

Dagga Puff

Die Antwoord

Yo! Wat pomp? Het jy die shit?
Ja, my bru, jy weet mos.

Ja, maar nou kyk hier, my bru, jou moet nie my vir 'n fokken poes vat nie
Kyk hier nou, my bru, ek vat nie vir jou vir 'n poes nie man. Ons ken mos me
kaar, is ons kla gepraat?

Ja, okei, maar ek soek nie daai kak nie. Ek soek die shit. Het jy die fokken
shit, my bru?

Ja, ek het die shit, my bru. Hierdie shit is die shit. Nooit kak nie. Ek sal
nooit daai kak vir jou verkoop nie.

Ek staan hier op die fokken hoek. Hulle ken my!

Vra enige iemand, hulle sal vir jou se: "Rompelstompel, ja, daai ou se shit
is die shit, my bru."

So dis die shit, ne?

Ja my bru dis die shit

Jy vat my nie vir n fokken poes nie?

Naai, ek vat nie vir jou vir n poes nie, my bru

Ok, let's do this.

Dagga dagga puff, dagga dagga puff puff
Ek's lus vir 'n bietjie bobbejaantwak
Let's phone Clive, hook up some love
Dagga dagga dagga dagga puff puff puff
O, liewe Here, man, it smells so good
Stinky sticky fingers
Mull mull mull mull
Roll it up tight, gimme that light
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, aflaa

Spokie in die rokie soos n reenboog
Twee rooi ogies, jus, my mond's so droog
Nogge puff puff, lekker laf lag
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, gag gag gag

Off to the cafe with a rumble in my tum
Got the money for the munchies yum yum yum
Chappies bubblegum, or a bucket full of fun
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, dum dum dum

Early in the morning, smoke a big fat spliff
Nothing quite like it, like a Spaceman Spiff
First you feel kief, then you get muf
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, sif sif sif

What you have to do today? Oh, a lot of stuff
Ag man, los it, bra, take another puff
Jirre, nice laugh, sit jou mind off
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, dof dof dof

Ring-a-ring-a-rosie, rappers bop to the beat
Pass to the left skoppe I'll free style
Julle is deep, everyone freak
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, weak weak weak

Lekker insane in the membrane, bro
So many fokken lekker rappers come and go
Used to be the ou, nou's jy fokken flou

Dagga dagga dagga dagga, yo yo yo

Schizophrenic panic, "Shit! It's the fukken cops! "
Kak, man, chill, bru, you fuckin' up my high
My chick is checkin out that guy, kom, ons fukken waai
Dagga dagga dagga dagga, die die die

(Drop the beat hi-tek, Jesus Christ)

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Een twee drie vier vyf ses sewe
Rook te veel dagga en dink oor jou lewe