

Ice Cube F/ Chris Rock "Offspring"

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[Del] Aiyyo whattup El-P?
[El] Yo whattup Del-ponic?
[Del] Nuthin man; I was on the bus the other day man
tryin to listen to my Walkman
This motherfucker all in my face
Tryin to holla at me and shit
I'm like, "Man - dude you just a offspring"

[Del]
I'm very interplanetary and vary with various
experiments
Gregarious with verbals for your merriment
What El-P tell me to use, the beat di-ffuse
You lose and get played like a mood
I'm rude revolting leave you molting
No thing - compares to my compadres
We'll take it to Broadway
It's beautiful the execution flawless
You all wet, soggy groggy when you saw me
But I never tire whenever I adjust my thrust
Females blush I bring the California gold rush
Your flow sucks, your stamina can't endure
I manicure your lavender amatuer landed words
You haven't heard? Cannabis analyst
Add a twist to my manuscripts
I'll have you sent to the showers
Me and El-P, is superpowers like the US and USSR
Blow you like the Deathstar
Leave your chest scarred like Sagat
My plot proliferates, hits you like barbituates
in a twist of fate and splits your face
It's the great DelTron-Z, soundbombing
Run to mommy, I'm airin out your dirty laundry
I'm shooting then executing you're aiming from
mainstream
Your brain tingles, strangles your lame jingles
Bingo I bring flows that attack like wild dingoes
Can't be pigeonholed, anything goes gringo

[El-Producto]

Here we go - up jumps the outcast, sever the

connection
My mostly overconfident acquaintances pull numbers
to the anti-potients and fear that I drip sick in
And rise out of my shell to teach sick or bedridden
emcees
til they fear living
Blockin the cocks that bust shots, spittin smitten
bitches
til the day of the locust, kitchen cutlery cuts
DMX 16 crossfade with a strange lust
Dr. Strangelove, born in the back of the train, fameless
shame
shared with acne pick brain pit
Tried to capture the moment of subtle death
Destro magnet spit - action fit into capsules
slipped in the dirty waterway speaker cabinets
Maximum b-boy axiom stabbin shit
Intellectual women find that my rhyme style relaxes
them
and wonder if I fuck to the same rhyme style pattern
It's autobahn pipe bomb glass fragment shatter
to break new jacks at after parties for actin actual
Factor X into your formula for fresh thoughts
with a Megalon wingspan that bulge from the back of
the text radical
Radio time tracks flatten your flattery
The tradition excuse used by biters; ambiguously homo
Knotted tights and colored underwear
that's wrapped around the brittle legs of
things without weapons - I'm grief diseased brethren
Swim in a sea of shit and malt liquor, feed on Excedrin
Radiate through tenements; emcees bleed estrogen!

Chorus: Del and El-P

Watch insanity increase
Break it up piece by piece
Never weak in the least
Think you better see a priest
(Mortality, don't battle me, it's costly
We the raw breed all of y'all is just the offspring)

[El] Yo Del kick that shit again

[Del]
Tomahawking your tom-tom club
You tried to holler at me at my show, lookin like you on
drugs
You love the Del I'll thug you, bumpin Juvenile
Thinkin you in style, packin like you movin now
I move top speed, scott free with cock-D

Knock-kneed delivery that scorches you like Lockheed
Dr. Decibel, my deliverance is questionable
but as far as this session goes I'm wreckin skulls
Better check your pulse, we visionaries with this
Scarin the shit outta record labels next to fatal
Right beside homicide bonafied bewilderment
Militant diligence like I'm buildin pyramids
Peel your cap reveal your lack of flavor
Track your pager plus your celly
Piss on your Pele Pele, catch you comin out of belly
Dumbin out daily, tell me, what was your rationale
Think of matchin Del I disconnect your PacTell
My mobile code words, showboat with no hope
for any rhyme you kick or any beat you load up
Leave you catatonic off a bag of chronic, skanless with
anthems
Stomp your little cadence out at random

[El-Producto]

Ran-random, ran-random
El and Del-aphonic known to go off on a tantrum
Now you know..
For the backpackers, for the computer hackers
For the misplaced famous, for all the video gamers
For the derranged krylon stain makers
For the ungrly hungry ass verbal brain rapists
That New York to the Bay shit!

"Go off, go off!"

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