

Del Tha Funky Homosapien

"No Need For Alarm"

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I wait to see your skull vibrate
when I bury the hatchet
I hope you catch it
I'll attach it
to his focus when I broke his head in half
feel the wrath on my behalf
I drop math
and english
leaving you squeamish
then I squish your wish
you're all phucken dreamers
no time for tiddlywinks if your tities is pinks
then you are white and I'm not the right man (not for me)
but you can blow pipe and my style is so tight
I be carvin' mc's when I'm starvin'
you little chunks of punks that I dunks in my coffee
get off me I'm not your softie
but you will call through your breath to him,
def to them
silly broads, I phuck them then I chuck them
in the river
without a liver,
then I donate to science, 'cause I'm a giver
the mysterious clearly busts brains with my brawn
ask Sean
Cassidy about how I trash mc's
on the daily, Alex Haley had to write about it
darlin but it's true
get a clue
I'm tellin you the truth you'll be toothless
then the boots gets smoked like they on fire,
I desire
like Salt N Pepa I'll phuck a fat heifer,
like I was Fritz the Cat
and she admits to fat,
so I'm movin' removin wackness from my stratosphere
if I thought that that was near. . .
[CHORUS:]

"Still bet that you can harm me, but you don't alarm

me..."
You're just a test tub baby
you can't fade me
but hey, G your style is lazy
boy you're crazy
losin' it
check out my fusion kit
it's welding rhymes and propelling
swelling,
getting bigger
getting niggas in headlocks
instead lock your scanners on Bruce Banner
I crush fools plus tunes used by the master
will blast you into Tuesday
when I bruise a mutha phucka
whose mother sucks a cock
and his brother phuck a jock
and his sister
got blisters
on her lips which be spreading
she be headin'
showin' cleavage
with my futuristic styles
I leave kids in a trance
hypnotisin'
your eyes spin
back in your head
like you was dead
but instead
you was buggin'
ugly bitches get the dills at the show
cause I don't be runnin' after hoes
that be stank
I thank the lord for my thought
connected to the microphone
so check the cyclotone
that I be arousin', housin' blousin' you punks
the mac daddy makes you jump
I pump info into nymphos who be bonin'
clonin'
Vanessa Del Rio
and yes Del see no evil
hear no evil
it's normal
I come formal
to keep em warm till the morn.
[CHORUS]

