

## **Del Tha Funkee Homosapien "Ya Lil' Crumbsnatchers"**

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DEL made a pact to be well natural  
Back from the wishing well to sell actual  
Funk from the fungus grown in the trench  
It's getting kinda heavy so I gotta pinch an inch  
And it's a snitch

To let my hair grow like a plant  
Eliminate the fat gold chains and the diaper pants  
Trade 'em for a pair Girbauds  
Never make friends with the fraudulent foes

Yes I suppose that I'm fat from the supper  
Skinny from the many that try to eat plenty  
Now I got to flip on a copper like a penny  
Vise uh versa, quench your thirst

With a swig of grapefruit juice straight from the  
thermos  
Hock your jewels, and you can drop your tools  
And make a move that can turn us in the right direction  
Show your affection as I correct men

Who try to pull the wool over the third eye  
Comin' fly with Mr. Greenjeans  
It's a bird eye view of the meadow  
As I greet the many people that I meet with a hello

"How do you do my compadre?", What up Kwame?  
Back to the Meadow so I can show I'm a  
Smooth black brother that is gifted  
And if you try to lift this, yes, I got a witness  
Nicknamed the Emperor, this wasn't meant for ya'

Ya little crumbsnatcher

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