

## The Trick

Das Racist

We're in heaven  
At least I think so, I really think so  
There's nothing really to get mad at  
It's nothing, really, no, it's really no problem!

Everything overstood, overseen  
Big only those bold enough to dream big seem big  
Stack big, act big, Mac sauce  
Sticky icky, Jack Frost  
Tricky dicky, blast off  
Vicky-Vicky Vazquez  
Ask this kid no questions  
All kids kiss, no weapon, Smith no Wesson  
Wesleyan, no lessons learned  
Confession burn  
You make me wanna, you remind me of  
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera  
Don't get it? Don't sweat it, just let it go  
It's better with no Geppetto, though

It's really Heems, and I'm rapping with my friends  
People all happy cause it's happening again  
Comin' to our shows and clapping again and again  
Thank you, my friends

I'm ill, people really love me  
I'm wack, yo, people think I'm ugly  
I'm ill, five hundred dollars for the boots  
I'm wack, I never tell the truth  
Four hundred dollars for the boots