

## **Del The Funky Homosapien "No More Worries"**

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A-Plus:

You don't have to worry any longer. . .  
Yo wait a damn, minute  
listen to the way the man spin it  
even with improper diction  
I split in & gets ends  
I'm lettin' suckas know  
I'm fin ta buck a bro  
the nigga figga he can dust a pro-  
fessional, I test a fool  
I get a tool  
and beat him wit it  
he didn't see me wit it  
and this is what I'ma do  
tie the crime to you  
niggas need to find a new rhyme to do  
I remember when I used to grind a few  
indo sacks at my wack Sr. High School  
but I told the Dean 'Bye fool.'  
I graduated  
he was a man I hated  
and I'm glad I made it  
Hie-ro  
I know  
you know  
fools know, that my crew's so  
phat, and niggas try to jack  
then I know they got my back  
A-Plus must bust the wack.

Casual:

I'm fed up with the wackness and this weak shit  
so peep the style and learn how to freak shit  
I hope, ya, learn how ta cope  
by the time you peep this shit here,  
I'll be three times dooper  
yeah, this is for the trendy G's  
to ya bitches, & High School enemies  
all the hoes  
shoot me to the left & shit  
cause my financial state was on defecit  
but I,  
really didn't trip

now I'm livin' phatter  
and then niggas don't matter  
a lot a rappers try frontin' on me  
bet they aint got nuttin' on me  
and aint no way that buck can harm me  
I turn the mouths of MCs into molecules  
niggas locked onto me like my follicles  
I swallow fools with no regurgitaion  
we hurt ya face, men  
when ya placed in my path.

[BRIDGE]

Del:

I bust asses  
ya slow like molasses  
as this continues  
then you know the fastest  
computing, looting, I gets the root of things  
bitches with problems  
I leave ya jaw numb  
I slap hoes  
my rap flows along  
with the flow of the song  
as I flow on the bong  
I use Jedi mind tricks  
to find tricks  
bind tricks, tie them up  
then I try and phuck then they die  
and what do I care?  
I dare hoes  
and prepare flows cause I never spare those lives  
who strives  
with knives & slice  
I parylize ya twice  
with fear  
Del is nice to your ears.

Snupe:

Not of hardest, artists going far  
jack off from Jupiter  
because I'm shooting for the stars  
I'm a mack  
never come wack  
gimme a 30 second snippit  
I'll rip it  
because the shit gets deeper  
creep ya ass as the floor rocks  
we got the beat hittin' hard like four cops  
shorts out my last record  
I write my rhymes nekkid  
let me give you a tip  
I'm on the balls  
so just expect it

my rep gets phatter thinkin' about those kids  
they tried to step and got phucked like they mamma  
did  
by the Mr. Mostskill  
I did ya hoe, still  
she's askin' for waxin' and taxin' cause she heard a  
hoe squeal  
hoes I'm, getting more plays than Showtime  
the demon got ya screamin' with no shine  
no time for regular run of the the mill  
I'm packin' with steel boy soldiers  
never no more the soul soldier.  
[BRIDGE]

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