

# 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