

Happy Rappy

Das Racist

Yeah, ah, oh, shit!
Das Racist! Ha! That's ridiculous!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty
Get that guap, get that money
Meathead, street cred
Weed edge, Greedhead

Young Charles Ponzi
Waka Flocka Fonzie
Sippin' Dom P, don glassage on Africa
Buddhist zooted, they write down my Agatha Christie mysteries
Officer Rick Ross, gold chain Mr. T's
Open every cell at Attica, sellin' Acuras, it's a commercial
Room full of Draculas, big commercial
Which little idiot wanna throw a piggy bank of more, much more?
Paid for Rushmore, Larry Johnson, the best first godson
Terry cloth Kangol, _____, go piss on Dodge Durango
Rango, Johnny Depp in it, Bay reppin' it
Alameda, don't step in it
Used to stay there, now I stay where young Icarus went to daycare
Hey, there! All you little kids better play fair!

Yo, yo, this shit is too much, kid!
One day I'll roll up and be like "What up, kid?
I'm fitter, happier, more productive!"
Until then I lay home and bump this "Loveless"
Yeah, that's My Bloody Valentine
Forty cracker, don't call it My Bloody Valentine
Call it my bloody country club
Hindu thuggee come from blood
Won't stop yellin' 'til I'm comfortable
Tumblr full, wonderful
Keep it one hundred, I'mma die, like, ten times
Be the first to run if I hear some lead fly
Same by the Bed-Stuy(?)
Stack chips with the Vegas
I'll kill 'em with the
I'll kill 'em with the

Hello, yes, it's happy rappy!
This is what you're hearing right now, actually