

Magnetizing

Handsome Boy Modeling School

D-E-L he rips microphones
D-E-L he can't leave it alone, can't leave it alone
He can't leave it alone
Ahh, D-E-L on the microphone, strike ya dome wit the hype poem
Yeah, it's the type of shit ya like to get, get wit it
Ah, such a beautiful beat I'm 'bout to destroy
For all weak MC's ahh check it check it

Back in your presence it's the pres
Dispensing these rhymes like Pez
Full color, high res
I digest is high biased, alotta MC's ride my privates and I don't like it
I'm the master in innovation, that ain't the ?reef?
Well perhaps I'll bring it center stage then so you can peep
My rap style fail safe that derail fakes
They just a pale-make of my own chromosomes
I'm a critically-acclaimed maniac that attack tracks
On wax or drum machines, for your underlings
Plus I leave performers wit an ornery, ?quarterly's?
That'll turn your crew into disorderly's
Assorted freestyles I drop at my disposal
Make you move your mojo and bounce like a pogos
In the club, they grub on tortitos from Toyo's
A pitta and soda, and everything that's owed us
Everybody's doughnuts rushin for cash
Bustin ya ass, some losin just as fast
I crash computers wit my viruses, fry your disk drive
Wit wise words, suckas get on my nerves
I'ma make you go "Hmmm", wet you like H2O
My flow refreshes, need lessons
Well we open for business if you dig this
To all the bigwigs and labels sellin you fables
Hey you, you ain't cuttin nothin, touchin my production
Wit that pre-school rap, I say fuck them

Hypnotizing, magnificent mind set
Whenever I'm next, the shit you haven't tried yet
Live shit, magnetizing, peep what I'm advertising
My alliance got your third eye cryin

D-E-L he rips microphones, D-E-L he can't leave it alone
Can't leave it alone, he can't leave it alone

Del, advancing dancing over beats
Romancing microphones wit my glorious speech
No shorts like BVD, I'm next like DVD
I hit the metropolitan wit music I be modeling
Showin off, goin off, wiggin
Biggin up the town where I come up from, my humble beginnings
The neo-narrator, creative care-taker
I'm from the Five Flavors like Solar Flares on paper
Don't go fold things, let's go smoke things
Let dank or chocolate tai so we can all get high
I touch any beat wit heat I pack
Nigga, I frequent that
In my never-ending quest see you scratch
Speakin facts, we can rap

Fuck scrappin and tappin, jaws I'm crackin
Doors, open for brothers comin after me
Fuck apathy, I ain't got time to blame the world for my problems
I'm a grown fuckin man and I understand
Plus knowledge being gathered, each day make me
Speak this way, so get it
The way that I spit it, critics couldn't never call me half-witted
I'm the Riddick Bowe flowa for those in the know
My logo represents thought-processing
To keep em all guessin, wit these lyrical blessings
Class is in session, class is in session

"You can achieve the hypnotic state
By saying those things in your mind
To yourself that is said to you on the recording
And then give yourself thirty suggestions
That will change your attitude towards crude"

Most MC's have much to do wit nothing
I attack bigger issues, something to take with you
Time is just a measurement of life
So why waste time on the false, waste time on the mic
Waste time on the high personas, we're on the
Television tryin to get Del to listen
To that garbage and gobbledy-good
So I read a book, I prefer Manga wit Mega
My respectable rhyme styles and textures
Yes you're gettin extra
Flex your little style, I fluctuate
Too much to take in one sitting
And I stun citizens
Describing shit that we livin in
That don't make a better sense
I stick up kids who pick up bids
And murderers deserving the same thing, I'm sick of this
But meticulous wit metaphoric miracles of mind power
Praying mantis techniques that wreck beats
And pesky, prototypes that shouldn't made it off the assembly line
Much less to their distributors they're miniature
Mind states is immature and primitive
Talkin 'bout all the crack they cookin up, in the crib
But you don't shock me, I see these things
Don't participate wit the heartless, I'm an artist
Who's bound to be out the roach-infested apartments
Don't cry, dry ya eyes 4x