

Fatty Boom Boom

Die Antwoord

Yo, Hi-Tek, you think you could fuck with something like this?

Don't you mean something like this?

Yeah, that's perf, Yo-Landi, do that thing

Eh Fatty Boom Boom

Hit me with the Ching-ching

Not fokken thinking, dolla eye twinkling

Just a bit of junkie

Let's not get too funky

Oh oh oo oh

When I'm on the mic it's like murder murder murder!

Kill kill kill!

Wat se Suid-Afrika?

Suig my fokken piel

Hier kom ek weer

Like a lekker a smack in the face

Rappers are fokking pouring into passenger planes

What happened to all the cool rappers from back in the day?

Now all these rappers sound exactly the same

It's like one big inbred fuck-fest

Sies

No, I do not want to stop, collaborate or listen

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy hold on to your ching

I'm takin' over America, blowin' up everything

Physically fit, the Ninja very energetic

If you haven't got it by now, then you're never gonna get it

I whip my dick out and piss on all the hard-up 'n fokken rap

Got an offshore account for dollar bills in a stack

Fuck rap

I'm siding with China we not fokken related

Like a methfest, like the first time I ejaculated

Eh Fatty Boom Boom

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Oh oh oh oh

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Oh oh

Hi! My name is Yo-Landi fuckin' Visser

Fight fight fight!

Kick you in the teeth, hit you on the head with the mic

There's a rumble in the jungle I'm (something) to beat em

Not looking for trouble but trouble's looking for me

M'uppercuts're fokken swollen with nothing just come for free

I used to think I'd always kill this to hustle something to eat

South Africa used to be a twangy'd, (y'know dat's me)
Suddenly you're interested 'cos we're blowing up overseas
Make you money money money
Yes yes yes
Zef side represent
You're fuckin' with the best
I'm a upper
Twangies get buffed like a sucka
Bokka Bokka
Yippie-ki-yay motherfucker!
I'm a big deal (wiv de seen my niggas rollin' me)?
Now I'm having so much fun I can't even go to sleep
Yo-Landi!
What?
Where you at?
Here I am!
Spitting fokken lyrics like bam bam bam!
Eh Fatty Boom Boom
Hit me with the Ching-ching
Not fokken thinking, dolla eye twinkling
Just a bit of junkie
Let's not get too funky
Oh oh oh oh
Eh Fatty Boom Boom
Hit me with the Ching-ching
Not fokken thinking, dolla eye twinkling
Just a bit of junkie

Let's not get too funky

Oh oh oh oh

We keep it lekker lekker lekker, zef zef zef

Spend all my fuckin' money til' there's nothing left

I'm a fat cat, keep the change I don't need the slip

With this fat sack of dagga I'm smoking a spliff

In my mat blacks are bottle-haters throwing a fit

Round the corner gooi'n fokken spiff Tokyo drift

My daddy told me there's a lot of fish in the sea

There's just a lotta motherfuckin' money bitches and weed

Ja, dagga dagga dagga, puff puff puff

Bring the beat back Hi-Tek!

Make it rough

We drop the type of beats that make you shut the fuck up and dance

We drop the type of beats so good you're fuckin' stuck in a trance

In the overseas they like to say you're stuck in a trance

We drop the type of beats that make you fuckin' cum in your pants

Pass it to left, like a zef, to the east, to the motherfucken left

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Oh oh oh oh

Jesus

Source: LyricFind

Songwriters: Anri Visser / Justin De Nobrega / Watkin Jones

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