

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"No More Worries"

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A-Plus:

You don't have to worry any longer. . .
Yo wait a damn, minute
Listen to the way the man spin it
Even with improper diction
I split in & gets ends
I'm lettin' suckas know
I'm fin ta buck a bro
The nigga figga he can dust a pro-
Fessional, I test a fool
I get a tool
And beat him wit it
He didn't see me wit it
And this is what I'ma do
Tie the crime to you
Niggas need to find a new rhyme to do
I remember when I used to grind a few
Indo sacks at my wack Sr. High School
But I told the Dean 'Bye fool.'
I graduated
He was a man I hated
And I'm glad I made it
Hie-ro
I know
You know
Fools know, that my crew's so
Phat, and niggas try to jack
Then I know they got my back
A-Plus must bust the wack.

Casual:

I'm fed up with the wackness and this weak shit
So peep the style and learn how to freak shit
I hope, ya, learn how ta cope
By the time you peep this shit here,
I'll be three times dooper
Yeah, this is for the trendy G's
To ya bitches, & High School enemies
All the hoes
Shoot me to the left & shit
Cause my financial state was on defecit
But I,

Really didn't trip
Now I'm livin' phatter
And then niggas don't matter
A lot a rappers try frontin' on me
Bet they aint got nuttin' on me
And aint no way that buck can harm me
I turn the mouths of MCs into molecules
Niggas locked onto me like my follicles
I swallow fools with no regurgitaion
We hurt ya face, men
When ya placed in my path.

[BRIDGE]

Del:

I bust asses
Ya slow like molasses
As this continues
Then you know the fastest
Computing, looting, I gets the root of things
Bitches with problems
I leave ya jaw numb
I slap hoes
My rap flows along
With the flow of the song
As I flow on the bong
I use Jedi mind tricks
To find tricks
Bind tricks, tie them up
Then I try and phuck then they die
And what do I care?
I dare hoes
And prepare flows cause I never spare those lives
Who strives
With knives & slice
I parylize ya twice
With fear
Del is nice to your ears.

Snupe:

Not of hardest, artists going far
Jack off from Jupiter
Because I'm shooting for the stars
I'm a mack
Never come wack
Gimme a 30 second snippit
I'll rip it
Because the shit gets deeper
Creep ya ass as the floor rocks
We got the beat hittin' hard like four cops
Shorts out my last record
I write my rhymes nekkid
Let me give you a tip
I'm on the balls

So just expect it
My rep gets phatter thinkin' about those kids
They tried to step and got phucked like they mamma
did
By the Mr. Mostskill
I did ya hoe, still
She's askin' for waxin' and taxin' cause she heard a
hoe squeal
Hoes I'm, getting more plays than Showtime
The demon got ya screamin' with no shine
No time for regular run of the the mill
I'm packin' with steel boy soldiers
Never no more the soul soldier.
[BRIDGE]

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