

VAT DIT (OFTEWEL, VAT DIT SOOS 'N MAN)

Leon de Kock

Vat dit
Vat dit net
Vat dit bladdy alles, Suid-Afrika
Suid-bladdy-Afrika
Dis tog jou manier
Jy laat mense hier instroom
En alles vat
Hulle vaar sommer hier in
En vat als wat hulle sien
So nie, maak hulle die mense dood
Skiet hulle die mense
Maai hulle af
Onthou julle die Khoisan?
Dit gaan nou al baie lank so aan
So vat dit
Vat dit net
Vat dit damnwell alles
Suid-Afrika
Deesdae marsjeer jy in die strate
Dompel vullisblikke om
Strooi die strate vol rubbish
Why not, after all, why the hell not?
Jy's mos die rubbish mens in die eerste plek
Jy's die koning van rubbish
Jy tel dit op en dra dit weg
Hoekom sal jy dit nou nie omfoeter nie?
Dis mos jou job daai, die rubbish-werk
Ander mense se afval rondra
En so stuur jy jou seun skool toe

Rubbish dra vir jou seun se skool toe gaan
En nou's hy 'n metro-cop
Daai seun van jou
Hy maak 'n plan
Al betaal hulle hom glad nie genoeg nie
En jou dogter, sy's 'n nurse
En nou ruk hulle ook op
Die nur-se
So maak mens in Suid-Afrika
Ja, so maak mens!
So het ons altyd gemaak hier
Ons ruk op
Maak ons stemme dik
Keer goed om
Maak mense dood
Van toeka se tyd af maak ons so
Ja, Suid-Afrika, so gaan dit maar
So het dit nog altyd gegaan
Onthou julle die Boere?
Onthou julle Majuba?
Onthou julle die Groot Trek?
Die fokjulle-houding?
Te hel met die Engelse
Te hel met die goewerment
Te hel met belasting
Te hel met beskawing, sogenaamd
Die Boere wou hê wat hulle wou hê
En te hel met enigiemand wat dwars staan
Selfs al moet hulle met die geweerloop praat
Ja, praat, hoe praat jy met mense
Wat die slawe wil vrymaak
Kan jy nou meer
Die vermetelheid
Hulle wil die slawe vrymaak
Hul vuil gewetens paai
Nadat hulle self die dood oral gesaai het

Die vermetele klomp rooinek-vuilgoed
Nee, hierdie was nog altyd 'n vrye land
Vry om te vat wat jy moet vat
En as hulle ons slawe wil vrymaak dan ruk ons op
En as hulle ons nuwe paradyslande
Ons nuwe Galilea probeer annekseer
Dan maak ons weer moles
Groot moles
Verwoestend
Bloedvergietend
Ons vat nie kak nie
Want ons is mos Boere
En 'n Boer maak 'n plan
'n Boer staan vas
Hy laat nie 'n rooinek
Of 'n kaffer
Kak in sy kop inpraat nie
Hy weet wat hy weet
Want so gaan dit, so gaan dit
Nog altyd in jou geledere, Suid-Afrika
Ja, Suid-Afrika, so gaan dit maar
Want almal wil alles net vat
Die goud, die blink klippies, die grond, alles
Hulle wil alles net vat
Net vat
Daai tyd was dit die buitelanders
Die kapitaliste van buite
Hulle wou alles hê
Rhodes en Milner, Engelse en Jode
En toe foeter jy vir hulle, Suid-Afrika
Toe foeter jy vir hulle
Gee hulle alle hel
Sluit hulle toe, ring hulle om
Skiet hulle vanuit die berge
Skiet hulle dood
Hulle moet dood omval

Onthou julle die beleg van Mafeking?
Onthou julle Magersfontein? Ladysmith?
Die sterwendes, die uitgehongerdes
Onthou julle?
Baie min het nou eintlik verander
Jy vat nie kak nie
En jy skop lekker vas
En as iemand “goeie rede” in jou probeer infoeter
Dan foeter jy terug
Jy foeter soos Bakkies in 'n losgemaal
Jy stamp kop
Maar kopgee?
A nee a
Dit doen jy nie
Kopgee is nie jou styl nie
Suid-Afrika
En diegene met hulle visioene
Visioene van “beskawing”
Visioene van “ontwikkeling”
Visioene van “demokrasie”
Terwyl hulle geld in hul sakke instop
Hulle moet gaan bars
Want jy weet die donders lieg
Hulle lieg, hulle lieg altyd
Want eintlik wil hulle alles net vat
Hulle soek net jou goed
Hulle soek net jou goed
Eers was dit die Engelse
En toe die Boere
Die Boere met hulle apartheidstories
En toe Inkatha en die ANC
Wat het tog nou verander?
Nou is dit die neo-liberale kapitaliste
Kan jy dit glo?
Kan jy nou meer?
Die neo-liberale kapitaliste

