Die Antwoord, I Don't Dwank

[Group argument: Ninja, Yolandi, and DJ Hi-Tek]
Ninja, Yolandi? Fuck, bro?
Fuck, dude, I'm so fucking pissed off, oh
Like can you not drop fucking-fucking drop ash on my fucking carpet?
Sorry, dude, sorry
You know that fucking picture with the-with the chick with the big tits and the American bikini?
Jissus
Yeah, yeah, yeah?
Well, it's just—fuck
You just fucking shit up when you come, dude, let's just have some fucking respect, bro
You keep-keep fucking saying—oh, and she said (???) "Yolandi Visser"
Have some fucking respect, dude
It wasn't me, dude, sorry, dude
She fucking said-I didn't say—
I don't even like-I don't even like you guys smoking in here!
Okay, I'm not talking to yo- just, shush, just
Can't I just fucking—just drop the fucking beat
(???)
Hold up, no, no, no, you—
Actually, you know what? I'm not gonna fucking drop the fucking beat
Fuck you guys
Fuck you
Okay, well then
Fuck a beat

[Verse 1: Ninja]
Yo, I don't fuck up or suck up to anyone
I wake up when I want, make our props, get paid out my asshole
My DJ's the mothafuckin' business
Every time he hits me with a beat I'm like Jesus!
I don't need anyone to help me
Dropped my record label I'm still very fuckin' wealthy
Money's not a problem, cash flow healthy
Vodacom was too expensive so I switched to Cell C
I don't ask famous people for their picture
When you see me on the streets just, be cool with the Ninja
Don't lose your fuckin' mind just say "Hi, how you feelin'?"
I'll say fine
Now stop freaking out and tweaking and start eating up my time
I don't hand people my fucking demo
Plus I never used to
Just make a track and drop that shit on YouTube
Quit steppin' to me dwankin' out
Try to fucking suck up
Just let your shit speak for itself and shut the fuck up!

[Yolandi]
Yooo.. fuck!
Drop the fucking beat Hi-Tek
Drop the beat nigga!

[Verse 2]
Fuuuuck.. Jissis
Yolandi, hoy!

[Yolandi]
Yo
I don't dwank
I come make money
Plus I'm fucking famous so I don't say sorry
Don't blame me girl go blame Anies
Yo get off my back he's the gangsta, I'm just a fuckin' rat
I come from below, I run the show, rat's rule (Ya!)
You down to me, that's cool

You not down to me, what the fuck's down witchu?
Brah, you got issues
What?
My shit just so hot
And we won't stop 'til we fuckin' go pop
Life's a fuckin' soap opera
When you so popular
Don't fuck with little Miss Visser cause I'll fuck you up
I don't care
What you fuckin' think
Next time you try fuckin' with me maybe stop and think
"Why the hell am I so bothered by this chick?"
Am I maybe jealous or just fuckin' retarded

[Verse 3: Ninja]
Hahaha
Yo
I don't queue
I walk right through
You know who I fuckin' am man
Who the fuck are you?
When I'm in the club I get more chicks than I can manage
Grinding me front and back like a Ninja fuckin' sandwich
So don't stress
Everything I do is so sex
My style is so sex
My smile is so sex
My vibe is so fresh
My rhyme's are so next
Zef god with the spark might as well flex
Don't send mothafucka's "Please call me!"'s
Uh-uh
I send mothafucka's airtime
By my fuckin' stressed life
Me a little blessed life
Mama I don't lose
Betta' luck next time
Sucka's step back
You don't want to see Ninja snap
When I'm in South Africa I speak like I'm black
If you not a fan, why you keep coming back?
Exactly motherfucka you bumping this track
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid
You stupid mothafuckaaaaaa' (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid (I-I-I I don't dwank!)
You stupid
You stupid mothafuckaaaaaa'
Hahahah...