

## Rapping 2 U

Das Racist

Whadup Whadup Whadup  
Sit Down, Man! Sha-leik! DR  
Whatitat Whatitat Whatitat  
Time to do a rap

Hello Young Cocoa Butter, who is you?  
White people love me like they love Subarus  
Rolling with the super crew, something like Scooby-Doo  
My eyes droopy? Mami that's what doobies do  
Kalidasa, but across the Kalapani  
Probably with a Khalistani mommy high as I'll be  
Das Racist on a roll like wasabi  
I don't know what these two are, I'm Punjabi  
More cash mommy than Mukesh Ambani  
And Anil Ambani, yeah that's real Armani  
Yeah that's Lanvin, you call it Lanven  
You call it "bro-in down", I call it "lampin"  
I'm from Flushing, bright as a lamp man  
That's in Queens like MC Cool Fashion  
You can Google that, he's down with the Beatnuts  
We got the net wet tryna get the street buck  
See Dap, that's my f\*cking mans and shit  
White boy wasted, let me write a stanza quick  
Matter fact, yo, all my boys in bands and shit  
Haters mad cause they got Costanza dicks  
You know, like the show, Seinfeld  
Michael Richards made my f\*cking mind melt  
Cop a bundle of Rapunzel  
Do what thugs do we just hustle, LATM, BBT, MTV, BET  
They called us joke rap, we kinda weed rap  
We just like rap, we don't even need rap  
Could get a real job, only rap weekly  
I don't need rap, told you, rap need me!  
Indian style, knees bent, in dashiki  
Your girl's sext means she wanna get freaky  
She beeped me, meet me at twelve  
Hit it in the shower cause it's hot as hell  
My fans broken, I don't got an AC  
Say I got potential, but the kid lazy

Stock is rising wait don't scalp the tickets yet  
Older white women say I'm very articulate  
Young Obama mommy, but not Illuminati  
Yet, they're tryna gauge if i'm tame enough to be their commie pet  
I'm watching Gandhi til I'm charged and eating banh mi  
Like they was Cars and I was Blondie  
We are not the same, I'm Alf swinging a salami  
At any prom queens that want me  
Probably even Nicki Minaj would massage me  
If I got a fade and trim my beard like I was John B  
Nice finna eat more rice than Condi  
Nasty, see me grace the pages of your favorite Conde Nast Publication  
They asked me all about my views on relations of races  
And cut out the radical shit for space, that's racist  
I'm in outer space reading Frankfurt School treatises  
That curl the common man into fetuses  
Nietzsche told me that the nostril's where the genius is

Bossy just saucing like its falafel where my penis is  
Soap 'em with Falafel like O'Reilly thought a Loofah was  
Hitting they chalupa up  
First I get real smart, and then I stupid up  
Drop it and scoop it up, haters is dookie butts  
Groupies is cooky, nuts, see me voice acting  
In Space Chimps wasted like my man Stanley Tucci does  
I'm truthy blood fishes get mad at me the kid is a whale  
In there like a triple-A battery up in the digital scale  
In the kitchen with the coca-cola corporation kicking it with me  
Pepsi Co. too  
The kid is a Brit me, the brother's a jitney  
And other's is with me  
Even if I was a tree you couldn't flip me  
Don't ask what it means just kiss me, chick please, check please

You, we're rapping to you my friend and only you  
To you! So don't ever say we never did nothing for you

Sexy Lexi, ask what the address be  
Press be makin' a face Dizzy Gillespie  
Applause, pause, hand me my ESPY  
Grammy, I'm Leslie Nielsen, you know I'm chillin'  
Float like a butterfly come on sugar baby  
On my shoulders, 7 million, sugar babies  
Float away on my good looks and charm  
Dick like, hot like, baby arm, chicken parm  
Release the peace keeper  
Chief the peach shisha  
Smokin' peace pipe ride 'em cowboy see ya!  
My chuckie cheese are bucks  
My EBTs are cardies, my 18 wheelers trucks  
Call up my Nelly parties  
Call up my deli starving  
What you mean my moneys no good here  
Why - because I made it? Bitch you know I made it