

## Del The Funky Homosapien "The Wacky World Of Mass Transit"

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Fresh from the meadow with a mellow attitude  
I was plannin' to persue another quest for the bus  
I had to go to San Fran, it's something that I can't stand  
It's beggin' for a ride with ma dukes makes a fuss  
I don't like fussin' so I ask my older cousin  
Could he maybe find time to give the D-E-L a lift  
He said it is impossible because he has a roster full of  
plans for the  
day  
I had to go and sift through pennies in my jeans  
To many it may seem that the public transportation  
really isn't keen  
And I agree with the theory  
Because it's 3:30 and the bus was due at 2:35  
I wear my Girbauds so I can wait with pride  
I waited at the bus stop feeling kinda high  
From a spliff that I smoked  
I rified and provoked  
A liitle scene when the bus arrived late like a joke  
With a corny punchline  
And it was only lunchtime  
The bus should've been here, the driver had much time  
To get is act together  
No matter what the weather  
Now I'm sittin' at the bus stop waitin' like forever  
[SKIT #1]  
When oh when is the bus gonna come  
I'm getting sick and tired of the wait  
When oh when is the bus gonna come  
Well here comes a pack of about 14  
Lookin' real mean with hoodies and jeans  
And bad attitudes and I wasn't in the mood  
For no head on collision with the hoods  
Try to use my transfer but it's no good  
Would these rough lookin' kids get busy with the  
youngsta  
Amongst the many who must catch rapid transit to get  
through the city  
I'm not certain  
But if I go sit in the back it's curtains  
Kids wanna ride the back  
What kinda shit is that?

Nowadays niggas can't wait to hit the back

Let me stand in the front with the elderly  
So those other cats won't raise hell with me  
[SKIT #2]

Oh golly gee, not another day on the 46A  
I should've caught the 46B  
'Cause dukes takes the mass scene and group through  
the trees  
And shoots the breeze with the ladies  
Look at that around the way girl  
Yeah, I see her  
(whistle) More crack than a drug dealer  
A kid sits by me with a gang of afro sheen on  
I'm not Joe Clark and I would hate for him to lean on  
My shoulder and try to hold a conversation  
'Cause I don't have the patience  
When oh when is the bus gonna reach its destination  
Question over space and time  
Wastin' time  
Word up, I can't take this line of nitwits  
I'm about to have a fit quick  
'Cause this trip here is making me car sick  
Check out the brother with the loaded .38  
Braggin' to his buddies about the money that he makes  
Sellin' crack viles like pancakes  
To baseheads just like the one  
That's sittin by the window starvin' for a fix  
He spent his last 80 cents on fare  
He raises up and lets me get in his chair  
Then I sit and take a snooze  
But I still lose  
'Cause I cruise right past my stop  
Had to get off and walk 15 blocks. . .

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