

# Del The Funky Homosapien, The Undisputed Cha

(Del)

Up front, introducing my man Pep Love

(Pep Love)

My introduction:

It's such an unbelievable pleasure

For you to treasure;

And much needed too

Make it phat though

on another plateau-

You begining to begining to groove;

I do it natural

As we get Jazzy with classy shit

To make them hard ass rappers wanna blast me (buck buck)

Cause I exemplify a typified mac

In actin like the shit nigga

Mashin rappers with a passion

When I get Tip and Tribe flashion lyrics

I smash your spirits

Like a big disappointment

But this here shit will surprise ya

Devise a plan:

The pipsqueaks get tweaked

cause of the size of demand

So if you wanna measure up

then press your luck

Cause when I'm in the cut

Man there ain't no catchin up

I bet ya never heard a nigga with a bigga this flow

Bigga this bro

gettin ate like a clitoris?

No.

I never could'a seen it-

I rip a rapper's balls off

To make him scream when its convenient.

Hear ye hear ye

Clearly we're the

Undisputed ones that you get mad at when you hear me

Pompous comp. just barely even registered on the meter

Cause we the niggas that they checkin for

Me and you or, you and him

Ruinin' them

Doin men in

When I'm cluing them in

On the one

(Del)

Ya two... three, four

(Q-Tip)

Now niggas know I got lyrics out the anal

And any move that you make could be fatal

The poet that shows it:

and some of y'all niggas know it when ya

Grab the mic and you can't recite

Yo that gets me irate when ya can't debate

But wait- Now ya niggas think that I'm ya runnin' mate?

Naw phukk that, 'cause when I grab the baton I'm gone (zoom)

All around the track like a runnin maniac (damn)

You babblin your babblin son; what the phukk?

Anybody here rap that doesn't go buck?

But can you grab the mic and kick ill shit? (like)

Stun'em with the verbs, instead of using clips.

Check it: I flip styles by the dozen;

I-could-even-(too fast) that I was but I wasn't

You MC's are slipping into rigor mortis

Give it up please

And just support this;  
I got styles that are legendary  
Even in the clink  
Lyrically I'm like,  
What the phukk you think?  
Cause I'm down with the D-E-L  
So what the hell?  
(Del)  
(Haha!)  
I never come from the temple a simple rap  
Cause your raps poor  
I'm on track  
I lap yours  
Collapse yours  
Elapse forever  
You're never gonna get better bitin' my friend  
But I lend a hand helping  
MC's yelping like puppies (Arf! Arf!)  
Their rhymes are simple  
My rhymes are roughed up  
Like a duffle bag  
mags on my wheels squeal  
Peel out towards your head  
While others bust lead  
That's dead  
I beat your head in the resin when the pipe hits the buds in my  
chamber  
My rhymes are never tamer  
Perpetrators I'ma hurt ya later/after  
On the path of danger  
I got fangs not bangs  
like a bitch which I use to puncture  
With punctuation-  
And mutation  
Racin' like my thoughts  
Bust shots to scatter  
And my latter lets me elevate  
Over MC's that are hella fake  
My reaction to your rappin' is laughin  
It has been for askin they get their ass kicked  
Cause they're plastic  
I'm bringing lyrical lacerations  
That you're tastin  
Painful I mame foes  
Metaphorically  
Historically used the hip hop  
To make your neck pop  
Naw the eyes cause I kick the modern style  
(Modern style, haha!)  
(Cut:)  
The undisputed ones that you get mad at  
The undisputed ones that you get mad at  
The undisputed ones that you get mad at  
When you . . . grab the mike and you can't recite