

Ek Shaneesh

Das Racist

Yeah, la-la la-la la la, la la, la, la la, la la

I'm from Queens, man
Ain't shit to do but cook
Watching Tony Bourdain
Plus I copped his book
Plus I copped his look
That means T-shirts and jeans
Catch me in my borough chasing breezes with queens
Squeezes with dreams
Do you? I'm a do me
Catch me in my borough burning L's reading Rumi
Flipping pies, reading fries
I'm advising kabhir smoking hash
Making cash, spinning Sufis
Drinking beer, 40 kufi rock a sheer
Sporting Uzis in the clear
Drinking beer, drinking beer, probably drinking some more beer

Yeah, beers for years
Chuckling Shaka Zulu types
Spears for years
Jakaya Kikwete
"Machete, machete! "
Ek shaneesh, Cheech
Eddie Said speaks, sheesh
(Yeah, that's what Ed said)
People always follow like Deadheads
Swallowing red meds
Swallowing blues, too
Various hues, dude
Downtown Brown like Yoo-Hoo
Watch it like YouTube
Watch it like YouTube
Watch it like YouTube
Watch it like YouTube
Whites and pinks
Tyson and Spinks
Yeah, whites and pinks
Yeah, Fazul Abdullah Mohammed
I am a pickup truck, I am America
I am America, I am a pickup truck
I am American, I am America
La la la la la la la la la la

Good vibes PMA
Yeah, believe that
Listening to Three Stacks, reading Gaya Spivak
Listening to KMD and feeling weird about Naipaul
Fly or style warz, war style warsaw
Listening to jams with they pops about dem bhati boys
Listening to Can while I'm reading Arundhati Roy
Yeah, yeah, my pops drove a cab home
Now I drop guap just to bop in the cab, homes
This is Sam Selvon
Llamas, comas
Catch me watching hella telenovela dramas

With dizzying effects and bright colors
Roll around town with a bright crew of brothers
Everyone knows Guantanamo is for lovers
Next four joints could be Television covers
Some Richard Hell Rell shit, yeah, I'm real confused
Oh, you rap too, dude?
Yeah, I'm real enthused
La la la la la la la la la la

I feel pretty
I feel pretty pretty
I feel pretty silly
I feel pretty weird, really
I feel better now
Coogi sweater now
Gucci sweater now
Coochie wetter now
Who you calling a dandy?
Our love is like candy
The rich pour brandy
What do the poor pour?
Why we at the candy store for?
Why we at the Mandy Moore tour?
Band du jour or brand du jour
Or the land before time
The wartime Andy Warhol, the war crime
Nancy Drew, nancy who?
Nancy Reagan in a fancy pants suit
Dancing bear in cahoots with the man who shot ya
Who shot ya?
Who shot ya?
Who shot ya?
Who shot you?
Who shot you?
La la la la la la la la la la