

Die Antwoord, Fok Julle Naaiers

[Verse 1: Yolandi Vi\$\$er]

Yolandi-fokken-Visser all up in the place
Hosh pagamisa, raak fokken wys
Fuck crime, these days rhyme fuckin' pays
Fan myself with a milli while I laugh in your face

[Chorus: Yolandi Visser]

Fok julle naaiers, fok julle naaiers
Fok julle, fok julle, fok julle naaiers
Fok julle naaiers, fok julle naaiers
Fok julle, fok julle, fok julle naaiers

[Verse 2: Ninja]

All my fuckin' life I lived a normal fuckin' ife
'Til I went an got myself caught up with the mic
And the beats coming dope with the rhymes and the flows
In real life trying to cope with the highs and the lows
I got sick and tired of getting treated like a stupid fuck-up
So I fucked my enemies up one time and blew the fuck up
Before they was like, "Yo, who's this stupid weirdo?
Now it's like, it's a new breed of rap superhero
To defeat these devils, ninja becomes a devil
These god-forsaken wretches will never be on my level
(Wies jy?) Fuck you and your whole crew, I got you stressin'
Double guessin' 'cause I won't do what I'm supposed to
I don't know you, baby say hello to
My little two friends "I'm Telling You" and "I Told You"
What? Try to speak but your tongue's frozen
In South Africa, I sleep with both my eyes open

[Chorus: Yolandi Visser]

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[Verse 3: Ninja & Yolandi Visser]

Mothafuckas tell me to slow my roll, but sorry, no can do
My style is so brand new, I try to make you understand it
I'm here to steal the fuckin' show 'cause, baby, I'm a bandit
Now you standin', lookin' at me like the aliens have landed
(All hail the great white ninja)
Every puss with a phone wants to take my picture
"Ninja! Jas, I dig dat ou!"
Is it real? No, it's just a big black joke
When dealing with an idiot, there's really nothing you can say
Next time you ask me "Is it real?" I'm gonna punch you in the face
To help you feel me, bitch I get paid to be funky
But be nice or I'm gonna change to be ugly
I'm zef like a young Hugh Hef, oh yes
May my enemies live long so they can see me progress
Put the peddle to the metal and I'm scorching my tires
Middle finger in the air, yeah, fok Julle Naaiers

[Chorus: Yolandi Visser]

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[Bridge: Ninja]

Yo, DJ Hi-Tek, where you at, my nigga?