

## **Del The Funky Homosapien "Madness"**

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In the year three thousand and thirty  
Everybody wants to be an MC  
In the year three thousand and thirty  
Everybody want to be a DJ

In the year three thousand and thirty  
Everybody want to be a producer  
In the year three thousand and thirty  
Everybody want to tell ya the meaning of the music

I must appeal to you people with your faculties  
'Coz everybody else is gonna laugh at me  
People try to get over and take a crack at me  
The universe is one and I can see what rap can be  
glorious

Put in the Smithsonian, my podiums for holy hymns  
But you see who's controlling them  
Fuck myself off 'coz of the egotistical mode I'm in  
No, I can't slap you no five

When you and your cutty is talkin' shit about me  
outside  
People take pride in what they have no hand in  
Sorta like a phantom holographic handsome  
But deep inside he wants to do what his man done

Just because his peers jeer and and clown  
When your six foot deep no one hears you now  
They say we're not compatible like deers and cows and  
owls  
So many rules and regulations say you're not allowed

I'm caught in the grip of the city madness  
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I'm caught in the grip of the city madness

If I had to describe the way I survive, it's like vice  
squeezin'  
The reason I'm black and still breathin'  
Heathens will breed heathens so

Everybody's suspect I must check your ID

'Coz you lookin' sheisty, you might be intelligence  
Someone that Del's against, opposite or positive  
When I drop the law against nature be faithful

Why should I hate you, we ain't that different?  
We may act different in some ways  
But we still grouped together like a fuckin' survey  
Sufferin' and fuck 'em all's the motto

I'm trapped in a bottle, my music's gettin' hollow  
That's what happens when humanity you follow  
Where every leak or info is hard to swallow

Sell your Marlboro's and car insurance  
Put niggas on the moon and can't pay your burdens  
I smoke herb and rock a turban  
Meditate on the world and what's occurin'

A lot of white boys like the style and copy  
Dig in something deeper and you'll peep that we're not  
free  
It's not about the separation, it's about the population

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Simple minded people always point the finger  
To bring it to a close as if life is their role, their path  
When all paths are intersections  
It all depends on the persons perception

When I'm mad as fuck you get shot  
And to some it's bad luck  
I believe you held something back for too long  
It grew strong

And energy got its own will  
And people think they make music still  
But music is there without you or me, we just  
manipulate  
For better or worse, so let it situate

I get to make records and dough  
Paid out the asshole  
And still seen as another face on the totem pole  
Conquer, my sponsors are monsters

And everybody thinks that I owe them one  
I'm glad I love music and life  
'Coz it's easy to see the pain and strife and end it all  
tonight

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