

## Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

### "Check It Ooout"

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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 oooooout!" (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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