

## **Del The Funky Homosapien "Sunny Meadowz"**

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(Yeah...I'm gonna take it light...Yeah...D-E-L in the house...funky, funky, funky, funky lyrics...check this out)  
I contemplate a rhythm with a hunch  
swing and give a punch and put a fraud out to lunch  
and scrunch up your rap book pages, eat 'em like it's licorice  
snatch your gold chains, steal your gold fronts and return 'em to the caves  
of the motherland  
and ride a rhinoceros back to the other land  
so I can show a foe who is the prototype  
and then go toe to toe and if the rhythm is hype  
I take it on my journeys to the mystic place  
so I can dis the facial value of your ballyhoo  
see, my style is rather passive but I can get aggressive  
brothers get done when they try to be impressive  
'cause I do not impress easily  
D-E-L is eager to be  
the founder of the fragrance  
and watch the vagrants  
scatter like rats in the sewer as we do 'em like two secret agents  
in the region of the forest where the march hare dwells  
I sit and write scriptures by the old wishin' well  
collect all my notes and sail a boat back to Berkeley  
tries fill my vibe 'cause my style is rather earthly  
some say it's wack but I ain't tryin' to hear it  
as long as what I do contains my soul and my spirit  
it's cool, I use this as a rule of thumb  
I take a dip into the pool of radiance until the fool was done  
slidin' on the floor like a fat ignoramus  
ya sold 8 million but ya still don't entertain us  
'cause you're fraudulent, I have no time for a jester  
go take your place beside Uncle Fester  
'cause you are an uncle too, you are an Uncle Tom  
and D-E-L and Hieroglyphics gonna drop the bomb  
(Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under the sun...we gonna take it

light) X3

D-E-L, the 18 year old dwella of the meadow  
is showin' it hell beats livin' in the ghetto  
things are peaceful and everything's settle  
with a good night's snooze on a bed of rose petals  
I wake up in the morning feelin' happy and refreshed  
before I make my journeys I must eat and get dressed  
a pair of blue jeans and a shirt with greenish hues  
greener than the grass that was caught between my  
shoes

when I trample through the forest with my brother CM-  
PX

the kinky haired nubian there with a human  
my hair gets notty without the proper groomin'  
the whole metamorphosis resembles flowers bloomin'  
in the shadows, deep within the trenches of the sea  
free as Leah, a head of hair like a tree  
'cause I'm a love child, follow me now children  
'cause I'm a love child, I love to see the children smile  
at my answers, foes get frantic and nervous and panic  
even as I venture past the planet called Earth  
born from the womb of the nebula

deeper in the meadow where my actions are irregula'  
I bug out and tell my maid to take the rug out  
and dust it, and proceed to throw the thugs out of the  
pasture

as I recline on a hippo  
wipe the funky speech and watch my profits seem to  
triple and quadruple  
teachin' all the pupils proper scruples in the meadow  
[CHORUS: "(Yeah...under the sun, under the sun, under  
the sun...we gonna  
take it light) X4"

"(How ya doin'?, How ya livin'?, in the meadow, in the  
meadow...hey, How

ya

feelin'?, How ya doin'?...hey...ah yeah...)"

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