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 capitaI'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 burnerDistract burdens if it ain't that urgent
Nerve prints word sentinel, invisible, infidel interstellar
Hella clever, endeavors immeasurable
With only heaven to go incredibleMelodramatic wit tales from the tablet
You fail 'cause you average
Regardless of your sells and your status
You extra baggageI bamboozle like I'm mobbin' in a land cruiser
Down MacArthur, artistic archer, autistic misfit
You'll get the sickness
When I spit the wickednessAnd 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 ColtI 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 beBut sold up sexy
Take a poll and know the prestige
Large lefty, I automate, animate, my soul sanitation
Like I gotta canvas painting manifestionsEh, who's ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
Frontin' on your fake false appearances
Drive you delirious, dead serious
The eeriest mic mysteriousEh 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 mysteriousGo ahead, try symbiosis
But most rap artist don't have any focus
Think they flippin' chips, try penny brokers
Kipsco or pennyloafersGet my album I'll show you how it's done
Delateous, hella atrocious wit' vocals
My throat holds verbal choke pose
Po-po's in ya scrolls, my goals are not riflesI 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 halftimeReenact rhymes from a past life of a flashlight
Man, you don't know the half
Dash right to the phonograph
Blow your balderdashCoordinates 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 moreWater emcees like a bayshore
Bullets graze doors
In Oakland where they lay law
Del is going AWOL wit' napalmEight 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 sweepstakesWhat 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 equinoxDelete 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, fantasticPeep, who ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
Frontin' on your fake false appearances
Drive you delirious, dead serious
The eeriest mic mysteriousHey, who ever hearin' this, Deltron-Z be a lyricist
Frontin' on your fake false appearances
Drive you delirious, dead serious
The eeriest mic mysteriousAnd the survey says
"Go practice or something, man"
You know peace

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