

## **Del The Funky Homosapien "Future Development"**

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Earth to Del, Earth to Del, Earth to Del, do you read me?  
Do you copy Del? It seems we've lost radio contact  
Descend for warp speed, so you can receive  
transmission

Each rap is texture-mapped to perfection  
A 3D world for you to step in  
I leave MC's stranded on asteroids  
Floatin' through the void of space

Del the black man, African back again  
Crackin' windshields, so I can heal your souls  
When you feel my flows  
A wild beast when I piece together beats like puzzles  
MC's feel muzzled like Doberman  
It's over when you try duplicate

And then you're due for 8 for tryin' to sink your teeth in  
Meetin' your maker, Del the caretaker here break your  
life  
Away from you faker the Tammy Faye Baker  
I shake your brain up like Quaker Oats  
For tryin' to memorize my moniacle quotes  
The funk coats your eardrums, Oakland's where we're  
from

The deviant, workin' feverishly but easily  
Eagerly awaiting your arrival  
Hide all you cowards, you're powerless  
I'm live and in Technicolor and tumorous  
Your humorous, my rhymes are numerous

I'm too elaborate in my habitat  
With words that hit your skull like a battle ax, imagine  
that  
I'm actually destined cause I'm actual perfection  
Equals natural selection with rhymes as my secret  
weapon

This involvement in my newest installment  
Is dissolved in the chains on your brains like solvent  
I can't call it, all it means is my genes

Comes from supreme beings and sesh that cha can't  
step ta

No way out come right in, writin' incredible shit  
They can't meddle with us  
Future development is too intelligent  
Future development, too, too intelligent  
No way out come right in, writin' incredible shit  
You can't meddle with us

And you say it  
And niggaz are still frontin' with that old technology  
shit  
Why is this soundin' garbage?"

To many fans and not enough artists  
Niggaz frontin' heartless like they packin' ultra  
cartridges  
You ain't gonna smoke me, you smoke weed  
I've seen some sick characters and they ain't scared a  
ya

The true soldiers who will unload on your intersect  
Not me I'm into Tex and Mex  
Giant robots and ponos and road shows  
I like a blow doe on the latest not the status quo though  
More pull than yo yo Duncan, quit pashin' in my rappin'  
Like a tongue kissin' right on by the hundreds

With no bass the foundation crumbles  
Like niggaz bumble they whole life over rumbles  
Scandals, sure you got mad skills  
But unless you gonna be a boxer who's gonna offer  
Your hand script, nobody

I used to program computers  
Now I make maneuvers on the mic to screw ya  
On the ole, how it goes how the flow for the uninitiated  
Plus on the side, get my own life satiated  
You know writin' lyrics in between lines  
Play some Samaurai Spirits, oops

Drop funky like deification, poop  
Leavin' ya mute moose, speechless  
Niggaz blackin' out like an eclipse  
No defense for your pretense  
Which is just a feat to proposal  
Towards your disposal

Del flow solo, fully mobilized the wise words  
So niggaz can get the total

Perception, perfection destined for greatness  
Etched in your consciousness, metaphorically  
monstrous

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