

\$copie (Salon Acapulco remix)

Die Antwoord

Ho\$h, kykie kinders!
Ons gaan mos nou lekker naai, nÃ“?
I got what you want boy, I got what you want
I got what you want boy, you never going to get it
I got what you want boy, I got what you want
No you never going to get it, so you might as well forget it
Yo ninja innie moederfokken huisie
I zone in duk when I move up on a meisie
Hello baby, kiss, kiss! (soen) kykie
Hoesit, kan ek my piel binne in jou poes sit?
Uh, that's how I'm rolling
Poes koel status, zoning for a boning
Rap fantasy with a real life touch
Uh, feel my rush
I'm wys ripping to the bass, tripping off my face
I'm laced, hook you with a phrase, put you in a daze
Rap-rave t-t-t-to the grave sinne binne my
Vat vyf, my piel is styf binne in jou lyf
Say my name! Ninja! We can play a game
Vat 'n kans, my fuckin' rhymes put you in a trance
Skud jou boude, skud-skud jou boude
I hope you can like it in the hole, nÃ“?Ho\$h ninja's back what a fuckin jol
Nog 'n fokken fat track, kom ons klap n zol
Tsek dis kif giftig marijuana
Kom ons vat die twee poppies terug na die kamer
Got 'n bottel brandewyn van sollykramers
My body's like a gladiator's body armour
Feel my force
Haal uit my wors, mors op jou bors
Next, fokkit dis a Friday night
Sex, here fokkit, my brains fried
Ek's sien nog 'n poppie daar by die sokkie
Ek soek dis chicks lip-stick op my dip-stick
Ons tsil daar by die speaker
Sy's skaam, ek verstaan, yo haar naam is marieke
Ek sit my hand op haar titte
My piel raak hard soos n nine millimeterHo\$h ninja's back what a fuckin jol
Nog 'n fokken fat track, kom ons klap n zol
Tsek dis kif giftig marijuana

Kom ons vat die twee poppies terug na die kamer
Got 'n bottel brandewyn van sollykramers
My body's like a gladiator's body armour
Feel my force
Haal uit my wors, mors op jou bors
Next, fokkit dis a Friday night
Sex, here fokkit, my brains fried
Ek's sien nog 'n poppie daar by die sokkie
Ek soek dis chicks lip-stick op my dip-stick
Ons tsil daar by die speaker
Sy's skaam, ek verstaan, yo haar naam is marieke
Ek sit my hand op haar titte
My piel raak hard soos n nine millimeterSies! What die fok issit? Pis?
No man, it's daai vaginal fluids!
Jy lieg!
No really, it are from that chick playing wif her koeksister
Da smell are reminding me of the sea
It makes me want to party bru!
My piel dans so!
No-no-no!
No means yes
I got what you want boy, I got what you want
I got what you want boy, you never going to get it
I got what you want boy, I got what you want
No you never going to get it, so you might as well forget it
But I am the one!
The one wat fokkol poes vanaand gaan kry!

Songwriters

JONES, WATKIN / DU TOIT, ANRI / DE NOBREGA, JUSTIN / MOHR, MANFRED / ROSARIO,
CARLOSPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>