

Del The Funky Homosapien, Crazy Del Song; Op

(Scratching, random dialogue)

I seek souls like mines
so my mind finds inner peace
and then a beast
could never devour
my powers arrive
from survivors of this holocaust.
Please be hopeful,
never thinkin' all is lost
in my sector,
specter
slidin',
collidin' with my lifestyle
so I fight while they threaten me,
sweatin' me -
well I'm quite mild,
the world makes me gnarly,
but an introvert not hardly.
I deal with it.
I feel a bit
under the weather,
I need to pull my pieces back together.
Fallin' apart, stallin' a heart of sincerity
since there will be another stoplight
and its not right
so I might go insane of this brain
of mine
maintain a line that has been tame
before the tempest.
I'm looking to my better interests.
I never tried to post or tried to impress
anyone
so why do I got to suffer
every single day it seems the way of the world is rougher.
And then you wonder why I love to hallucinate,
because I never ever thought I would get used to hate.
So I imbedded my time within my mind,
and rhymin'
was the only way I kept from bein' confined
to quarters,
sure there's good times and bad,
but the bad time's are overwhelming,
and how the hell things
get out of hand I ask you,
you have to give an answer;
eating at my brain like it was cancer.
Worryin'.
Hurryin',
My thought processes.
I got offices
imbedded in my skull,
a million secretaries actin' scary
when they type 200 words per minute.
It just occurred to me I'm in it.
'Cause I'm the boss,
the head honcho,
at least to this mutiny.
The whole idea is cute to me.
so I entertain it
and let my brain get
deeper and deeper
until it vibrates like a beeper
and I can't maintain it.
So what's the verdict?

It's D.E.L. the visionary and I come with the absurd shit.
(Break with freaky "call the operator" sample)
If I had not one friend I would be goooooone.
Way in outer space singin' one soooooong:
'Zippety doo dah, zippety day,
my oh my what a wonderful day
when my mind's dusted'.
Thrusted
out beyond the stars, I'm the satellite.
Transmittin, fit in situations that'll rattle tikes -
scare 'em,
dare 'em to go farther.
So then I go father,
burnin' my brain out with mental lava.
Scalding,
all things
rearrange so I never socialize,
when you feel my eyes.
The dilated pupils,
I violated scruples,
'cause I told myself I'd never do it again,
but now I grin.
Laugh on the inside,
men tried to strap me
in a straight jacket
when I laugh and I'm happy
for two hours straight,
these powers hate me
and they make me wanna cower,
but lately I've been feeling like a tower.
Tall and sturdy,
wordy, though I never say a word,
'cause when I say a word,
before it's like they never heard.
Nothing ever changes except within my cerebellum,
so I'll never tell 'em,
never tell 'em,
never tell 'em.
I'll tell it to my soul over and over
even though I'm locked within a room with padded walls,
I'm never sober.
Inspections,
injections,
keep me confined
to my inner thoughts
and this is how I lost my mind.
(Break with maniacal laughter)