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 fieldCotton 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 tiringForget 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 brainThey 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 usThey 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 bledRed 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 uselessVirginity 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 lungNow 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 goesThe 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 crewThe 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 crewThis 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 behaveYou 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 goldBut 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 dropPeep 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 shoopYou 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 returnsFor 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, toughBut 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 litterThese 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 offendedThe 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 crewThe 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
Hieroglyphics

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