

Rooftop

Das Racist

Das Racist as an end to mindwash religion
Nowhere politics, bogus philosophies
Probably, possibly a mockery of monarchy
I'm complex like Cournot's duopoly quantities
Rooftop, like we bringin' '88 back
White girls, Big Wheels, fortunes, Sajak
Mixtapes, many tapes, Mel Gibson "Payback"
Laid back, stay crack, eat those, stay fat
Engine, engine number nine
I'm on that New York transit line
I'm ill, everything I touch is a grill
With diamonds that's chill, for real, I'm I'll
I'm wack, like You, Me and Dupree
I'm ill like buy one get one free
I'm wack, like nobody wanna touch me
I'm ill like making jokes and burning Dutchies
I'm cliché, I feel as high as a rooftop
Contradict myself in raps like 2Pac
I ride gnarly till I'm Farley that's dearly departed
And the party don't start till I'm gettin' it started
When the party get started, then I'll get with ya darlin
I give it cause she want it, then I dip from your darlin
Before the next morning, I won't give her no warnin'
I'm listening to Warning, I'm out the door stormin'
Maybe towards like a rooftop or a barbecue or somethin'

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Meet the man of your dreams about dyin'
Came up in the land of the free if y'all buyin'
When he ain't cheatin' or stealin' it's all lyin'
On the 108th Street in Queens you might find 'em
Wildin', out for the night, dusk and daytime
Where the f*ck you find the guff to even say rhymes
Get yourself stuffed by three browns and a beige guy
Hold down the fort and raise the roof at the same time
Das Racist, goodness gracious
Great balls of 8 Balls smooshed in faces

Break falls with cake, ya'll hood rich famous
Lifestyles is type wild, ditch the cages
All the rage, kid, save your dollars
Cop that for moms, dads, nanas, papas
Top hats and big wigs powdered proper
So on the money he's a founding father
Dodger, conniver, preach to choirs
Lied when he said his pants was on fire
Ants in his pants, your uncle's none wiser
Escape with a string and a toothpick, MacGyver
f*ck what them dumb youngster crews pop
Who hot? Who got they shoes stepped on on whose block?
No one ever heard of 'em yet like they some cool cops
When that shit drop it hit like it fell from a

Heh, third verse, similar to the first two
Beat sounds hard like somebody finna hurt you, right?
Hey kids, you like Don Imus? Das Racist
Under your eyelids, phosphenes
A vase clean bizarro nasty
See me like it's f*ckin' up your eyes, blepharoplasty
Wikipedia that, if you didn't know
We aight but media cats think we clever though
Are we? You may never know
Speedy Gonzales couldn't see how quick the cheddar go
Smartest dumb guys in the room
Run guys, it's the mulatto Jeff Koons
They taco the best balloons
That's breasts, you goons
I'mma festoon the room
Like Daniel Day-Lewis
They couldn't even hold a candle if they Buddhist
(get that? hahahahahaha)
Yeah we eating! Aw made you soup
You a slave to a bleep in the beat loop
Play it in your Jeep, coupe, hooptie or beetroot juice-powered hippie van
Never really need to ask "Can he?"
"Yeah, Vic he can"
He like a Spick He-man
Master of the universe, nobody can doo-doo worse
Than I do-do