

Del The Funky Homosapien

"Help Me Out"

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Verse 1:

Mack Del impetuous
Tepetuous
Bust flows ?
Under fire like appestos
All MCs grip my testicles
Let them go
No I spread your flow like metal pull
Utensils such as scalpels
Over your Adam's Apple
To make you alto
Doggin' MCs and feed 'em Alpo
Your plan backfires to my satires
Got your flow sittin' on flat tires
My rogues rhymes rip through your lip when you bite
Like a lightenin' bolt for a volt of molten mite
Hazardiest to the average
Volt and death strike
To your neck right
On target
Bull's eye
Then deflected off your neck with such velocity
It's sets the hip hop hostage free
In the terminal burnin' all MC's brains
Excellerated agents got you walkin' on canes
I'll be brief like Hanes
Mundane MCs get caned to retain my title
The vital organ donor
To cut through the bonona
My escapes let you wave through the masquerade
Rain with disaster man out in your play book
Cause they took
The funk merged with hate
And then regurgitate
This concludes part of what causes murder rates to
bubble
Meanwhile I take the shuttle to this girls crib so we can
cuddle
And listen to my subtle rebuttal the butthole

Hook:

Words and phrases I prefer to play with
When occurs when I made it
It's never outdated
Help me out (x2)

Verse 2:

I stifle your mic hold your grips slips don't let all your
chips
Throwin' away all your tips for thinkin'
That's dangerous
Leave that to the big boys
Sicker than Sig Freud
Peep, you wanna live forever but take too many
chances
You with many can get a piece of eastside Oakland
folks
When provokin' spoken dialects of broken English
that distinguish us from y'all we
Cause raps and own spots on the globe
And disrobe your bony mediocrity like Socrates
My Egyptian inscription shiftin'
Brain cells with sick inflections
Suckas must be simpin'
Hop like Lipton
You'll get the microphone when I'm though if then
I form a rap court with my siblings
The sort of thing that keep the crew tight
Even in it's new life
You think you're able to label the Hiero sound?
You still haven't found a comparable variable
I aim my flows they close in like smart bombs
Bury ya restricted areas
Me and my playmates we talented hip hop palatines
Patteling' to Sharlintons
Knownin' what we are to them
Makes us try hard to win
We attend the track promptly
Rappers wanna chomp me
They empty
I'm mega morph with mega force don't fort deceit the
beat i
I's a treat
Compete at the war on the weak

Hook

Verse 3:

Del carelessly convorting
Over more things than tracks
Your skull perhaps

Spinal taps vinyl laps over each other you'll discover
soon enough how tough it is to scruff them bids
At accsions I'm lost in madness
Lacadazical but coming back to fade you ALL
I don't make music for the teeny boppers the coppers
and proper booshy
Y'all can lose me
Or find me but keep in mind we
Underground when you get offended
As you often do when you new comers
Check the rap scene for a few summers
Then when it change you shift lanes
But first you mergin'
First you was a virgin splurgin' money on P.E.
Then with N.W.A.
But too much trouble to play
Mom on your ass turn that trash down
Your little brother getting' bright ideas in the
background
He use to war Hush Puppies
Now he and his homies is dust junkies sellin' crack
cross country
Use to be a momma's boy
Now you a grown man with no plan
All alone in the land of the free and the home of the
brave
Free to be your own mental slave
Del has to have a word with you
Because you deserve to do what you want to
But mistakes come back to haunt you

Hook (x2)

Microphones settin' off (x2)

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