Eintlik die tenderpreneurs
Hulle wat die BEE-vyeblaar gebruik
Om hulle skaamte weg te steek
Want hulle wil ook alles net vat
Alles net vat
Die tenderpreneurs
Die metro-cops
Die CEOs
Die BEE's
Broad-based black empowerment
What a fucking joke
Fuckland, soos Breyten sê
Fuckland
Dit was maar altyd konneksies
Konneksies wat eintlik tel
Eers was dit Lord Somerset
Toe Rose-Innes
Barnato, Rhodes
Toe Hertzog
Smuts
Toe Malan
Dönges, Verwoerd
Toe PW en FW
Pik en Roelf
Toe Tokyo en Valli
Yengeni en Mbeki
Toe umshini wami
Showerkop en Julius
Wat is nou eintlik die verskil?
Dis altyd konneksies
Konneksies net waar jy kyk
Wie is wie
En wie hulle ook al is
Vat hulle dit
Vat hulle dit vat hulle dit vat hulle dit
Hulle vat dit altyd weg

Hulle vat dit altyd weg
So vat dit dan
Vat dit
Vat dit nou, vat dit vinnig
Want jy vat nie kak nie
Jy vat wat jy wil hê
Dis mos jou styl, Suid-Afrika
Dis nog altyd jou styl
En al sê Albie Sachs wat ook al
En al sê Antjie wat ook al
Dit gaan maar nog altyd so
Want só maak jy nog altyd
Suid-Afrika
Jy vat wat jy wil hê
Ja, Suid-Afrika
Jy vat wat jy moet vat
Al sê hulle wat
Ja, hulle, die doemprofete
Die professore en die koerante
Die digters en die Jansens
Fok hulle, man!
Veral die koerante
Liberal-rubbish koerante!
Kapitalistiese elite
Coconut koerante
Met coconut redakteurs
Hulle gatte, man!
Ons sal hulle wys!
Soos Eschel Rhoodie ook gedoen het
En Connie Mulder
En Lord Somerset sommer ook
Ja, Suid-Afrika
Jy wou nog altyd die koerante vasvat
Lekker vat die koerante vas
Almal wil dit doen
Vat hulle vas
Vat die donders vas

Soos in rugby
 Vat die bal tog net weg
 Stoot die bliksem om
 Stamp hom
 Vat hom lekker lelik vas
 Vat wat jy moet vat
 Suid-Afrika
 Want hier
 Hier word jy nog altyd ondergehou
 Hier word jy nog altyd ondergekry
 Dit weet jy goed, Suid-Afrika
 Dit weet jy al te goed
 En jy het geleer
 Oor 350 jaar het jy geleer
 Om dit alles maar net te vat
 As jy die kans kry
 O ja, as jy die kans kry
 Dan vat jy wat jy wil hê
 En fok die res
 So vat dit
 Vat dit
 Vat dit, Suid-Afrika
 Want dis al wat jy weet
 En so sal dit altyd wees
 Vat dit, vat dit
 Ons vir jou, Suid-Afrika
 Ons sê mos, ons sing mos
 Ons vir jou, Suid-Afrika
 Ons vir jou, Suid-Afrika
 So vat dit, vat dit
 In godsnaam, vat dit
 En kry klaar.
 Ja, vat dit
 Vat dit alles
 En kry klaar.
 In godsnaam, kry kláár.

JUST TAKE IT

Leon de Kock

Take it
Just take it
Take it bladdywell all, South Africa
South-bloody-Africa
That's your style, isn't it?
You let people come in here
And just take it all
They just sail in here
And take anything they want
And if they don't get it, they kill people
Shoot people
Mow them down
Remember the Khoisan?
It's been like this for a long time now
So take it
Just take it
Take all of it
South Africa
Nowadays you march the streets
Turning rubbish bins over
Messing the streets with rubbish
Why not, after all, why the hell not?
You're in the business of rubbish, right?
You're the king of rubbish
You pick it up and you carry it away
So why wouldn't you mess the streets with it?
It's your work that
Carrying other people's shit around
You even put your son through school
Carrying rubbish up and down

