

Press Rewind

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Check my comprehensive catalog of crafts
I'm daffed, I battle all like I don't have it all
Avant-garde, battlestar Galactica
Got rhymes per capital I'm shining through the aperture
But I'm not gonna bust no caps for ya
That's another genre, I'm the black bomber
Track charmer, sack burner Distract burdens if it ain't that urgent
Nerve prints word sentinel, invisible, infidel interstellar
Hella clever, endeavors immeasurable
With only heaven to go incredible Melodramatic wit tales from the tablet
You fail 'cause you average
Regardless of your sells and your status
You extra baggage I bamboozle like I'm mobbin' in a land cruiser
Down MacArthur, artistic archer, autistic misfit
You'll get the sickness
When I spit the wickedness And split cha wig like Kid Icarus
Leave you headless like Icky-bod
I infuriated, tick you off, stick to Pop
Hip-Hop's too difficult to me, it's a cult
Lyrics lacerated, slit cha throat
Beat cha brain down like Piscopo with Smith Colt I don't know, Different Strokes
So respect me for I whip out ol' Betsy
Surgically remove you from my testes
Purposely improve you just to see who the best be But sold up sexy
Take a poll and know the prestige
Large lefty, I automate, animate, my soul sanitation
Like I gotta canvas painting manifestations Eh, who's ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
Frontin' on your fake false appearances
Drive you delirious, dead serious
The eeriest mic mysterious Eh peep, who's ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
Frontin' on your fake false appearances
Drive you delirious, dead serious

The eeriest mic mysterious Go ahead, try symbiosis
 But most rap artist don't have any focus
 Think they flippin' chips, try penny brokers
 Kipsco or pennyloafers Get my album I'll show you how it's done
 Delatious, hella atrocious wit' vocals
 My throat holds verbal choke pose
 Po-po's in ya scrolls, my goals are not rifles I flow scrimmage like the Microdots
 You might go pop and I might grow crops
 Go get the gestapo, you riskin' a pot full of gold
 Pull a zodiac sign to halftime Reenact rhymes from a past life of a flashlight
 Man, you don't know the half
 Dash right to the phonograph
 Blow your balderdash Coordinates confirm, subordinates will learn
 My ordnance is stern so supportin' my fern
 Is the only way in this lonely age where you goin' crazed
 Your style is sold and paid for 'cause I made more Water emcees like a bayshore
 Bullets graze doors
 In Oakland where they lay law
 Del is going AWOL wit' napalm Eight bombs taped to my arms like the town crier
 Now miser, strider, spit exciter, rippin' plywood
 Forget beef cakin' lyrical cheapskates
 Try Del and win the sweepstakes What I make is so hot, it's seethin'
 Off the deep end, stop your breathin'
 Caught cha sleepin'
 Now you're peekin' like you've eaten
 A hundred microdots wreck your equinox Delete every piece of props
 Leave your perforated, curb your hatred
 Deserve your matrix in the Word Olympics
 Completely furnished wit' burners like Ted Turner
 I broadcast the classics, fabulous, fantastic Peep, who ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
 Frontin' on your fake false appearances
 Drive you delirious, dead serious
 The eeriest mic mysterious Hey, who ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
 Frontin' on your fake false appearances
 Drive you delirious, dead serious
 The eeriest mic mysterious And the survey says
 "Go practice or something, man"
 You know peace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>