

Blenders, Fudek amą tekek

Fijdek amą tekek

Lemok lemok

Hit ground get around don't let me down a new sound
Nick be lackin towar give the man a browar get your face upon
A label getting famous goin' far.

His blood's a completely Polish but his name looks rather latin

His hat is made of feather overcoat of satin

A brain alike to Einstein a walk like general Patton

And he recently discovered that our halaxy will flatten

Hevelius is pitchin' so he prefers the battin'

A t night he sils with telescope just waitin'

fer somethin tha happen

Crankin' scientific theories for you astronomie fans

More stars up in the sky than you could count

with gratis of sand

Plays the bass guitar in his soul-funk band

Nicolai Copehicus let's give'em a hand

Enlightened is the man so let's a showem due respect

'N skak it up'n down wit da fudamą tekek.

Grybni-lebben regnem eggen owerrckiana

Spiggalened krugaglenned smogerockiala

Eezy-bee-dee-beet sprawamąka kredimadfk

Seggemeggel wokdee-doma oremez aquadik

Rok-tók sot-nok krandle-andy nittley-tony

Nón-iot het-mot nimble-ondi bittley-shónnie

Been dakka-doo wit da missle top utogonay

B'seen smakka-fiow con-za ripple sok Ptolomey

Smaggy addit spigadidedy rók rók dee-endiusz

Krulik wit'da kutya wit'da facet de Heweliusz

Nak a baddit hoogali stabbit rindaikaw bedek

'N sctap it ifyou can to the fiidamą tekek.

N. C. - M C. the forms the rhymes to set you brainless

His astronomie times they go from Venus to Uranus

Frombork no excuse me the town: Toruński

Astroncmý and geography it's there you tend to lose me

But Nick be lackin towar so give the man a browar

Get your face upon a label gettin' famous goin' far

Nicki, brotha Nicki in the Baltic doin' backstroke

Known alt over Poland cause his face is on a banknote

Plays the baass guitar for the girlies back in school

Always wins at Jeopardy he ain't nobody's fool

'N we'd like tn see ya jumpin' so continua what the heck Yo chodźmy dalej wit'da tudarną tekek.