

## Ek Shaneesh

Das Racist

Yeah, la-la la-la la la, la la, la, la la, la la

I'm from Queens, man  
Ain't shit to do but cook  
Watching Tony Bourdain  
Plus I copped his book  
Plus I copped his look  
That means T-shirts and jeans  
Catch me in my borough chasing breezes with queens  
Squeezes with dreams  
Do you? I'm a do me  
Catch me in my borough burning L's reading Rumi  
Flipping pies, reading fries  
I'm advising kabhir smoking hash  
Making cash, spinning Sufis  
Drinking beer, 40 kufi rock a sheer  
Sporting Uzis in the clear  
Drinking beer, drinking beer, probably drinking some more beer

Yeah, beers for years  
Chuckling Shaka Zulu types  
Spears for years  
Jakaya Kikwete  
"Machete, machete! "  
Ek shaneesh, Cheech  
Eddie Said speaks, sheesh  
(Yeah, that's what Ed said)  
People always follow like Deadheads  
Swallowing red meds  
Swallowing blues, too  
Various hues, dude  
Downtown Brown like Yoo-Hoo  
Watch it like YouTube  
Watch it like YouTube  
Watch it like YouTube  
Watch it like YouTube  
Whites and pinks  
Tyson and Spinks  
Yeah, whites and pinks  
Yeah, Fazul Abdullah Mohammed  
I am a pickup truck, I am America  
I am America, I am a pickup truck  
I am American, I am America  
La la la la la la la la la la

Good vibes PMA  
Yeah, believe that  
Listening to Three Stacks, reading Gaya Spivak  
Listening to KMD and feeling weird about Naipaul  
Fly or style warz, war style warsaw  
Listening to jams with they pops about dem bhati boys  
Listening to Can while I'm reading Arundhati Roy  
Yeah, yeah, my pops drove a cab home  
Now I drop guap just to bop in the cab, homes  
This is Sam Selvon  
Llamas, comas  
Catch me watching hella telenovela dramas

With dizzying effects and bright colors  
Roll around town with a bright crew of brothers  
Everyone knows Guantanamo is for lovers  
Next four joints could be Television covers  
Some Richard Hell Rell shit, yeah, I'm real confused  
Oh, you rap too, dude?  
Yeah, I'm real enthused  
La la la la la la la la la la

I feel pretty  
I feel pretty pretty  
I feel pretty silly  
I feel pretty weird, really  
I feel better now  
Coogi sweater now  
Gucci sweater now  
Coochie wetter now  
Who you calling a dandy?  
Our love is like candy  
The rich pour brandy  
What do the poor pour?  
Why we at the candy store for?  
Why we at the Mandy Moore tour?  
Band du jour or brand du jour  
Or the land before time  
The wartime Andy Warhol, the war crime  
Nancy Drew, nancy who?  
Nancy Reagan in a fancy pants suit  
Dancing bear in cahoots with the man who shot ya  
Who shot ya?  
Who shot ya?  
Who shot ya?  
Who shot you?  
Who shot you?  
La la la la la la la la la la