

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"Ahonetwo, Ahonetwo"

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[Chorus:]

"Ahonetwo, ahonetwo, I like it..."

I'm chocolate like a Barr

but my name is not Roseanne

my skin has a pigment, reminiscent of a tan

I plan to grow dreads

but first a nappy fro

the longer the hair

the easier to scare a foe

it grows from my head until it covers up my face

people look & stare when I walk into the palce

this is just a taste form the Funkee Human Being

ain't no misbehavin'

ain't no use for ravin'

surrounded by the people who would stab me in the
back

my skin is really brown

even though it's labeled black

sometimes I wear a cap, and sometimes I wear
bandannas

forbidden in L.A. but I wore one in Atlanta

I chisled up a sculpture

to complement my culture

thoughts of silly nubians is prone to give me ulcers

hangin' with the brothers who are tribal in their ways

for this is how I like to spend my days

and it pays

to steal a groovy sample form the archives

use my mental staff to eliminate aparthied

still gather papes like my man Malcom Forbes

ponderin' my life as I look into my orbs.

[Chorus:]

I love the shade of green like my brother Billy Bixby

I utilise a sample that I salvaged from the 60's

cause I'm picky

my meal must appeal to me like Morris

far too many fraudulent opponents in the forest

I fall into the Gap when I need to purchase clothes

easy on the fads

cause the posers always pose

I suppose they will bite

they'll try not to show it
I came very plain and then feelin' rather loaded
I ditched all the beads
cause my needs seem to differ
me and CM-P are like the Gil and the Skipper
he will use his clippers to give himself a fade
I give my fro a sheen with a smidgin of Pomeade
I laid in the shade and I greeted mixel place
with a rhythm and a rhyme
and he said that it's a twist
from the ordinary everyday continual assumption
that R&B & Rap makes a winner
guess who's comin' through for dinner
a native-like brother with the passive little style
that most certainly will smother
suicidal rhymes with apoclyptic tunes
I will drink a seltzer while you dabble with the booze
and giggle when I see ya liver shrivel to a prune
I'm the Funky Human Being
not a monkey or a coon
assume that the style is Funkadelic in the 90's
Del is livin' phat
as I leave a foe behind me.
[Chrous:]

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