

Die Antwoord, My Best Friend

B: Hello, what you doing here, who are you?

The Flying Dutchman: Het jy my tv ??

B: My codename is Mikhail Breznev, but you can call me Bongi

The Flying Dutchman: *snort* nice name, where'd you get it? the Waterfront?

B: Don't you think I've been mocked enough, because my father, Siphon, did not put a click in my name

The Flying Dutchman: Versin!

B: I was taken by the Russians as a slave, but I maintain my Sowetan heritage with this afro

The Flying Dutchman: Verstaan jy Afrikaans?

B: stop! English only - I do not understand your language

The Flying Dutchman: mm? why am I here?

The Flying Dutchman: Ja waars ons kinders?

B: I said English. Can you handle it?

The Flying Dutchman: Hmm?

B: Because you are cute and I like to lick the chocolate starfish

If you are wondering why my voice is not in sync with my lips

It is because when I was a little boy my best friend Jacob Zuma taught me how to talk shit

And just like him I have mastered it, and I now talk through my ass as well