

Die Antwoord, Wat Pomp?

[Intro]

Ninja

Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Landi Visser

Jack Parow

DJ Hi-Tek

Die fokken Antwoord

[Hook]

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp, wat pomp, wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp, wat pomp, wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp, wat pomp, wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp julle?

Wat pomp, wat pomp, wat pomp?

[Verse 1: Yo-landi Visser]

Fresh futuristig

Me I'm a misfit, drink my 5 roses tea with a biscuit

I'm shweet and I'm twisted, like a koeksuster

I'm rustig ekse, o, we go ballistig, you can't fuck with this shit

It's dark and it's different, pay attention or be like "Fuck it, I missed it"

([Ninja] Joe, maar sy's giftig, oo jissie is dit?)

Staan terug boetie, cause I spoeg when I spit shit

I missed it

My number's unlisted

Yo fuck the system, I got my own system

'Cause I won't listen, my tricky-dicky lietjie blows systems

You can hear me coming from the distance

Mense versigtig, I get up to mischief

Jou fokken mif dik lip op 'n tik klip

My style is poison, it's a freak pak of gom

Giftige cherrie up on page 3 van Die Son

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Jack Parow]

Wat pomp julle?

Raak dronk op pille

Vrot binne as die kwaai pop singers kop sinne

Ek verskyn uit die stoom van die stort

Soos n droom of 'n visie, 'n oom op n missie

Mirror, mirror on the wall tell me who's ill

I'm touched with true skill

I bust the blue steel

Shit, the mirror's misty

Sjoe, who can this be

Let's see the seksie refleksie

Eksie perfeksie donner op 'n entjie

Stonewashed jeans palm bome op my hempie

Tssss

Fuck yes I'm dressed for success, my breath is kak fresh

Jack Parow!

([Ninja] There you go, baby)

Look at that lekker romantiese Afrikaans superster rapper

Check my fokken uit, lat die beat drop player

Die naam's Jack Parow, fok Steve Hofmeyer

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Ninja]

Me and my super fresh look to the rescue
We come to gently caress you
Like two warm ballas in a nice cold palm
Make you feel strange when the mic's on
Okay, this is my song
Fok jou ek dink jy's 'n poes!
Vat jou vir 'n poes want jy klink soos 'n poes!
Jy rap soos 'n poes en jy sing soos 'n poes
Hou my neus vas want jy stink soos 'n poes
Alright lemme speak yo, all up in this freak show
Okay, check out my skill, geen fokken clue nie
Like my name was Nigel
Moenie my flippen tune nie
Ek gaan vir my ma se
Okay, toemaar los dit
If it doesn't fit, force it, that's my motto
I'm not weird, you're weird
I'm just flippin' new here
I rap like a sore thumb, what's up with you brother?
I fit right in, like my cock in your mother
So don't tell me I've got no fire
I'm running on the spot and I'm so tired
Hair getting blown back by my blow dryer
Jou naaier, jou naaier

[Hook]

[Ninja]

Uuh (Hosss)
2009 (Yo)
Die fokken Antwoord (Fresh futuristig)
Yo, DJ Hi-Tek (Duidelik)
Yo-landi Visser (Some fucking fancy shit)
Uuh

[Yo-Landi]

Jy check my op die fokken strate (Yo)
Jy check my in fokken larny restaurant (We're very fancy)
Yo, jy check my op page 3 van Die Son

[Ninja]

Yo, die fokken ninja (Ouch)
Stainless steel stab comin' at ya
My borshare mooi afgeskeer (Daarsy!)
Donald Duck cap from the overseas (Oulik!)
Freessssh
Don't fuck with my style
Ninja... I'm a tiger
Yo, waar die fok is Jack?
Jack?
Parow?

[Yo-landi]

Ek dink hy's in die toilet...