

Die Antwoord, Evil Boy

[Intro]

Vuil-geboosted gangsta!

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Vuil-geboosted vuil-geboosted vuil-geboosted gangsta!

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Vuil-geboosted gangsta!

Vuil-geboosted vuil-geboosted vuil-geboosted gangsta!

Yo, Evil Boy, why is your incanca so big?

All the better to love you with!

No glove, no love;

If you don't believe me

Take your dirty hands off my umthondo wisizwe!

[Ninja]:

Everybody go, "ho!" like a Thundercat

I'm all up in the club in my underpants

No shirt on cause it's fokken hot

Let's go, Diplo, pump it up!

Girls wanna say hello to me

From the Zef side to the fucking overseas

I'm lookin' at who's lookin' at me

Lookin' at you lookin' back, who can that be?

When I'm all up in this

Bitch, you know who the fuck it is

Roll through the club like a tokoloshe;

Ninja's hung like a fuckin' horse

Yeah, girl - I'm a freak of nature:

Sign my name on your boob, fuck a piece of paper

If you feelin' me, cool. Not feelin' me? Fuck off

Wies jy? Fokkol. Umnqundu wakho

[Hook]

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[Wanga]:

Mamelapa, umnqundu wakho!

Andifuni ukuyaehlatini

Sukubamma incanca yam

Andi so stabani

Incanca yam yeyamantobi

Incanca yam iclean

Incanca inamandla

Ndiyinkwekwe enkulu

Angi funi ukuba yeendota

Evil boy for life!

Evil boy for life! Yebo!

Evil boy for life!

Evil boy for life! Yebo!

Evil boy for life!

[Hook]

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[Yo-Landi Vi\$\$\$er]:

Yo-Landi Vi\$\$\$er so fancy like this dope-ass beat;

Rock the motherfuckin' microphone with no panties
I'm a bad ass chick, yo: my black magic
Spelletjies make all the boys go, "damn, that's sick"
Lie down on the bed, boy, let me light the candles
Uh-uh, don't touch, Yo-Landi just too hot to handle
Blindfold you, lock your hands up with the handcuffs
Even though you lying down, I can make you stand up
Spirits in the room tickle you like a sneaky prawn
Fuck a pen and pad, I write my rhymes with a Ouija board
Draw a pentagram on your chest with my lipstick
Visions in the mirror: heavy Zef futuristic
Let me take your pants off. Let's see what you made of
Go through your pockets - no, we not gonna make love
Go through your wallet, whoa! Look at all this paper!
What a fuckin' sucker. See you later, masturbator

[Ninja/(Yo-Landi Vi\$\$\$er)]:

I went from fokol to so fokken hot right now, i'll put you in your place!
Motherfucker, skrik wakker, we coming through, pumping you full of bass!
Fok rustig, eks apokaliptikal, (fucking you in the face!)
Zef cherries tioon my, "spieg my fokken hol nat"
Fuck everyone, eyes on the prize when I go for the jugular
Surprise me or fokof and die when I remind you of how much you suck!
Everyone's so fokken so-so (yo, we've been sent to fuck you up!)
Zef techno mosh-pit gangsta nommer een kind
Everything you rap about comes true if you got some freakin' balls
But mind your tongue when you rhyme on the drum; gaan vra vir Biggie Smalls
I gotta rock if you motherfucking like it or not (yo, is you ready for)
This hostile take over? bow to the fokken master
My slang is banging, I'm freaking the fuck out of myself! yo, I'm my biggest fan
Cause, buddy, when you man down, no fokken hands out when you really need a hand
Machine gun rapper (lekker budda-budda, motherfucker) yo, I'm bigger than
Koos Kombuis se ma se fokken poes!

[Yo-Landi Vi\$\$\$er]:

Nana, nanana!
You can't fuck with this, ou!
Blah blah blah, whatever
Watch a million fuckin' kids go:
"nana, nanana!
Super fokken fresh flow!"
Ninja, Wanga & Yo-Landi Vi\$\$\$er
Versus Diplo!