X-Files

Del the Funky Homosapien

Star-struck MC's receive no attention
From the man whose mind is not even in this dimension
I'm on another plane, sicker than the mother brain
The ultimate expression, yes indeedHeed, my flow's symphonic, hypnotic, psychotic
Never semiotic but doper than narcotics
A few a y'all caught it on my first release
But now, my power's increased, enhancedDel meets the fans halfway, and slap a rapper in his chops
The temperature drops, you get pneumonia
Or maybe exposed to radiation by plutonium
Some say rap's an idiom, get the A S R S PAnd then a medium, the best of both worlds
Brilliantly engineered, lyrics dement your fear
Del is now in the clear, I was in prison
But now free to be everything that I envisionAbandon the plan and the uninspired
And the haters that cater to their needs agree
It's bizarre, by far anarchy no control
No soul, the whole fucking planet's gonna foldUnless we administer, since, as we enter the
Twenty-first century even your worst enemy
Gotta get it together, mentally and systematically
When niggers think I'm a smart-ass, it makes 'em mad at meWhy? 'Cause I try my best to eliminate ignorance
Not letting my brain burn out like cigarettes
There's bigger threats besides thieves or your pet peeves
But what's right in your face is what nobody believesDel, what you got up your sleeve?
If it was up to me
I would pass the baton 'cause it's tough to lead
But still I drop facts here and there so I can up the seed
So you must believeDel, what you got up your sleeve?
If it was up to me
I would pass the baton 'cause it's tough to lead
But still I drop facts here and there so I can up the seed
So you must believe X-FilesLots of rappers today depend on imagery
I myself depend on skills and my energy
It's maddening at every single gathering
Of young black youth it's got to be some niggers badgeringAveraging out to be 'bout three out a G
Now motherfuckers build stereotypes 'cause it's all they see
I take glee in the fact that I'm me
Not a follower, a dollar wouldn't make me sell my soulDel is old-school compared to your subterfuge
I got the same code of ethics Jungle Brothers use
Now, every nigger wanna be crime related
Can't rhyme creative and they're made of self-hatredThat's why they overstep boundaries that's sacred

From the street to the corporate scene they all mean business
Self for self, phony doesn't work
Your soul holds no weight when you let the Devil lurkFighting evildoers I been evil myself
But I'm still a black man with experience under my belt
I may be young but my soul is old
Living in the ice ages where a nigga's soul is coldDon't give a fuck about your life or his
But if you get a gat for protection, who lives?
Comin' up ain't the same as pullin' everybody else down
But try telling that to niggers that are spellboundThey'll probably say that you talk too much
They gotta think too much
So just be careful who you trustDel, what you got up your sleeve?
If it was up to me
I would pass the baton 'cause it's tough to lead
But still I drop facts here and there so I can up the seed
So you must believeDel, what you got up your sleeve?
If it was up to me
I would pass the baton 'cause it's tough to lead
But still I drop facts here and there so I can up the seed
So you must believe X-Files, X-Files, peace

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