

## Brand New Dance

Das Racist

It's a brand new dance  
Give us all your money  
Everybody love everybody

I'm selling Oxycontin  
On my Palm Pixie, man, chicken sandwiches  
The cast a cla clack clack clocklo clong clacklack googoogo bla  
hblahblah guhguhguh hahahahaha yeah  
I'm selling Oxycotin  
On my Palm Pixie, man, Chicken sandwiches  
They cost a clam fifty  
I got a credit card, I got a million dollars  
I got a baby bird  
I only feed her candy  
I got a girl named Candy, automatic weapons  
She got three sisters, all lesbians  
All of them do push-ups  
All of them could whoop me  
All of them do hundred push-ups without even looking  
All of them be cooking  
Candy used to date a bookie  
Yeah, look at me, man of the year

I'm so funny  
You're a big dummy  
On your money, dog make a bunny  
I'm a smart guy, call me Taj Mowry  
Call me Tia Mowry, call me Tamera Mowry  
Lead to dead dowry  
Lead to dead the Tories  
Lead to watch Maury  
Himanshu Suri sorry  
With a bad mommy, and she wear a Sari  
And we on a safari and we eatin' supari  
Power be hourly dollars, cheese, scholarly  
Crime blotters and trees  
Me on the beach  
Semi-aquatic like otters be  
If you see me, on the street don't bother me  
Our new thing? Slacker-rock-rap  
Caveman rap tunes  
Pop, lean, snap to 'em  
I'm feeling strange dog  
I'm feeling weird man  
Steer clear man, tan man