

Power

Das Racist

L. Ron Hubbard with no bling
Vitamin Water and codeine
You think you know things
But you know no things
I'm just waiting for the bell to go 'ding'
Maybe we can sell the whole thing
Keep your hand in your pocket
They can smell the gold ring
If somebody felled an old tree
Jokingly and only three people got the joke
"Is the tree pine, maple, or oak, or other?"
I'm the other brother from another mother
The other light meat
You like me?
I might be your father
Sister, Sister
Rodger Dodger
Trickster, Big Bird
Hipster, blipster
Too many crackers listening for me to say "Ni-"
Ahem, if you don't get it, it's fine, let it rewind
Or, never play it again
Say it again
Sam Raimi
Power, responsibility

[Chorus x2]

It's too easy
Even if I told you about it
You probably wouldn't even believe me

Danny the Hybrid hard like jerkin' off with arthritis
Another episode
You niggers still writing pilots
I'm the big dog
Yousa fire hydrant
The big mack, spend a thousand on the islands
I'm toking violent
You're smoking Miley Cyrus
I tell my hoes what they want
To hear like I'm a psychic
Don't like young hoes
Those bitches can't cook
I eat an old ho like the big bad wolf
I cop a pound and everyday (?) is on
That means I got the grams like an old folks' home
Bitches licking on the dick like its Mister Softee
Blowing all on it like it's hot coffee
And she deep throat
And she lick my nuts
That's a combination nut lick and dick suck
Das Racist, like the black quarterback
Let me get a load of that for my cataracts

[Chorus x2]

Otherworld Newspeak

Y'all know how I spit
Half-internet, half-high school cafeteria shit
I'm hype how the internet get
Yo, 2x4's with like splinters and shit
White demons with green pockets
Line up at our shows to peep game
How we rock it?
No qualms with cockblocking white dudes from Boston
I don't know why people think we give a fuck so often
We Waco, we Maaco
But you are just a toucher
Homie, take your heart out your chest, no (?)
Talk it how I walk it
Himanshu got 'nuff guff
Other words: you could get roughed up, tough stuff
Your band about as lame as Staind or Train
"Soul Sister" hold blisters on my brain
Probably think this song is about you, you vain
But me, I'm burning one to Carl Thomas's "Summer Rain"
Chilling, relaxing, having a good time

The name don't ring bells: it break doors down
The neighbors hear yells from eight floors down
They say "This here's Hell, it's all yours now"
All around nice guys get stuffed for sport, clown
Life check: 1, 2, what is this?
"Your money or your life?"
And I'm like, "What's the difference?"
And if the price is right, I could buy all you dipshits
Put him near a mike and the rest not your business
Chumps
Save yourself the lumps
Why shoot the five a hundred times
When you could shoot the nine once?
And come and find a little guy can pack a supersize punch
Bar sixteen, a pregnant verse come every nine months
Until next time
Thanks for tuning in
The hooligans whose tunes is too loony for the loony bin
This is how we doin', doin'
This is how we do it again
Going HAM, going in, going hard, going limp