

Das Racist "Punjabi Song"

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[Verse 1: Kool A.D.]

Get fucked up, get bud
Just don't leave your drink around me
'Cause the shit will get drunk up
Everybody fuck around
Shut the fuck up
I can't even hear what you're saying, girl
Shut up
Jokes, I'm playing, I'm drunk, fuck
Oh shit, oh my god, I'm so fucked up, what's up?
Yeah, girl, stick your butt up
Shake it all around
Make the dollar, pound, peso, yen, rupee
And groovy, just like a movie
Ooey, truly zooted out
I don't even know what it to do me
Move it out, move it in
Okay, let me do it again...
Okay

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Heems]

Sweaty, heady, Eddie Spaghetti told me to chill out
Tryna cause some fun so I pulled a bunch of bills out
The booze ain't the problem
The other shit it lead to
When it come to wildin' believe in no equal
Me and Bikram drunk and we wildin' in Queens
Promoter buggin, screamin' "Who the fuck invited
Heems?"
So much Bacardi started speaking dumb
Then I tried to snub Dap
It must've been Puerto Rican rum
Young Amitabh, I'm a don
Single malt neat, I prefer Oban
Or that aged shit, twenty-five Mcallan
Mommy drunk quick 'cause she only eat salads
Pissy drunk, wildin' drunk
'Bout to get dissy
Huh?

[Hook]

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