

## Jack Parow

### "Wat Pomp"

Visit "[Wat Pomp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ninja  
Yo yo yo yo-landi Visser  
Jack Parow  
DJ-Hitek  
Die fokken antwoord

[Chorus:]Wat pomp julle?

[Yo-landi Visser:]Fresh futuristig  
Me I'm a misfit, drink my 5 roses tea with a biscuit  
I'm shweet and I'm twisted, like a koeksuster  
I'm rustig ekse, o, we go ballistig, you can't fuck with  
this shit  
It's dark and it's different, pay attention or be like  
Fuckit, I missed it  
Joe, maar sy's giftig, oo jissie is dit?  
Staan terug boetie, cause I spoeg when I spit sh\*t.  
I missed it  
My number's unlisted  
Yo fuck the system, I got my own system.  
Poes, I won't listen, my tricky dicky lietjie blows  
systems.  
You can hear me coming from the distance.

Mense versigtig, I get up to mischief  
Jou fokken mif dik lip op 'n tik klip  
My style is poison, it's a freak pak of gom.  
Giftige cherrie up on page 3 van Die Son.

[Chorus:]Wat pomp julle?

[Jack Parow:]Wat pomp julle?  
Raak drunk op pille  
Vrot binne as die kwaai pop singers kop sinne  
Ek verskyn uit die stoom van die stort  
soos n droom of 'n visie, 'n oom op n missie

Mirror, mirror on the wall tell me who's ill  
I'm touched with true skill  
I bust the blue steel  
Shit the mirror's misty

Sjoe who can this be  
Lets see the seksie refleksie  
Eksie perfeksie donner op 'n entjie  
Stonewashed jeans palm bome op my hempie  
Tssss  
Fuck yes I'm dressed for success my breath is kak  
fresh  
JACK PAROW!  
(there you go baby)  
Look at that lekker romantiese afrikaans superster  
rapper  
Check my fokken uit  
Lat die beat drop player  
Die naam's Jack Parrow  
Fok steve hofmeyer

[Ninja:]  
Me and my super fresh look to the rescue  
We come to gently caress you  
Like two warm ballas in a nice cold palm  
Make you feel strange when the mic's on  
Ok, this is my song

Fok jou ek dink jy's 'n poes!  
Vat jou vir 'n poes want jy klink soos 'n poes!  
Jy rap soos 'n poes en jy sing soos 'n poes.  
Hou my neus vas want jy stink soos 'n poes  
Alright lemme speak yo, all up in this freak show.  
Ok, check out my skill, geen fokken clue nie  
Like my name was Nigel.  
Moenie my flippen tune nie  
Ek gaan vir my ma se.  
Okay, toemaar los dit,

If it doesn't fit, force it, that's my motto.  
I'm not weird, you're weird  
I'm just flippin new here  
I rap like a sore thumb, what's up with you brother  
I fit right in, like my cock in your mother.

So don't tell me I've got no fire  
I'm running on the spot and I'm so tired  
Hair getting blown back by my blow dryer  
Jou Naaier, jou naaier

[Chorus:]Wat pomp julle?

Uuh (hosss)  
2009 (yo)  
Die fokken Antwoord (fresh futuristig)

Yo  
Dj Hitek (duidelik)  
Yo-landi Visser (some fucking fancy shit)

Uuh  
Jy check my op die fokken strate (yo)  
Jy check my in fokken larny restaurant (we're very  
fancy)  
Yo, Jy check my op page 3 van Die Son

Yo, die fokken ninja (ouch)  
stainless steel stab comin' at ya

My borshare mooi afgeskeer (daarsy!)  
Donald Duck cap from the overseas (oulik!)  
Freessssh  
Don't fuck with my style  
Ninja - I'm a tiger

Yo, waar die fok is Jack?  
Jack?  
Parow?  
Ek dink hy's in die toilet...

Visit [Jack Parow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.