

Wat Pomp

Die Antwoord

Ninja
Yo yo yo yo-landi Visser
Jack Parow
DJ-Hitek
Die fokken antwoord

Wat pomp julle?

Fresh futuristig
Me I'm a misfit, drink my 5 roses tea with a biscuit
I'm shweet and I'm twisted, like a koeksuster
I'm rustig ekse, o, we go ballistig, you can't fuck with this shit
It's dark and it's different, pay attention or be like Fuckit, I missed it
Joe, maar sy's giftig, oo jissie is dit?
Staan terug boetie, cause I spoeg when I spit sh*t.
I missed it
My number's unlisted
Yo fuck the system, I got my own system.
Poes, I won't listen, my tricky dicky lietjie blows systems.
You can hear me coming from the distance.

Mense versigtig, I get up to mischief
Jou fokken mif dik lip op 'n tik klip
My style is poison, it's a freak pak of gom.
Giftige cherrie up on page 3 van Die Son.

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?
Raak dronk op pille
Vrot binne as die kwaai pop singers kop sinne
Ek verskyn uit die stoom van die stort
soos n droom of 'n visie, 'n oom op n missie

Mirror, mirror on the wall tell me who's ill
I'm touched with true skill
I bust the blue steel
Shit the mirror's misty
Sjoe who can this be
Lets see the seksie refleksie
Eksie perfekteksie donner op 'n entjie
Stonewashed jeans palm bome op my hempie
Tssss
Fuck yes I'm dressed for success my breath is kak fresh
JACK PAROW!
(there you go baby)
Look at that lekker romantiese afrikaans superster rapper
Check my fokken uit
Lat die beat drop player
Die naam's Jack Parrow
Fok steve hofmeyer

Me and my super fresh look to the rescue
We come to gently caress you
Like two warm ballas in a nice cold palm
Make you feel strange when the mic's on
Ok, this is my song

Fok jou ek dink jy's 'n poes!
Vat jou vir 'n poes want jy klink soos 'n poes!
Jy rap soos 'n poes en jy sing soos 'n poes.
Hou my neus vas want jy stink soos 'n poes
Alright lemme speak yo, all up in this freak show.
Ok, check out my skill, geen fokken clue nie
Like my name was Nigel.
Moenie my flippen tune nie
Ek gaan vir my ma se.
Okay, toemaar los dit,

If it doesn't fit, force it, that's my motto.
I'm not weird, you're weird
I'm just flippin new here
I rap like a sore thumb, what's up with you brother
I fit right in, like my cock in your mother.

So don't tell me I've got no fire
I'm running on the spot and I'm so tired
Hair getting blown back by my blow dryer
Jou Naaier, jou naaier

Wat pomp julle?

Uuh (hosss)
2009 (yo)
Die fokken Antwoord (fresh futuristig)

Yo
Dj Hitek (duidelik)
Yo-landi Visser (some fucking fancy shit)

Uuh
Jy check my op die fokken strate (yo)
Jy check my in fokken larny restaurant (we're very fancy)
Yo, Jy check my op page 3 van Die Son

Yo, die fokken ninja (ouch)
stainless steel stab comin' at ya

My borshare mooi afgeskeer (daarsy!)
Donald Duck cap from the overseas (oulik!)
Freessssh
Don't fuck with my style
Ninja - I'm a tiger

Yo, waar die fok is Jack?
Jack?
Parow?
Ek dink hy's in die toilet...