Check It Ooout

Del the Funky Homosapien

When it's time for me to recline
I listen to rhymes and beats in the waves of the spine,
to the brain
relievin' pain & anguish
the stangest arrays make me sway and make my day brighta
the hip hop envia.
write arrive a little soona
check the soles on my Pumas
my attitude is miserable
cause in my mind I'm sayin' here's a fool I don't like
I won't strike his ass in the face
I'm blastin' the bass in my headphones
a fool don't have to get his head flown
why waste time with rhymes?
I get straight to the point
like I HATE when funk's in the joint
the hip hop is playin'
sprintin' in to spray men
don't threaten me
or you won't be able to see
when I gouge ya eyes out
I despise doubt
on your part
like I won't stab you in your heart
my flow is drastic
serious, sarcastic
my motto is,
"Phuck with me & get your ass kicked."
And that's the key to understandin' me
and if they cool then the foot is what you'll be brandin', B
yeah...
[BRIDGE:]
"Check It ooooout!" (Repeat)
I love to peep a rhyme
first of all I'm seein' if my man can keep the time
if he go off beat, and it's on purpose
he gotta come back on the beat
or the effort is worthless
I like ot hear a cool flow

but if it's identical to another, he a fool for it
ya gotta build,
upon skills
and all that copy that most popular rapper shit can get killed
I like a nigga who is quick witted
cause it make me feel like I do, when I come from where my dick splitted
and I admit it, it's a joy
when I hear a nigga avoid the wack and make 'em paranoid
I loves niggas who talk shit
cause that's my department
I got somethin' for anyone who starts shit
cause I'm relentless
with a sentence
a jail sentence, after I beat you senseless
I like niggas when they add rhymes, mad rhymes
then I laugh at niggas who fell off and had rhymes
just some descriptions of what I like to listen to
with my Bruce Banner scanner point of view... ('Pe-urnnnn')
[BRIDGE]
Now I'm bout to clown a bitch
she made my eyebrows twitch
cause she's rich
yeah, real funny
she makes some money
for puttin' other niggas down
you nuthin' but a clown
you can't write
and you're not bright
you fail to notice the dopeness
cause you have no insight
you need to quit
you ain't shit
you need to get a lesson, in hip hop detection
and you're next in my list to jack
it's a fact not fiction
bitch, stop ya bitchin'
you write articles
I'ma rip apart ya skull
cause ya dull
not entertainin'
I'ma put ya brain in orbit
cause I'm morbid
thinkin' a new ways to kill ya
and yo,
I feel ya

ya too critical
and ain't got a bit a pull
just admit it fool
before we get rid of you
a rolling stone gathers no moss
and now who will pay the cost
and afterwards get lost
hit the dirt, before you get hurt
I eat stupid bitches like you and a rhyme for dessert
I bet you never get no dick
you make me so sick
so my pistol is loaded...
[BRIDGE]

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