

Die Antwoord, Rats Rule

[Hook: Jack Black]

Rats, rats, everywhere you look, everywhere you turn, there's rats
Rats, rats, eating all your books, looking at your photographs
Rats, rats, nesting in your closets, hiding underneath your socks
Living in your living rooms, sleeping by your bedroom clocks
There must be a couple million and more are coming every day
Soon, there could be a couple billion, how will you make us go away?

[Interlude: Lil Tommy Terror, his mother, and Yolandi]

Ew, those dirty rats, they're ruining everything! There must be some way to get rid of them! Ew, kill
Fuck, shut up, bitch! Hou jou bek, we're going to fuck you up!
Fok alle kak rappers!

[Verse: Ninja and Yolandi]

Yo, yo, we back with the R to the A to the T
To the T to the R to the A to the P
When the rats wanna rap, they say
"Yo, gimme that rat trap! Rat trap!" Say it again
Yo, gimme that rat trap!
I'm a bad rat, not a good rat
You catch me hanging with hood rats
But actually, you never catch me
'Cause I'm a fast rat, I'm a fast rat
My accent is fucking epic
I'm happenin', you a has-been
Don't want me 'round when I snap back
Don't point at me, I'm an attack rat
I'm the dap strap, motherfuckin' matte rat
Yolandi's the black rat in the rat pack
You spitting, you fat rap
We're rolling with Jack Black
When the rap stap, the people go clap-clap
The club always jam packed
Little sex rats, you wanna get backstage
To hang with the Zef rats?
Little white rats, little black rats
Oh, fuck, what a dope butt, let me smack that
She giggly, wriggly, why? 'Cause I'm sniffing her ass crack
Yo, I'd tap that
Yo, give me the mic or I snatch that
Stab you in the back if you act whack
I'm a mad rat with a black gat
Where the cash at?
Got a fat sack, weed in my backpack
Motherfucker, yo, that's sick, slap my hand!
Wanna get high, man? I wanna get spastic
Aye, yo, that shit's fuckin' rap shit, rap shit, get that bat, shit
Yo, that shit's fuckin' batshit crazy (cuckoo)
Rats rap over trap tracks
You got that track, fucking rat trap
We got next shit! She 'bout to get hectic
When we killing the fat cats making whack rap

[Interlude: Lil Tommy Terror and his mother]

Die, fuck! Motherfucker! That stupid fuck!
No! Cut it out! They're in my ass, there's a rat in my ass! There's a rat in my ass, oh, my God!

[Hook: Jack Black]

Rats are all that you can think of, the only thing that you discuss
You can try and find a rat solution, but you'll never get rid of us
Rats, rats, you think that we're disgusting, but actually we're really cool
Us rats started in the gutter, but in the end, the rats shall rule

[Outro: Jack Black and Yolandi]

In the end, the rats shall rule
Yeah, rats rule, motherfucker