

Del The Funky Homosapien "Lyric Licking"

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(talking)

Hi everybody. It's Del the Funky Homosapien, down with
Hieroglyphics
Dopest crew in the World, coming with the new '96 shit!
Check it out

D-E-L will ("Lick you wid our lyrics!")
Hieroglyphics will ("Lick you wid our lyrics!")
D-E-L will, you know, you know!
Hieroglyphics will
Fuck you up!

It's me, really me, not a look-alike
I know some sound alike but when I'm around a mic
Niggas cut! You know the skit
Del ultimate
Rapper international, with that rational style
I get the, shit off my consciousness and
Pull out the compasses
I'm on some shit you ain't around, in the town, clown!
Rebound!
Go get on your intercom and call
Your weakass crew so I can call protocol
I don't give a shit, I wants to get lit ("yeah!")
Split the Philly roll that bitch!
And it better hits correct and right
Make sure po-po out of sight
Or they gonna have us locked up tonight, sike!
We in the cut with the best bomb available
Peelt out laughin' in a trail of smoke
Oaktown, where niggas get down in more ways than
one
It don't stop till the raising sun
Mentally unstable with the rhymes that rock yo' cradle
The author of fatal flows that liquidate emcees
Then I scoop 'em with a ladle
I stay ill and psyched
Outta my mind with mics but gotta be in before sunlight
Emcees approach me with chains of garlic
But their brains are targets
Then I dump off the carcass
A lot of niggas fuss just "cause we the best for us[?]

Niggas faker with they raps than the Snuffleluffagus
Lifts and bends, I recommend
Before I make blood suspend
When I check that chin
It's common knowledge Mr. Del demolish ("You ain't
know?")
Taking you back to the days of cornbread and collards,
come on!

(chorus)
("Lick you wid our lyrics!")
D-E-L will ("Lick you wid our lyrics!")
Hieroglyphics will ("Lick you wid our lyrics!")
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D-E-L will ("Lick you wid our lyrics!")

Yeah!

I perceive more than the average madness
Niggas get the giggles when they find my shit is pivotal
The radical, hip-hop fanatical who do what's natural
Actual fact, no tact, you'll get intercepted!
Kept it away, from emcees 'cause they
Wouldn't know what to do wit' it
Pursuing it don't mean you gonna catch it
I slay willing women backwards on the mattress
At this access got niggas yackin'
I'm crackin' safes and niggas actin' fake
I got the date to arrange your weight
About spent every cent on the bomb
Fuck being calm, I'm like a shell-shocked vet from
'Nam
So turn to Psalms, get your palms off my dick
Before I go sick and make yo' ass hit the bricks
I used to stay on 57th the resident bussed to havin' it
[?]
To stay out late at night 'cause none of these niggas is
Heaven-sent
I'm bent, puffin' killer-Cali hit the vent
I lend my voice to tracks, as we's the instrument
A Public Service Announcement on how I house shit
I hope your blouse fit, bitch, you fight with fists
But if I ask you "Let's battle" you might resist
I wax that ass on Pay-Per-View and invite Tha Liks
The steel-cage grudge-match where there's no escape
I'll peel that cap like bananas to apes

Oh yeah! them niggas, it figures
The masterminds behind the rhymes you claim were
yours
We lick off with rhymes like Nas and make your brains
stain the floors
At last we clash under the overpass

(speaking)

Del: Damn, we've been waiting here for hella long,
since 12

Opio: I'm tellin' you, man, they don't wanna see me on
the mic

I'm tellin' you

Del: All these fake ass niggas

Opio: That's why they ain't came.

They heard me, man, they done heard me, man, I'm
tellin' you

Del: Talkin' about they the freestyle masters, they'll get
they ass ate

Opio: And they sound just like you anyway, man, we out
on these fools

Del: I know man, let's be out

(chorus 1x)

Yeah! We got the beat ("You know!")

("Lick you wid our lyrics!")

There ain't no doubt about it, we got the beat ("You
know!")

("Lick you wid our lyrics!")

From Oakland, to all around the World ("You know!")

("Lick you wid our lyrics!")

You know what? We got the beat

("Lick you wid our lyrics!") ("You know!")

Bye!

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