

People Are Strange

Das Racist

People are strange
When you're a stranger
Faces look ugly
When you're alone

Blowin the purple, slow as a turtle
She so Donatella Versace
Watch me, looking so bummy
But cooking the money, off the books it's not just hooks
I know I look a little bit strange
But probably your little opinion will change
And change and change and change again
The only consistence is change my friend
Use your brain, my friend, it's a game my friend
I know, I don't like it—it's lame my friend
Everything always the same my friend
Even when everything change my friend
It's the same my friend, it's the same my friend
The game might end one day, 'til then
I'm strange, my friend, I'm strange my friend
I'm straaaaange
It's nothing my friend, it's nothing my friend
I'm up in the morning and puffing, my friend
I beat it from yuck my friend
I typically never really give a f*ck my friend
What up my friend, what up my friend
Something something, anything anything
Anything anything, anything anything, straaaaange

Do what we wanna do
Say what we wanna say
Live how we wanna live
Play how we wanna play
Blah blah blah blah blah
Blah blah blah blah blah
Straaaaaange

People are savages, animals, scavengers
Mammals and activists, Arabs and Africans
Managers, harbingers, People are managing people, what's happening

People are rapping steady, see
People look like Clapton, clapping and snapping
People get fapped on, slept on, stepped on
People get kept from presidents, dead ones
People, they can't run, people is redrum
Redrum is murder, meat is murder
People are burgers, transitive property:
People are murder, people? Ted Turner
Build-a-burgers, people flack burners
People just burnt one, learned one, each one, teach one
People flee from having no freedom
People we need them, complex like people
Hell is people, people are evil
Threading a needle, let my people go
People ignored them, people adored them
Leave some that's snoring, forlorn when foreign

Forward when forming, opinions
I'm yawning, warning: people are boring
People are brown, people get down
People let down, people make sounds
People are bugging, people they love it when
People they rub him the wrong way
People are strange like the song say
Strange, strange like the song say
Oddballs, wackos, he was always a little different

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