

Del The Funky Homosapien, Madness

In the year three thousand and thirty everybody wants to be an MC
In the year three thousand and thirty everybody want to be a DJ
In the year three thousand and thirty everybody want to be a producer
In the year three thousand and thirty
everybody want to tell ya the meaning of the music
I must appeal to you people with your faculties
'cause everybody else is gonna laugh at me
People try to get over and take a crack at me
The universe is one and I can see what rap can be glorious
Put in the Smithsonian my podiums for holy hymns
But you see whos controlling them
F**k myself off 'cause of the egotistical mode I'm in
No I can't slap you no five
When you and your cutty is talkin shit about me outside
People take pride in what they have no hand in
Sorta like a phantom holographic handsome
But deep inside he wants to do what his man done
Just because his peers jeer and and clown
When your six foot deep no one hears you now
They say were not compatible like deers and cows and owls
So many rules and regulations say you're not allowed
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)
If I had to describe the way I survive its like vice squeezin
The reason I'm black and still breathin
Heathens will breed heathens so
Everybody's suspect I must check your ID
'cause you lookin sheisty you might be intelligence
Someone that Del's against
Opposite or positive
When I drop the law against nature be faithful
Why should I hate you we ain't that different
We may act differen't in some ways
But we still grouped together like a f**kin survey
Sufferin and f**k em all's the motto
I'm trapped in a bottle
My music's gettin hollow
That's what happens when humanity you follow
Where every leak or info is hard to swallow
Sell your Marlboros and car insurance
Put niggas on the moon and can't pay your burdens
I smoke herb and rock a turban
Meditate on the world and whats occurin
A lot of white boys like the style and copy
Dig in something deeper and youll peep that were not free
It's not about the seperation its about the population
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)
Simple minded people always poin't the finger
To bring it to a close as if life is their role, their path
When all paths are intersections
It all depends on the persons perception
When I'm mad as f**k you get shot
And to some it's bad luck
I believe you held something back for too long
It grew strong
And enegy has its own will
And people think they make music still
But music is there with out you or me we just manipulate
For better or worse so let it situate
I get to make records and dough
Paid out the ass hole
And still seen as another face on the totem pole
Conquer, my sponsors are monsters
And everybody thinks that I owe them one
I'm glad I love music and life

'cause it's easy to see the pain and strife and end it all tonight
I'm caught in the grip of the city.. Madness (4X)