

# Del's Nightmare

## Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let me tell you a little story about the slave master  
Use a whip on your ass so you behave faster  
You got chains on your neck and the man's respect  
You'll work all damn day but you will never see a check in the field  
Cotton you yield, your skin peels off your back  
From the crack of the whip, it won't heal  
Ya wish, you had a shield 'cause he wields iron  
So when you act up, he smokes ya and keeps firing and it's tiring  
Forget about recreation  
One wrong move and it's death you're facing  
White mothafuckaz got the ball and chain  
On your leg and in the form of religion on your brain  
They say, you the devil, you say, who the devil?  
Some of us was house niggers, some of us was rebels  
Some tried to get along the best they could  
And didn't nobody use the phrase, it's all good, would you?  
They got you living like a shrew  
They throw you pig lips and chicken gizzards then you make a stew  
They give us a white Jesus to appease us  
We talk among ourselves and hope nobody sees us  
They had our brothers beating us, called us creations  
Plus monkeys, they just junkies mistreating us  
The master said, "If you don't whip 'em, you're dead"  
It was fucking with his head but he beat us instead and we bled  
Red blood flowing like a flood  
Then he'd rape your mother stick her face in the mud  
They were ruthless! If you tried to front, you'd be toothless  
Some tried to run even though it seemed useless  
Virginity was torn, soon babies was born  
That was half white and now his skin is kind of light  
You think you're special, because they let you oversee the carnage?  
But I bet you will get hung, even if you stick out your tongue  
'Cause they pull out the shank and stick it right through your lung  
Now it's 96 and white people say, forget it,  
it's all in the past  
And some even regret it 'cause they think we'll set it  
Now my missions to get federal  
So I can raise a black family with a true devil  
And you know how that goes  
The slave master watching over you

Always trying to tell you what the fuck to do  
The slave master watching over you  
But ain't nothing gonna stop me and my crew  
The slave master watching over you  
Always trying to tell you what the fuck to do  
The slave master watching over you  
But ain't nothing gonna stop me and my crew  
This is for you kids trying to get signed  
Just a little something you should keep in mind  
The labels are slave masters, artists are slaves  
Don't get too raunchy, they want you to behave  
You get signed, you're thinking this is great  
But wait you never knew what was at stake  
Creative control they withhold, you sell your soul  
When you sign on the dotted line hoping to go gold  
But you'll never see that, not without promotion  
The label'll just throw your shit out and got it floatin'  
You think your shit is potent but ain't nobody buying it  
If they ain't never heard of it, ain't nobody trying it  
If they ain't never heard of it, your record' they murder it  
You can complain but they are not concerned a bit  
'Cause when they signed you, they thought you'd make a hit  
'Cause of who you were affiliated with and all that bullshit  
Frustrations, all these rules and regulations  
Just so you can have your shit heard by the nation and be patient  
'Cause by the time they find a lead release,  
your shit is ancient  
You think they're working your album? You're mistaken  
And if you flop, you get dropped, 'cause you ain't the star  
You didn't go pop, just straight up hip hop, time to get a mop  
'Cause without no promotion, of course sales drop  
Peep the break down if tapes cost ten  
You'll probably only get to see a dollar in the end  
That you cannot spend 'cause your budget gets recouped  
So you never get cash unless your record is shoop  
You better hope you get shows, which will not happen  
If you don't have a record that's the main attraction  
Even if you sell a million, you'll get burned  
'Cause they keep half your cash just in case of returns  
For a while, you wonder why rappers don't smile  
'Cause to them, you're not an artist, you're just another file  
Another nigger used to make another buck  
They don't give a fuck and if your shit don't blow up, tough  
But the star gets both promotion and devotion  
From the whole fucking staff, at you, they laugh  
The star probably don't know that he the house nigger  
Thinking he bigger 'cause he's the, pick of the litter  
These labels think backwards  
They push the acts that need it the least  
So they can get all the money they can when it's released  
They take you to a restaurant for a feast  
And then expect you to pick up the check?  
That's why I give props to niggaz who is independent  
'Cause they make they own money, plus decide how to spend it  
Splendid and lets end it and don't get offended  
The slave master watching over you  
Always trying to tell you what the fuck to do  
The slave master watching over you

But ain't nothing gonna stop me and my crew  
The slave master watching over you  
Always trying to tell you what the fuck to do  
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But ain't nothing gonna stop me and my crew  
Hieroglyphics

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