

## Das Racist "Relax"

Visit "[Relax](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

White devils like it  
I'm drinking coffee brought to me  
By white devils' sidekicks  
They askin' if we like to get higher  
Like they hired him  
The fire and brimstone is known  
To be composed of desire never twice lived  
The metal might miss, but the beveled edge  
Of the mind can provide tricks  
To bring the light to the likes of whites and black kids  
As well, it's like magic, I'm not your average  
Negro please, I know I'm an idiot  
But I got a stick and I'ma use it a little bit  
I'm not too sure if I should clue in the little kids  
Or if I'm too clueless to move with the bigger fish  
Why it gotta be those too and not some other sh\*t  
Take me to the mother-ship  
Hate me I'm Abramovich  
I'm Lady Gaga, I'm a fag, I'm a lesbian  
See me playin' bass in jam bands up at Wesleyan  
See me at a poetry slam in like '97  
Singing classic numbers by Otis Redding  
Totally shredding  
Hoping you get it, yeah

[Hook (x2)]

Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
No no no no no  
No no no no no  
No no no no

[Verse 2]

What good is this Cashmere  
If they're still dying in Kashmir  
Kushmir

There was homes, now there's just dust there  
Next year, same as this year  
A rough year  
Live in much fear, stay inside after dusk here  
Brush tears from eyelids  
Peep violence  
And these people is dyin'  
I'm wildin'  
Old Earth said they wanna move back  
But they ain't got enough funds to do that  
Back in 1980, from Philly to Queens  
She had a pocket full of lint, he had a suitcase full of  
dreams  
From holdin' me to bagging groceries at the Pathmark  
To scoldin' me for drinking and driving in fast cars  
Juvenile sh\*t  
I ain't really tryin' to rap about  
I don't remember from b-b-ba b-blackin' out  
These days, I'm mostly focused on my bank account  
I ain't backin' out until I own a bank to brag about  
A local institution, life of the party  
With him and at him, brown Chris Farley  
Kalapani KÄlidÄsa, Vijay from Pyaasa  
Wiles out at night, can't breathe through his nostrils  
Poppa need his medicine  
Reticent to let them in  
Hesitant better when  
In elegant Letterman's  
And other fresh sh\*t, to distract you

[Hook]

Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Relax relax relax relax  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
Yea yea yea yea yea  
No no no no no  
No no no no no  
No no no no

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