

Del The Funky Homosapien "Followers"

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(Chorus)

Followers, dick swallows

No power over themselves, blindness

Don't take it as a diss, take it as an act of kindness

We wanna be in front while you fools is behind us

Are you gonna live your whole life with blindness on
your eyelids?

Pretty boys fakin like they grinders

[Del]

First off, you a buster so mind us

On the street with your crack thinkin your a timer

Co-signin, findin it ain't workin

Fiends is perkin, I seen you on Perkins

Fools chirpin around the blocks with glocks

And you, really ain't ready for the plot they got

It's unbelievable the way the leave your skull on the
pavement

Snatch up your scrilla as soon as you made it

You could be layin dead, instead you play dead

So they would quit whoopin your ass; you get, put in the
past

Tryin to keep up with the Jones' like the mass

N.C. baby, means you got no class

[Poser speaks]

"Aw what nigga? Man, I be on the flat lands all the time,
nigga.

I-I ain't even trippin!"

[DEL]

"Man you from the hills though man, what you doin"

[Poser]

"Aww nigga you don't know nigga. Nigga, I'm following
niggaz."

[DEL]

"You trippin' man."

[Poser]

"Man I be grindin' and chillin'

Nigga, I was rolling dice the other day nigga."

[DEL]

"You need to take your ass to school."

[Poser]

"Aww"

(Chorus)

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Are you gonna live your whole life with blindness on
your eyelids?
Pretty boys fakin like they grinders
("Dude, that ain't me, dude")
[Del]
You bite somebody's style, it's invitin like a child
You cling to it; I hear it, hmmm
It's got a ring to it - if that's your thing do it
At least you claim you ain't down with that hiphop
shoobeedoobee
Which is fine cause my click say you booty
You a white kid, your mom said I'm a mooley
Now you talking 'bout pass the doobie and the toolie
Got your raps and your gat pointed at yours truly

Talking 'bout you gonna school me, who me?
Here's a little jewel like a ruby
since you talkin like you knew me
Playing a role that's straight out a movie
Acting unruly, and your neighbors call SOO-WEEE
to the pigs then they fling you in the brig
Leave gang bangin to the real gat holders
or real black soldiers who you don't know of
Who don't show love with all you sun and your thun
Cause they know where you from,
You from Oakland, you rich and you ain't from the
slums
Your pops is a politician
So why bein a criminal is your three wishes
used up, do what comes naturally
Quit playing a role that don't even have to be
You slippin

[Poser 2]

"Dude, I ain't slippin, man I'm from the town too,
man I'm from the Oakland hills dude.
That's East Oakland, blood. You don't even know,
man."

[DEL]

"Man, you trippin man."

[Poser 2]

"I ain't trippin dude.

Why you trying to step to me like, you know, you
somethin man?"

[DEL]

"Yap, yap, yap, yap."

[Poser 2]

"What up? Whatever dude, whatever."

[DEL]
"All in my ear with that yappin, man. You trippin."
[Poser 2]
"I'll keep at it to! Wassup?"
[DEL]
"What!? [laughing] You gonna get hard?
What you talkin about fool?"
[Poser 2]
"Hey, you never know."
(chorus)
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{*music fades out*}

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