

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"Future Development"

Visit "[Future Development](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Earth to Del, Earth to Del, Earth to Del do you read me?
Do you copy Del? It seems we've lost radio contact
Descend for warp speed so you can receive
transmission"

Each rap is texture-mapped to perfection
A 3-D world for you to step in
I leave MC's stranded on asteroids
Floatin through the void of space
Del the black man, African back again
Crackin windshields, so I can heal your souls
When you feel my flows
A wild beast when I piece together beats like puzzles
MCs feel muzzled like dobermans
Its over when you try duplicate
And then you're due for 8 for tryin to sink your teeth in
Meetin your maker, Del the caretaker here break your
life

Away from you faker the Tammy Faye Baker
I shake your brain up like Quaker Oats
For tryin to memorize my moniacle quotes
The funk coats your eardrums, Oaklands where we're
from

The deviant, workin feverishly but easily
Eagerly awaiting your arrival
Hide all you cowards, you're powerless I'm live and in
technicolor and

Tumorous
Your humorous, my rhymes are numerous
I'm too elaborate in my habitat
With words that hit your skull like a battle ax, imagine
that

I'm actually destined cause I'm acutal perfection
Equals natural selection with rhymes as my secret
weapon

This involvement in my newest installment
Is dissolved in the chains on your brains like solvent
I can't call it, all it means is my genes
Comes from supreme beings and sess that cha can't
step ta

(CHORUS)

No way out come right in, writin incredible shit

They can't meddle with us
Future development is too intelligent
Future development, too too intelligent
No way out come right in, writin incredible shit
You can't meddle with us
"And you say it, And niggaz are still frontin with that
Old technology shit, why is this soundin garbage?"
To many fans and not enough artists
Niggaz frontin heartless like they packin ultra cartridges
You ain't gonna smoke me, you smoke weed
I've seen some sick characters and they ain't scared a
ya
The true soldiers who will unload on your intersect
Not me I'm into Tex and Mex
Giant robos and ponos, and road shows
I like a blow doe on the latest not the status quo though
More pull than yo-yo duncan
Quit pashin in my rappin like a tongue kissin right on by
the hundreds
With no bass the foundation crumbles
Like niggaz bumble they whole life over rumbles
Scandals, sure you got mad skills
But unless you gonna be a boxer who's gonna offer
Your hand script "Nobody" I used to program
computers
Now I make manuevers on the mic to screw ya
On the ole, how it goes how the flow for the uninitiated
Plus on the side, get my own life sited
You know writin lyrics in between lines
Play some Samauri Spirits, oops
Drop funky like defication, poop
Leavin ya mute moose, speechless
Niggaz blackin out like an eclipse
No defense for your pretense
Which is just a feat to proposal
Towards your disposal
Del flow solo, fully mobilized the wise words
So niggaz can get the total
Perception, perfection destined for greatness
Etched in your consciousness, metaphorically
monstrous
(CHORUS)
Future development is too intelligent
Future development too too intelligent

Visit [Del Tha Funkee Homosapien](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.