Treats for the Kiddies

Del the Funky Homosapien

[TALKING]
"A problem? Yeah I got a problem.
Cause. . . I been waitin for how
long for this shit to come out?
Now this the tricks and treats shit, ya know?
Now all y'all motherphukkers that listen to it,
and I'm sick and tired of
this shit, because...
all you wack motherphukkers keep comin out with records!
And guess what I'm about to do?
Guess what I'm 'bout to do?!
I'm 'bout to catch you out there. . .
and chopyourmotherphukkinheadoff!!!"
Who's the jester?
Under pressure?
Not me!
I hate emcees a lot, flee
Escape,
I'll tape your mouth closed
Dispose of your flows
The ones that you chose
Don't compare
Where is your other shit?
When I discover it
I'm shovin that shit
Right back in your mouth,
And start with another kick
Good riddance
Suds of blood like the Red Sea splashes
When I smash kids
Ashes and cremations
We wait in
The torture chamber
Of course you blame a
Brother like Del for murder
Word up, on a mission
It's in my heart
Rippin fools apart
You dart and dash

But I'll remove your heart fast
With my bare hands
Stashed it into their plans
I'd like to see it pulsate in my palm
Squeeze it, squish it
Eat it with a biscuit
For breakfast
You're next if
You step with
Your bright ideas
I might apply years
Of rhymin
Til the time when
I blind men
With a flash of light
I'll blast you right
In the corneas
I'm warnin ya's
So take heed to that
Before you bleed, in fact
I'm keepin niggaz outta my head
Outta my head
Instead,
they bled
They dead,
call the Feds
[Chorus (4x):]
"This is how you're treated (this is how you're treated)
When my rhyme's completed
Niggaz get defeated (defeated!)"
I wanna push and shove
Take off the kid gloves
Tearin the terrorist
Where a fist
Holds a dagger
Stick it in your stomach and drag your
Insides across the ground
Get 'em at the lost and found
At the police station
I'm patient
I won't get you yet
So no sweat
You're no threat
I bet I can belt your brain
When my scalpel felt your brain

You convulsed
No pulse
We lost him
Cost him his life
Phukkin around
It's too easy to buck 'em down
Let 'em drown
Face down in a toilet
Take his brain and boil it
Watchin who I tell 'cause they'll spoil it
They might reveal
My anger is real
Keep your lips sealed
Or yo might be the next to keel over
or Murderous
Refer to us
When you feel the need
To bleed your chicken feed
Yeah, plead for mercy
Before I burst free
I'm blood thirsty
When it comes to who disturbs me
I make your life complicated
Emcees get ground and grated
While they waited
In the lobby
It's my hobby
It'll prob'ly be me
Who sees your knees
Buckle-
Phuk you
And your duck crew
I'ma pluck you from safety
When I break free
[CHORUS (4x)]

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