In and Out

Del the Funky Homosapien

Fun, even funner, I'm the gunner, sub machine gun
It don't seem right that they don't get my theme right
They don't know me, so we move forward
More words and phrases, my style amazesCome into the scene with the means to rip shit
My brain's power packed with the proper equipment
So step, I come into the area to bury ya
I compose the flows makin' people merrierNever the less, I sever the flesh with a razor
Reserve the major beef, I'ma slay ya, hey
You never came across a person like me
I never instigate first come strike meThen I'll flip and rip clothing, and I'm loathing
MCs who front like I don't know things
Check again, I get wreck again on the down low
Because you sound slowRetarded MCs get neglected and check it
Anytime I hafta show a foe, I'ma flex it
Then I exit with my records and my next shit
Prepared, so be scared, I strike unexpectedI write rhymes in sections, testin' my slang
I bang MCs with these and make 'em hang
Dangle, what's ya angle? When I strangle and choke
I hold Benedicts by their throatUntil they sing notes like a canary, fairy or genies
We slipped out, they never seen me bust his face
I like bass when it hums and that sums up
My properties for the dum dumsSomeone need to check him, deck him, slam him
And put him in the bushes, so 'shush' kids
No one needs to know, I'll proceed and go into
And then tell ya what I've been throughIn one ear, right out the other
In one ear, right out the other
Go tell ya sister, go tell ya mother
In one ear, right out the otherIn one ear, right out the other
In one ear, right out the other
Go tell ya father, go tell ya brother
In one ear, right out the otherI would feel comfortable if your front
Would go elsewhere or disappear
Hear my specific style that's speaking
Creeking, making noises in the nighttimeWhen I write rhymes, I look out my window
It's a bright day and I might display
My skills in the hills or in a different neighborhood
'Cause my flavor could be the best, so let's test thisYes, bitch, I saw you posted at the pool table
I could never talk to you but now a fool's able
With the best of luck and, hey, how do you impress a duck?

By pullin' out a wad of bucks, shucksI need to stop this, I plop this, played this
I murder MCs and leave their pens ink less
Do you think this is a twist, a turn?
I insist to burn those foes who haven't learnedTo keep they mouths closed guineas stout flows
Through your intestines, when life is depressin'
I built my foundation using patients
Some didn't hear us, some had to state itIn one ear, right out the other
In one ear, right out the other
Go tell ya sister, go tell ya mother
In one ear, right out the otherIn one ear, right out the other
In one ear, right out the other
Go tell ya father, go tell ya brother
In one ear, right out the other

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