And now he's a metro cop
That boy of yours
He's doing OK
Even though they don't pay him nearly enough
And your daughter, she's a nurse
They're also taking to the streets
The nurses
This is the way we do things in South Africa
Yes, this is what one does!
This is the way we've always done things here
We cause a scene
We tip things over
We raise our voices
Kill a few people
We've been doing it since the year dot
Yes, South Africa, this is how it goes
This is how it's always gone
Remember the Boere?
Remember Majuba?
Remember the Groot Trek?
That great middle finger?
To hell with the English
To hell with government
Balls with taxation
Not to mention civilisation, so-called
The Boere want what they want
And to hell with anyone who gets in their way
Even if they have to speak through the barrel of a gun
How, after all, do you negotiate with parties
Parties who want to free the slaves
Can you believe it?
The cheek of it
They want to free the slaves
Appease their own filthy consciences
This, after they shot and killed tens of thousands, themselves
Brassy bloody redneck rubbish
No, this was always a free country

Free to take what you must take
And if they free our slaves, we'll cause big trouble
And if they try to mess with our new Eden
Annex our new Galilee
There'll be hell to pay
Big trouble
Devastating
Bloodletting
Because we don't take shit from anyone
Because we're the Boere, after all
And a Boer makes a plan
A Boer stands his ground
He doesn't let a soutpiel
Or a kaffir
Talk shit into his head
He knows what he knows
Because this is the way it goes, this is the way things go
The way they've always gone, South Africa
Yes, South Africa, this is the way it goes
Cos everyone wants to grab everything
The gold, the diamonds, the land, the lot
They want to take everything
Just take it
In those days, it was the outsiders
The capitalists
Who wanted it all
Rhodes and Milner, the English and the Jews
But you showed them a thing or two, South Africa
You gave them a nice run for their money
Gave them all hell
Locked them up, shot them down
Shot them from the hills
Shot them dead
They must fall down dead
Remember the siege of Mafeking?
Magersfontein? Ladysmith?

The dying and the starving
Do you remember?
Very little has changed
You don't take shit
You know how to dig in
And if someone tries to knock "sense" into your head
Then you knock them back
You knock them back like Bakkies in a loose maul
You give as good as you get
But give way?
Oh no
That's not something you do
That's not your style
South Africa
And all those people with visions
Visions of "civilization"
Visions of "development"
Visions of "democracy"
While they shove their pockets full of dough
They can go jump in the lake
Because we know the bastards are bullshitting
They lie, they always lie
Because, really, all they want is to take everything
They just want your stuff
They just want your stuff
First it was the English
Then the Boere
The Boere with their apartheid stories
And then it was Inkatha and the ANC
Has anything changed?
Now it's the neo-liberal capitalists
I mean, can you believe it?
What next?
The neo-liberal capitalists
Actually, the tenderpreneurs
People who use the BEE fig-leaf

To cover their shame
Because they, too, just want to take it all
Take it all
The tenderpreneurs
The metro cops
The CEOs
The BEES
Broad-based black empowerment
What a fucking joke
Fuckland, like Breyten says
Fuckland
It's always been a matter of connections
Connections are what count
First it was Lord Somerset
Then Rose-Innes
Barnato, Rhodes
Then Hertzog
Smuts
Then Malan
Dönges, Verwoerd
Then PW and FW
Pik and Roelf
Then Tokyo and Valli
Yengeni and Mbeki
Then umshini wami
Showerhead and Julius
What's the difference, really?
It's always connections
Just connections wherever you look
Who's Who
And whoever they are
They just take it all
Take it take it just take it all
They always just take it away
They always just take it away
So take it then

Take it
Take it now, take it fast
Because you don't take shit
You take what you want
That, after all, is your style, South Africa
That's always been your style
It doesn't matter what Albie Sachs says
Or what Antjie says
It's always been like this
Because this is your way
South Africa
You take what you want
Yes, South Africa
You take what you must have
No matter what anyone says
The prophets of doom
The professors and the newspapers
The poets and the Jansens
Up theirs, man!
Especially the papers
Liberal-rubbish papers!
Capitalist elite
Coconut newspapers
With coconut editors
Their fucken arses, man!
We'll show them!
Just like Eschel Rhoodie did
And Connie Mulder
And Lord Somerset, too
Yes, South Africa
You've always wanted to grab the papers
Grab them nice and hard
Everyone wants to do it
Grab hold of them
Squeeze the shit out of them
Like in rugby

Just take the ball away
Knock the bastard over
Moer him
Smash him nice and hard
Take what you must take
South Africa
Because here
Here they always try to hold you down
Here you always get a raw deal
That's something you know well, South Africa
All too well
And you've learnt
Over 350 years you've learnt
To just take it all
Even if you get half a chance
Just half a chance
Oh yes, you'll take what you want
And fuck the rest
So take it
Take it
Take it, South Africa
Cos that's all you know
And so it will always be
Take it, take it
South Africa, our land
We say that, we sing that
South Africa, our land
South Africa, our land
So take it, take it
In god's name, take it
And be done.
Yes, take it
Take it all
And be done.
In god's name, be done.