
It don't seem right, that they don't get my theme right
They don't know me,
So we move forward
More words & phrases
My style amazes
Come into the scene with the means to rip shit
My brain's power packed with the proper equipment
So step
I come inta the area to bury ya
I compose the flows
Makin' people merrier
Never the less, I sever the flesh
With a razor
Reserve the major beef
I'ma slay ya, hey
You never came across a person like me
I never instigate
First come strike me
Then I'll flip
And rip clothing, and I'm loathing
MCs who front like I don't know things
Uh uh
Check again
I get wreck again
On the down low
Because you sound slow
Retarded MCs get neglected
& check it
Anytime I hafta show a foe
I'ma flex it
Then I exit
With my records & my next shit
Prepared, so be scared
I strike unexpected
I write rhymes in sections
Testin' my slang
I bang MCs with these

& make 'em hang
Dangle, what's ya angle?
When I strangle and choke
I hold Bennedicts by their throat
Until they sing notes like a canary
Fairy, or genies
We slipped out
They never seen me bust his face
I like bass when it hums
And that sums up my properties for the dumb-dums
Someone need to check him
Deck him
Slam him
And put him in the bushes
So 'shush' kids
No one needs to know
I'll proceed & go into
And then tell ya what I've been through.

[CHORUS:]
"In one ear, right out the other,
Go tell ya sister, go tell ya mother,
In one ear, right out the other,
Go tell ya father, go tell ya brother,
In one ear, right out the other."

I would feel comfortable
If your front would go elsewhere
Or disappear
Hear my specific style that's speaking
Creeking, making noises in the nightime
When I write rhymes
I look out my window
It's a bright day
And I might display my skills in the hills
Or, in a different neighborhood
Cause my flavor could
Be the best, so lets test this
Yes, bitch
I saw you posted at the pool table
I could never talk to you
But now a fool's able
With the best of luck
And, hey, how do you impress a duck?
By pullin' out a wad of bucks

Shucks
I need to stop this
I plop this, played this
I murder MCs
& leave their pens inkless
Do you think this is a twist
A turn, I insist
To burn those foes who haven't learned
To keep they mouths closed
Guinness Stout flows
Through your intestines, when life is depressin'
I built my foundation using patients
Some didn't hear us
Some had to state it...

[CHORUS]

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