

Fatty Boom Boom

Die Antwoord

Yo, Hi-Tek, you think you could fuck with something like this?

(Beatboxing)

Don't you mean something like this?

Yeah, that's perf. Yo-Landi, do that thing.

Hey Fatty Boom Boom
Hit me with the Ching-ching
Fat pocket clinking, dollar eye twinkling
Jeez da beats so chunky
Me'sa getting funky
Ohh ohhh ooh ohh

When I'm on the mic it's like murder murder murder!
Kill kill kill!
Wat se Suid-Afrika?
Suig my fokken piel
Hier kom ek weer
Like a lekker a smack in the face
Rappers are fucking boring Ninja bashing there brains
What happened to all the cool rappers from back in the day?
Nowadays all these rappers sound exactly the same
It's like one big inbred fuck-fest Sis!
No, I do not want to stop, collaborate or listen

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy hold on to your ching
I'm taking over Amerika, blowing up everything
Physically fit, the Ninja very energetic
If you haven't got it by now, yo you never gonna get it
I whip my dick out and piss on all this horrible fokken rap
Got an offshore account for dollar bills that I stack
Yo fuck rap
I'm sorry my China we not related
I cum mad fresh, like the first time I ejaculated

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Hi! My name is...
Yo-Landi fokken Visser
Fight fight fight!
Kick you in the teeth, hit you on the head with the mic
There's a rumble in the jungle I'm bubbling to the beat
Not looking for trouble but trouble's looking for me
My pockets are fokken swollen but nothing just come for free
I used to beg, borrow, steal just to hustle something to eat
South Africa used to be dwankie to notice me

Suddenly you're interested cause we're blowing up overseas
Making money money money
Yes yes yes

Zef side represent
You're fuckin' with the best

I'm a upper
Dwankies get popped like a sucker
Baka Baka
Yippie-ki-yay motherfucker!

I'm a big deal
Yo crazy money get thrown at me
Now I'm having so much fun I can't even go to sleep

Yo-landi!
What?
Where you at?
Here I am!

Spitting fokken lyrics like bam bam bam!

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We keep it lekker lekker lekker, zef zef zef
Spend all my fucking money til' there's nothing left
I'm a fat cat, keep the change I don't need a slip
For this fat sack of dagga, yo I'm smoking a spliff
In my matte black Subaru, haters throwing a fit
Round the corner gooi n lekker fokken spiff Tokyo drift

My daddy told me there's a lot of fish in the sea
There's also a lot of motherfuckin' money bitches and weed

Ja, dagga dagga dagga, puff puff puff
Bring the beat back Hi-Tek!
Make it rough
We drop the type of beats that make you shut the fuck up and dance
We drop the type of beats so good you're fucking stuck in a trance
In the overseas they like to say you're stuck in a trance
We drop the type of beats that make you fucking cum in your pants

Waarsie fokken dagga?
Pass it to the left
Lekker Z, to the E, to the mother fucking F!

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Jesus ou!
Chill net n bitjie fokken uit!