

## Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

### "Followers"

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(Chorus)

Followers, dick swallows

No power over themselves, blindness

Don't take it as a diss, take it as an act of kindness

We wanna be in front while you fools is behind us

Are you gonna live your whole life with blindness on  
your eyelids?

Pretty boys fakin like they grinders

[Del]

First off, you a buster so mind us

On the street with your crack thinkin your a timer

Co-signin, findin it ain't workin

Fiends is perkin, I seen you on Perkins

Fools chirpin around the blocks with glocks

And you, really ain't ready for the plot they got

It's unbelievable the way the leave your skull on the  
pavement

Snatch up your scrilla as soon as you made it

You could be layin dead, instead you play dead

So they would quit whoopin your ass; you get, put in the  
past

Tryin to keep up with the Jones' like the mass

N.C. baby, means you got no class

[Poser speaks]

"Aw what nigga? Man, I be on the flat lands all the time,  
nigga.

I-I ain't even trippin!"

[DEL]

"Man you from the hills though man, what you doin"

[Poser]

"Aww nigga you don't know nigga. Nigga, I'm following  
niggaz."

[DEL]

"You trippin' man."

[Poser]

"Man I be grindin' and chillin'

Nigga, I was rolling dice the other day nigga."

[DEL]

"You need to take your ass to school."

[Poser]

"Aww"

(Chorus)

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("Dude, that ain't me, dude")

[Del]

You bite somebody's style, it's invitin like a child

You cling to it; I hear it, hmmm

It's got a ring to it - if that's your thing do it

At least you claim you ain't down with that hiphop  
shoobeedoobie

Which is fine cause my click say you booty

You a white kid, your mom said I'm a mooley

Now you talking 'bout pass the doobie and the toolie

Got your raps and your gat pointed at yours truly

Talking 'bout you gonna school me, who me?

Here's a little jewel like a ruby

Since you talkin like you knew me

Playing a role that's straight out a movie

Acting unruly, and your neighbors call SOO-WEEE

To the pigs then they fling you in the brig

Leave gang bangin to the real gat holders

Or real black soldiers who you don't know of

Who don't show love with all you sun and your thun

Cause they know where you from,

You from Oakland, you rich and you ain't from the  
slums

Your pops is a politician

So why bein a criminal is your three wishes

Used up, do what comes naturally

Quit playing a role that don't even have to be

You slippin

[Poser 2]

"Dude, I ain't slippin, man I'm from the town too,

Man I'm from the Oakland hills dude.

That's East Oakland, blood. You don't even know,  
man."

[DEL]

"Man, you trippin man."

[Poser 2]

"I ain't trippin dude.

Why you trying to step to me like, you know, you  
somethin man?"

[DEL]

"Yap, yap, yap, yap."

[Poser 2]

"What up? Whatever dude, whatever."

[DEL]

"All in my ear with that yappin, man. You trippin."

[Poser 2]

"I'll keep at it to! Wassup?"

[DEL]

"What!? [laughing] You gonna get hard?

What you talkin about fool?"

[Poser 2]

"Hey, you never know."

(chorus)

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{\*music fades out\*}

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