

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien "Town To Town"

Visit "[Town To Town](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1]

They say that nice guys finish last, but I'm the leader
Drinkin liters of Seagrams with the heathens
Misbehave and break the buzz, fuck the shavings
Collectin scratch for my savings before the day ends
Cravings for music, collaborate at a rate
Faster than the speed of sound to go thataway
No replicas, step to us, I guess the job was left to us
To kick the phonics that kept you buzzed
And perkin, workin words, distributin herbs
To niggas livin in 'burbs cause they too petro
To come to the ghetto
Mind you, all we do is find you, wave and gave you a
sack
Come back but watch 50, they try to lift me
Off the tracks but we ain't offerin crack, just bomb
No need for alarm or bad karma, but arm yourself
Move in stealth, wealth is accumulated
Pockets are aluminated
I make the shit I think hit even though some assume
you hate it
I pass judgment when the fuzz lit, take a shit
Just another skit comin from the pit of Babylon
But powerful like Alvatron
From the Decepticons
Music is magical like a leprechaun
Kept you on point in many different sectors
On Elektra, make you remember Medgar Evers and
James Evers
My skills sent from the heavens
I wish they sold Maddog at 7-11
I remember when niggas wore Thriller jackets
And Starter jackets and harder tactics
Had been adopted and most of y'all mocked it
But put a sock in it (* gagging sound *) for a minute
I provide the funk and y'all rock with it
As I spit it, admit it, oh shit

[CHORUS]

It's Del the Funky Homosapien
Goin from town to town to town and just makin friends

Reach out and shaking hands
With the public and they love it

[VERSE 2]

No technical difficulties or faultiness, you salt me with
That plain-Jane-no-game-insane-to-the-brain
Don't need cocaine fuckin with the A
The A-Pluster plus the A from way back in the day
For mind expansion enhancing thoughts
I'm raw with savagery, the majesty of all in vision
Wait, but isn't this a good way to start?
Developin art to cart scrill to kill Satan
Plans for gettin Dayton's are past tense
Stack ends so I won't be a has-been (You know it)
The question you been askin: Is Del that masked man?
Rollin through our cities just rippin major venues
Like Whitney Houston like when I went to Houston
My father is from Texas, so next bust a rhyme for times
I felt it was no hope, but no factors you formulate
Made me foster hatred and made me wanna make it
When I'm in the Bay niggas say (Del, how you doin,
man?)
I ain't no rap star that act hard, can't speak
I leak lyrics, freak lyrics, secrete lyrics
From my spirits
Tyranny for all who hear of me
Bomb in a bong, my feet in a thong
On a beach with a biatch named Bonbon
Called her on the Intercong, enter John Owens
Better known as Casual to y'all not knowin
About flowin, cause your rhymes are all stolen
Another dip on the strip cause task force patrollin
But rollin blunts too fat to measure
Mexico's national treasure for pleasure
Resurrect tracks like this from my childhood
Before it was such a wild hood
Knock on wood

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

My beats are meaty
Let's call a peace treaty
And stick to it
I'm quick to do it, are you?
So much funk you can't kick it with my crew
Other than when it's time to get blue?
(Shame on you)
I want me a girl that's intelligent
Doin shit and ain't too belligerent
Picture it, chillin backyard barbecue

Not trippin off what niggas are to you
Jealousy, well let's see
It's a lot of that in Oakland
It started when niggas started smokin
And snortin hop, fuck pop
I want the melodies
But not the weak topics you are selling me
Del is free of confinements
My mind bendin fragile and frazzled
I choose to stay underground like Fraggles
In battles I'm sure to win
While you smoke bud I drink gin
It sinks in while everyone else act on it
I macked on it but not too far from redrum
Don't push me, I'm not a pussy
I wish we could gather at a function, drink some lager
And just bust hymns of funk and flav
Cause the slaves that are our ancestors
Would feel blessed if we did that
Before we hear rap
Now it's American children syntax
Ever since it been on wax
And that's the facts, believe it, don't mislead it
And don't do the shit if you don't need it
And that's real, you might not be but I am
The truth's gonna slap you in the face, so why scam?

[CHORUS]

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