

## Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

### "In And Out"

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Fun, even funner  
I'm the gunner sub-machine gun  
It don't seem right, that they don't get my theme right  
They don't know me,  
So we move forward  
More words & phrases  
My style amazes  
Come into the scene with the means to rip shit  
My brain's power packed with the proper equipment  
So step  
I come into the area to bury ya  
I compose the flows  
Makin' people merrier  
Never the less, I sever the flesh  
With a razor  
Reserve the major beef  
I'ma slay ya, hey  
You never came across a person like me  
I never instigate  
First come strike me  
Then I'll flip  
And rip clothing, and I'm loathing  
MCs who front like I don't know things  
Uh uh  
Check again  
I get wreck again  
On the down low  
Because you sound slow  
Retarded MCs get neglected  
& check it  
Anytime I hafta show a foe  
I'ma flex it  
Then I exit  
With my records & my next shit  
Prepared, so be scared  
I strike unexpected  
I write rhymes in sections  
Testin' my slang  
I bang MCs with these  
& make 'em hang  
Dangle, what's ya angle?

When I strangle and choke  
I hold Benedicts by their throat  
Until they sing notes like a canary  
Fairy, or genies  
We slipped out  
They never seen me bust his face  
I like bass when it hums  
And that sums up my properties for the dum-dums  
Someone need to check him  
Deck him  
Slam him  
And put him in the bushes  
So 'shush' kids  
No one needs to know  
I'll proceed & go into  
And then tell ya what I've been through.  
[CHORUS:]  
"In one ear, right out the other,  
Go tell ya sister, go tell ya mother,  
In one ear, right out the other,  
Go tell ya father, go tell ya brother,  
In one ear, right out the other."  
I would feel comfortable  
If your front would go elsewhere  
Or disappear  
Hear my specific style that's speaking  
Creeking, making noises in the nighttime  
When I write rhymes  
I look out my window  
It's a bright day  
And I might display my skills in the hills  
Or, in a different neighborhood  
Cause my flavor could  
Be the best, so lets test this  
Yes, bitch  
I saw you posted at the pool table  
I could never talk to you  
But now a fool's able  
With the best of luck  
And, hey, how do you impress a duck?  
By pullin' out a wad of bucks  
Shucks  
I need to stop this  
I plop this, played this  
I murder MCs  
& leave their pens inkless  
Do you think this is a twist  
A turn, I insist  
To burn those foes who haven't learned  
To keep they mouths closed  
Guinness Stout flows

Through your intestines, when life is depressin'  
I built my foundation using patients  
Some didn't hear us  
Some had to state it...  
[CHORUS]

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