

Whitest Kids U Know, The "Hitler Rap"

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H-I-T-L-E-R

Driving down the streets in the fancy car

Say H-I-T-L-E-R

Thought we'd never make it but here we are

H-I-T-L-E-R

Driving down the streets in the fancy car

Say H-I-T-L-E-R

Thought we'd never make it but here we are

The name is A!

And I'm back in command

Cause I'm the illest fuhrer

Representing Deutschland

Reich 1, reich 2, reich 3

That's me! The mastermind behind World War 3

No, 2! My bad! Oh well, start it over!

Been gone for so long but now I'm back and I'ma show
ya

Everybody Hitler-hatin' when they speak my name

But it's the new millenium and the Fuhrer has changed

And what I bet ya'll didn't know is now I'm down with the
jews!

The gypsies, homosexuals and retards too!

Cause I stopped burnin' people, started burnin' CD's

Stopped battlin' the world, started battlin' MC's

Just started bustin' rhymes, finally found my groove

And now the "S.S" on my jacket stands for "Super
Smooth"

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To all the aryan's in the area that are carryin' rhymes
And neo-nazi's better watch me, catch on up with the
times
When other rappers see me coming, yo they run and
they hide
I grab the mic and commit lyrical genocide
Cause when it comes to droppin' hooks there is none
greater
Throw a finger to my public, then I grab my dictator!
Cause I'm flexin' my might and I'm showing my
strength
I'll get your lady going, get her moaning "Mein Kampf!"
No longer Nazi, but I still like to party
And there are plenty women up in here with master
racy bodies
Blonde hair, blue eyes, you know I like em' that way
Yo, Goering, you got something to say?

Goering:

Creep with me! As I roll through the Rhine
Out getting yours while I'm out getting mine
Got a skull on my jacket, pimp it, it pays
Got hoes hunkered in my bunker and they stay there
for days
Got a shorty waiting for me at every point of the land
And that just comes with being Adolf's right hand man
I'm the Chairman of the Council of Defense of the Reich
And if you'll come back to my castle, babe, we'll stay up
all night

Hitler:

Driving down the street in my Panzer tank
Sittin' drinkin' Cris' with my bitch Anne Frank
And when I step into the club's you know I'm steppin'
with style
Raise my left hand, party people say "Heil!"
Got a page from Eva Braun, that I'll say that I missed
There's a party up at Schindlers and I'm on his "A-list!"
Cause I put my past behind! Ya'll can think what you
will!
But no more propoganda, it's Triumph of the ill!

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Say H-I-T-L-E-R

Driving down the streets in the fancy car

Say H-I-T-L-E-R

Thought we'd never make it but here we are

Yo, that's it that's my rhyme!
We outta here!
Give it up! Give it up!
West Berlin!

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