

Wat Pomp (feat Jack Parow)

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 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 Fuckit, I missed it

Joe, maar sy's giftig, oo jissie is dit?

Staan terug boetie, cause I spoeg when I spit sh*t.

I missed it

My number's unlisted

Yo fuck the system, I got my own system.

Poes, 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.[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 mirror's 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 naam's Jack Parrow
 Fok steve hofmeyer
 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
 Ok, 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.
 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 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 [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 (we're very fancy)
 Yo, Jy check my op page 3 van Die Son 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?
 Ek dink hy's in die toilet...
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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