

Girl

Das Racist

You don't got to give me no instructions, baby
I know what I wanna do
You don't really got to tell me nothing, girl
Whatever you say is probably true
Sometimes I can't decide whether I believe that we move fast
Or time moves slow
But I like it, though
To me I'm just me, whatever that may be
And I know that you're just you
So let's do what we came to do

And I know and I know and I know what we came to do
And I'm pretty sure that you do, too

Girl, you're really cool
Smart, that's good at school
Pretty, you're beautiful
And I heard you got a pool
Plus your hair smell nice
Just like Newport, that's my type
My fingers crossed
The small in your back
My head in your chest but I'm taller than that
Red on your dress as it falls down your back
Sess is the best, Hulu on the Mac
Or Netflix, whatever your preference
Must address that I like the dresses
You wear, and your taste in necklaces
Got, me, rest, less, kid, and my head on spin
Feeling weird
And strange

These days we need infinite rest from Infinite Jest
Legs so long, that's an infinite dress
So then now is funny feelings?
I'll be over after some meetings
Let's go away for the weekend
Can't sprawl out, I ain't been sleeping
Figured fleeing, but into being
We could feel things, this the real thing
What's the real thing?
Race for creeping
To get to chiefing
I'm into seeing you
Like all of the time
Inside jokes in all of my rhymes
More dime than all of the dimes
Runnin' round like all of my mind
Let's get sweaty like how a sauna do
Whatchu wanna do?
I know what I wanna do