

Sit Down, Man

Das Racist

[Verse 1: Heems]

I'm from Cop Killer, never killed a cop though
More the type to burn a spliff and eat a bag of nachos
More the type to read a novel, maybe bout Navajos
On a sunny day I'm on the block in a poncho
Venomous, extra sick, tell me how my bars feel
Talk shit, tell me how the floor of the bar feel
Young cocoa butter, I'm fresh as new car smell
Cynical lasagna loving cat, call me Garfield
Graffiti goes legit streets spray tags for soup cans
I paint Marine Green Newport packs, now who down?
Three brown, the slim thang I need a brand new van
To tour so they can make enough funds to send a Sudan
Spraying copyright symbols on yoga mats until I'm high enough
To type a bunch of rhyming words to tell you how I'm fly and stuff
Writing racial rants, Craigslist, start the race war
High as space dog, wild as three caged boars
Mom Dukes never told me to go to my room
A wild juvenile, she threatened to send me to Dehradun
That's in the motherland, her lover-dad hit me with a broom
Black and blue, at school where white kids call me dune coon
I'm still living this shit, something like a pigeon and pissed
Scribblin' some lip words to a script, literal shit
Belittled, we get hit quick, your little dick
Kicked in just for giggles and shits
Seriously...

[Verse 2: Kool A.D.]

Aright, what's up?
Papa watch me on Google Alerts, hi dad!
I'm at the Whitney with DJ Spooky, on an iPad
Shotgunning schlitz in a woman's can
And catching some catch as you can key bumps from the bug-eyed man fan
Can, can, can you do the smarty-pants can-can?
So you think you can dance? Here is your stinking advance
Back ends, tap them, stack ends
White people, play this for you black friends, black people smack them
Moose spoonin' with candy flippers, whomever the edible panties fit
Gets the candy glass brandy-snifter
Shake hands with fans that demand a picture
Like "Hey man, hey man, are you Himanshu, or Victor?"
Soul dudes, show crew, home brews, coal crew
Kool A.D., living contradictory since '83
Arkansas street, like a block from the projects
HP some more blocks from some other projects
To Alameda so we not by the projects
Now look at me, getting nods from my projects
The brother's logic is stop when you got it
But I don't got it yet, so I'm not gonna stop it
Street freak-a-leak, socialize with the fetally
Meek shall inherit the earth, Earth shall inherit the meek
You can stare at the street but the street stare back at you
Talk greasy, somebody take a crack at you
Act the fool, somebody finna laugh at you
Like "dude, I don't like your f*cking attitude"

[Verse 3: El-P]

Gangster computer god mind slut's my pseudonym
f*ck anyone giddily, giggle, simply misery
Feelings whittle bitch pitches, but where the juicy tag
First to always be the great choosy Brooklyn or Lucy Brown
Harbinger of the bum rush plus oozin' away a ton or more
Buddy cops kiss each other Pederast priests f*ck whores
Let's set the moral compass to something a little sacrilege
I'm Pirate Jenny this whole town Black Freighter, I'm maggin' this
Nobody sleeps tonight, keep your car alarm evening
Perpetual garbage truck, annoying ice cream truck jingling
(Hey young world) conscious got donkey-punched by aristocrats
Maniac, brainiac, fist-f*cked in a dunce cap
Looking at it from space, you can the race is just one lap
The tranquility now is just future anarchy unhatched
I'm on a new drug plus alternate reality
Some dimensional shifting It's hidden from all the cowardly
Gypsies read the palm and they vomit
They give me back my dollar, hollerin "Oh God! Get out you monster!"
Mumalo covered a song and it's a running joke
My comedy is common is as greymatter converted into runny yolk
I'm not in the mood (stop) A lot more to rue (raw)
Hot rod of intoxicants (roo!) Goblin your food (gone)
Applaud to the truthiness, truly I'm a lost boy
Half-man, half-smoke, no joke got it on Locke boy
Take your little sad poopy-pants to the corner toy
I'm gonna bring a blaze, bleeder burn a bridge, burn a boy
Sit down!