

Wat Pomp

Die Antwoord

Ninja
Yo yo yo yo-landi Visser
Jack Parow
DJ-Hitek
Die fokken antwoord[Chorus:]
Wat pomp julle?[Yo-landi Visser:]
Fresh futuristig
Me Im a misfit, drink my 5 roses tea with a biscuit
Im shweet and Im twisted, like a koeksuster
Im rustig ekse, o, we go ballistig, you cant fuck with this shit
Its dark and its different, pay attention or be like Fuckit, I missed it
Joe, maar sys giftig, oo jissie is dit?
Staan terug boetie, cause I spoeg when I spit sh*t.
I missed it
My numbers unlisted
Yo fuck the system, I got my own system.
Poes, I wont 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, its a freak pak of gom.
Giftige cherrie up on page 3 van Die Son.[Chorus:]
Wat pomp julle?[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 mirrors misty
Sjoe who can this be
Lets 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!
(there you go baby)
Look at that lekker romantiese afrikaans superster rapper

Check my fokken uit
Lat die beat drop player
Die naams Jack Parrow
Fok steve hofmeyer[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 mics on
Ok, this is my songFok jou ek dink jys 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.
Ok, 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 doesnt fit, force it, thats my motto.
I'm not weird, you're weird
Im just flippin new here
I rap like a sore thumb, whats up with you brother
I fit right in, like my cock in your mother.So dont tell me Ive got no fire
Im running on the spot and Im so tired
Hair getting blown back by my blow dryer
Jou Naaier, jou naaier[Chorus:]
Wat pomp julle?Uuh (hosss)
2009 (yo)
Die fokken Antwoord (fresh futuristig)Yo
Dj Hitek (duidelik)
Yo-landi Visser (some fucking fancy shit)Uuh
Jy check my op die fokken strate (yo)
Jy check my in fokken larny restaurant (were very fancy)
Yo, Jy check my op page 3 van Die SonYo, die fokken ninja (ouch)
stainless steel stab comin at yaMy borshare mooi afgeskeer (daarsy!)
Donald Duck cap from the overseas (oulik!)
Freessssh
Dont fuck with my style
Ninja Im a tigerYo, waar die fok is Jack?
Jack?
Parow?
Ek dink hys in die toilet...

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