

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

"Time Is Too Expensive"

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(CHORUS)

"Time is too expensive"

Too expensive, it's too expensive

Too expensive, you know what?

Time is of the essence

Whacha say now? Whacha say, whacha say now?

You know what? Time is of the essence

[Del]

My vast knowledge of rhyme is past college

Blast, demolish, polish off all enemies

I can't fall in this rap game, I got acrophobia

Plus half these rappers out here are fuckin dead like
necrophilia

You know the thing, chocolate like Ovaltine

Comin down on the mic like eggs from ovaries

Monarchal metaphor, malevolent with settlements

Maniacal when Hiero flow, unstoppable and chock full
of funk the freak, so fuck the foreplay

Del has been ordained to terrorize your brain

The diagnosis, the show business bogus

My lyrics lash out, like I was throwin stones in a glass
house

Rappers pass out, ass out

And anyone left on the scene who has doubts

Y'all fools ain't got no nuts I'm doin donuts

Slow up whoever show up, I'm too robust

So what? I'm invincible invisible lyrics

Original origin unknown from here on in

Uncommon dominating hip hop

Permiating every portal with mortals

More flows Heaven scent, microphone etiquette

And lyrics up for your goblin and kill the novice

I write bad subjects like the Hobbit

And on to the next phase before you try to rob it

You know, D-E-L, yeah!

(CHORUS)

[Del]

Supreme MC's reach out when I'm on top

Catch altitude sickness not to use fitness

In front of witnesses get with this fetch the funk

While I test the skunk, see I will caress the blunt

Come step through the flames of Hades or remain a lady

Rhymes infectious as rabies -- Deltron, hell on earth
Prevailing curtailing, you're shattered with data
Directed, my method, hectic, try and dissect it
Next shit, hydrauling we're calling you out
I rap with accuracy - I'm sick of fools actin
like they blacker than me - y' know, usually bourgeoi'
We a new breed of MC remedy
For inner street jerks who wanna flirt with our sound
but ain't really down, silly clowns Barnum and Bailey
rejects

Press eject on defects (yeah)

These threats delivered signed and sealed by the
Delmeister

German for master, burnin the blasphemous
Whatever you ask of us gets fulfilled

Non-linear, you couldn't find a flow friendlier
Or even similar with beats that knock

Those who cock block transport 'em to the chop shop
Operation X cause we often facin death

And fake ass players are lost and wastin breath
(CHORUS)

[Del]

Lyrical master, turnin mic sessions to disaster areas
I'll wax your derriere

Disable MC's with fatal degrees and flows
Flamboyant flamin fools like mesquite, let's eat
These barbeques are for you

Were are the few the proud the Hieroglyphics
Microphone moguls with code words and hand signals
For negros, spanish for black

I'll vanish your raps, at the borderline

Where you can order rhymes

Never monochromatic, y'all know the habits of Del

Talented, creating lyrical Gallaghers

Highest caliber, hip hop puritan

Throw my voice like Surrican, or ventriloquists

Until it sit in your cerebrum, I need them

Through the medium of music, too sick

The ratio is glaciator, Gigantor

My flow is lighter fluid, you'll need a higher druid

Magicians and Mages, superb my primal rage is

My styles all over the place, disease contagious

And treacherous (what?) like Mussolini (uh-huh)

but cooler than Fonzarelli eating fussilli

With roots in hip-hop goin back to Whodini

Who see me, no eyes, your style is corny like bow ties

No fries, keep that shake for a keep sake

As well as patened Del hysteria

Malaria area, 88 bait for bitin MC's

They're bitin to see, see that's like a likin disease
My time is up, I take my mic and I leave

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