

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"Del's Nightmare"

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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 motha fuckaz 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 createns
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 tounge.

'Cause they pull out the shank and stick it right through
you're 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 devils

And you know how that goes.

(Chorus 2x)

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 (\$)10,

You'll probaably 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 restarant for a feast,
And then expect you to pck 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.
(Chorus 2x)
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.
Hieroglyphics!

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