

The Trick

Das Racist

We're in heaven
At least I think so, I really think so
There's nothing really to get mad at
It's nothing, really, no, it's really no problem!

Everything overstood, overseen
Big only those bold enough to dream big seem big
Stack big, act big, Mac sauce
Sticky icky, Jack Frost
Tricky dicky, blast off
Vicky-Vicky Vazquez
Ask this kid no questions
All kids kiss, no weapon, Smith no Wesson
Wesleyan, no lessons learned
Confession burn
You make me wanna, you remind me of
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera
Don't get it? Don't sweat it, just let it go
It's better with no Geppetto, though

It's really Heems, and I'm rapping with my friends
People all happy cause it's happening again
Comin' to our shows and clapping again and again
Thank you, my friends

I'm ill, people really love me
I'm wack, yo, people think I'm ugly
I'm ill, five hundred dollars for the boots
I'm wack, I never tell the truth
Four hundred dollars for the boots