

Brand New Dance

Das Racist

It's a brand new dance
Give us all your money
Everybody love everybody

I'm selling Oxycontin
On my Palm Pixie, man, chicken sandwiches
The cast a cla clack clack clocklo clong clacklack googoogo bla
hblahblah guhguhguh hahahahaha yeah
I'm selling Oxycotin
On my Palm Pixie, man, Chicken sandwiches
They cost a clam fifty
I got a credit card, I got a million dollars
I got a baby bird
I only feed her candy
I got a girl named Candy, automatic weapons
She got three sisters, all lesbians
All of them do push-ups
All of them could whoop me
All of them do hundred push-ups without even looking
All of them be cooking
Candy used to date a bookie
Yeah, look at me, man of the year

I'm so funny
You're a big dummy
On your money, dog make a bunny
I'm a smart guy, call me Taj Mowry
Call me Tia Mowry, call me Tamera Mowry
Lead to dead dowry
Lead to dead the Tories
Lead to watch Maury
Himanshu Suri sorry
With a bad mommy, and she wear a Sari
And we on a safari and we eatin' supari
Power be hourly dollars, cheese, scholarly
Crime blotters and trees
Me on the beach
Semi-aquatic like otters be
If you see me, on the street don't bother me
Our new thing? Slacker-rock-rap
Caveman rap tunes
Pop, lean, snap to 'em
I'm feeling strange dog
I'm feeling weird man
Steer clear man, tan man