

# Gucci Coochie

Die Antwoord

Yeah, I know, she's so hot right now  
But look out for that one  
She'll fuck up your whole life with that little Gucci coochie

Ooh ah  
She grab the mic and go 'da da da da dan' here I come  
She like to shake her bum to the drum  
She a wild one, a young hooligan  
Yo, she role with the fucking real ass clique  
Yeah, she like that, that he took my chick  
She hear cool beat and go, "Yo, that's sick"  
She step in the place they go, "Yo, who she?"  
She's hookin' it up, she feelin' so Gucci  
All up in the place like all eyes on me  
She pullin' the place like she high on E  
Just leave her alone, why could she  
Just livin' her life, yo, she'll wild and free

She livin' the fast lane, sippin' on champagne  
Getting real paid since she's livin' in L.A  
[?] fucking bored  
Boy, don't touch what you can't afford

She gets everything she wants  
She gets everything for free  
She will fuck up your whole life  
With her little Gucci coochie  
(C'mon)  
She gets everything she wants  
She gets everything for free  
She will fuck up your whole life  
With her little Gucci coochie  
(Oh yeah)

Her life is like the wildest dream come true  
She do whatever she want and she [?]  
She dance around the club like a psycho little cuckoo  
[?] no worries, smile  
The neighbours is jaloers  
The neighbours is jaloers, jaloers, jaloers  
The neighbours is jaloers, jaloers, jaloers  
They peanut butter and jealous  
They hate us cause they ain't us  
And we rock the mic like this

Ya, she livin' the fast lane, sippin' on champagne  
Getting real paid since she's livin' in L.A  
[?] she's having a bad day  
[?] with a designer  
Gucci, Gucci, yo her little panties on fire  
[?] fucking bored  
Boy, don't touch what you can't afford

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She gets everything for free  
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With her little Gucci coochie

(C'mon)  
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Yo girl, I'm tryna fuck that shit up  
Gimme some of my fucking G-shit to spit on  
Welcome to my life, money, fame  
Everywhere I go they scream my mothafuckin' name  
They say, "He so nice, he got game"  
Little Gucci coochie poppin' like it's champagne  
Lights, camera, action, pull a funny face like carpe diem  
Poppin' so these sassy supermodels wanna fuck with me  
But some of them are just so fuckin' boring when they start to speak  
Ey yo, bro fuck that shit up, rather wank myself to sleep  
(I love you, Ninja) I don't care  
(I fucking hate you) I don't care  
I'm in a jacuzzi chillin' with these black hoes in their underwear  
Where we sippin' on champagne, my dear  
I love it when they braid my hair  
I'm so selfish, ridiculous  
Uh, you can't sit with us

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(Mwah)