

# Die Antwoord, I Don't Dwank

[Group argument: Ninja, Yolandi, and DJ Hi-Tek]

Ninja, Yolandi? Fuck, bro?

Fuck, dude, I'm so fucking pissed off, oh

Like can you not drop fucking-fucking drop ash on my fucking carpet?

Sorry, dude, sorry

You know that fucking picture with the-with the chick with the big tits and the American bikini?

Jissus

Yeah, yeah, yeah?

Well, it's just—fuck

You just fucking shit up when you come, dude, let's just have some fucking respect, bro

You keep-keep fucking saying—oh, and she said (???) &quot;Yolandi Visser&quot;

Have some fucking respect, dude

It wasn't me, dude, sorry, dude

She fucking said-I didn't say—

I don't even like-I don't even like you guys smoking in here!

Okay, I'm not talking to yo- just, shush, just

Can't I just fucking—just drop the fucking beat

(???)

Hold up, no, no, no, you—

Actually, you know what? I'm not gonna fucking drop the fucking beat

Fuck you guys

Fuck you

Okay, well then

Fuck a beat

[Verse 1: Ninja]

Yo, I don't fuck up or suck up to anyone

I wake up when I want, make our props, get paid out my asshole

My DJ's the mothafuckin' business

Every time he hits me with a beat I'm like Jesus!

I don't need anyone to help me

Dropped my record label I'm still very fuckin' wealthy

Money's not a problem, cash flow healthy

Vodacom was too expensive so I switched to Cell C

I don't ask famous people for their picture

When you see me on the streets just, be cool with the Ninja

Don't lose your fuckin' mind just say &quot;Hi, how you feelin'?&quot;

I'll say fine

Now stop freaking out and tweaking and start eating up my time

I don't hand people my fucking demo

Plus I never used to

Just make a track and drop that shit on YouTube

Quit steppin' to me dwankin' out

Try to fucking suck up

Just let your shit speak for itself and shut the fuck up!

[Yolandi]

Yooo.. fuck!

Drop the fucking beat Hi-Tek

Drop the beat nigga!

[Verse 2]

Fuuuuck.. Jissis

Yolandi, hoy!

[Yolandi]

Yo

I don't dwank

I come make money

Plus I'm fucking famous so I don't say sorry

Don't blame me girl go blame Anies

Yo get off my back he's the gangsta, I'm just a fuckin' rat

I come from below, I run the show, rat's rule (Ya!)

You down to me, that's cool

You not down to me, what the fuck's down witchu?  
Brah, you got issues  
What?  
My shit just so hot  
And we won't stop 'til we fuckin' go pop  
Life's a fuckin' soap opera  
When you so popular  
Don't fuck with little Miss Visser cause I'll fuck you up  
I don't care  
What you fuckin' think  
Next time you try fuckin' with me maybe stop and think  
&quot;Why the hell am I so bothered by this chick?&quot;  
Am I maybe jealous or just fuckin' retarded

[Verse 3: Ninja]

Hahaha  
Yo  
I don't queue  
I walk right through  
You know who I fuckin' am man  
Who the fuck are you?  
When I'm in the club I get more chicks than I can manage  
Grinding me front and back like a Ninja fuckin' sandwich  
So don't stress  
Everything I do is so sex  
My style is so sex  
My smile is so sex  
My vibe is so fresh  
My rhyme's are so next  
Zef god with the spark might as well flex  
Don't send mothafucka's &quot;Please call me!&quot;'s  
Uh-uh  
I send mothafucka's airtime  
By my fuckin' stressed life  
Me a little blessed life  
Mama I don't lose  
Betta' luck next time  
Sucka's step back  
You don't want to see Ninja snap  
When I'm in South Africa I speak like I'm black  
If you not a fan, why you keep coming back?  
Exactly motherfucka you bumping this track  
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid  
You stupid mothafuckaaaaaa' (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)  
You stupid  
You stupid mothafuckaaaaaa'  
Hahahah...