

# Die Antwoord, Peanutbutter+Jelly

Yo, I was at the club just chilling and shit  
And this pretty little mama, Alana, pick the paddy up  
Outside, people smoking marijuana  
Sweet talking anna, zero fucking drama  
I'm dressed fresh, got my best tracksuit on, people be like, "Where'd you get that dope tracks

Yo, every time I rock this shit people bug out, my tracksuit on, itchy and scratchy the fuck out  
All of the sudden there's a fucking light in my face, dumb fuck with the camera, right in my face  
Dude's like, "look who's all up in the club with a onesie, look at me everybody I'm in a onesie"  
This fat fuck mad drunk all brave and shit  
Obviously jealous on this fucking hater shit

Cell phone in my face shouting loud as he can, so I snatched his fucking cell phone out of his hand  
His little video must look fucking sick when I stuck his phone in my pants and rubbed it on my dick,  
Motherfuck nearly had a heart attack, now your flustered, tripping out all disgusted, I'm holding his

"What's wrong with you man, are you fucking crazy?" I replied "Yes, totally fucking

"I'll fuck you up man!" Tonight was a special night, now this fat fuck was screaming, like

Motherfuck was still steaming, making a big scene, screaming, has to get himself kicked out  
He just peanut butter and jealous, peanut butter and jelly, calling an uber with the smell of dick on h