

## **Del The Funky Homosapien "Town To Town"**

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[ VERSE 1 ]

They say that nice guys finish last, but I'm the leader  
Drinkin liters of Seagrams with the heathens  
Misbehave and break the buzz, fuck the shavings  
Collectin scratch for my savings before the day ends  
Cravings for music, collaborate at a rate  
Faster than the speed of sound to go thataway  
No replicas, step to us, I guess the job was left to us  
To kick the phonics that kept you buzzed  
And perkin, workin words, distributin herbs  
To niggas livin in 'burbs cause they too petro  
To come to the ghetto  
Mind you, all we do is find you, wave and gave you a  
sack  
Come back but watch 50, they try to lift me  
Off the tracks but we ain't offerin crack, just bomb  
No need for alarm or bad karma, but arm yourself  
Move in stealth, wealth is accumulated  
Pockets are aluminated  
I make the shit I think hit even though some assume  
you hate it  
I pass judgment when the fuzz lit, take a shit  
Just another skit comin from the pit of Babylon  
But powerful like Alvatron  
From the Decepticons  
Music is magical like a leprechaun  
Kept you on point in many different sectors  
On Elektra, make you remember Medgar Evers and  
James Evers  
My skills sent from the heavens  
I wish they sold Maddog at 7-11  
I remember when niggas wore Thriller jackets  
And Starter jackets and harder tactics  
Had been adopted and most of y'all mocked it  
But put a sock in it (\* gagging sound \*) for a minute  
I provide the funk and y'all rock with it  
As I spit it, admit it, oh shit

[ CHORUS ]

It's Del the Funky Homosapien  
Goin from town to town to town and just makin friends  
Reach out and shaking hands

With the public and they love it

[ VERSE 2 ]

No technical difficulties or faultiness, you salt me with  
That plain-jane-no-game-insane-to-the-brain  
Don't need cocaine fuckin with the A  
The A-Pluster plus the A from way back in the day  
For mind expansion enhancing thoughts  
I'm raw with savagery, the majesty of all in vision  
Wait, but isn't this a good way to start?  
Developin art to cart scrill to kill Satan  
Plans for gettin Dayton's are past tense  
Stack ends so I won't be a has-been (You know it)  
The question you been askin: Is Del that masked man?  
Rollin through our cities just rippin major venues  
Like Whitney Houston like when I went to Houston  
My father is from Texas, so next bust a rhyme for times  
I felt it was no hope, but no factors you formulate  
Made me foster hatred and made me wanna make it  
When I'm in the Bay niggas say (Del, how you doin,  
man?)  
I ain't no rap star that act hard, can't speak  
I leak lyrics, freak lyrics, secrete lyrics  
From my spirits

Tyranny for all who hear of me  
Bomb in a bong, my feet in a thong  
On a beach with a biatch named Bonbon  
Called her on the Intercong, enter John Owens  
Better known as Casual to y'all not knowin  
About flowin, cause your rhymes are all stolen  
Another dip on the strip cause task force patrollin  
But rollin blunts too fat to measure  
Mexico's national treasure for pleasure  
Resurrect tracks like this from my childhood  
Before it was such a wild hood  
Knock on wood

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

My beats are meaty  
Let's call a peace treaty  
And stick to it  
I'm quick to do it, are you?  
So much funk you can't kick it with my crew  
Other than when it's time to get blue?  
(Shame on you)  
I want me a girl that's intelligent  
Doin shit and ain't too belligerent  
Picture it, chillin backyard barbecue

Not trippin off what niggas are to you  
Jealousy, well let's see  
It's a lot of that in Oakland  
It started when niggas started smokin  
And snortin hop, fuck pop  
I want the melodies  
But not the weak topics you are selling me  
Del is free of confinements  
My mind bendin fragile and frazzled  
I choose to stay underground like Fraggles  
In battles I'm sure to win  
While you smoke bud I drink gin  
It sinks in while everyone else act on it  
I macked on it but not too far from redrum  
Don't push me, I'm not a pussy  
I wish we could gather at a function, drink some lager  
And just bust hymns of funk and flav  
Cause the slaves that are our ancestors  
Would feel blessed if we did that  
Before we hear rap  
Now it's American children syntax  
Ever since it been on wax  
And that's the facts, believe it, don't mislead it  
And don't do the shit if you don't need it  
And that's real, you might not be but I am  
The truth's gonna slap you in the face, so why scam?

[ CHORUS ]

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