German (Swiss-German/Allemanic)

Ha ke Ahnig

Frag me ned.

Savez-vous comment? Was?  
Savez-vous comment? Was?  
Savez-vous comment? Was?  
Savez-vous.

Refrain:  
Frag me ned,  
ha ke Ahnig, ha ke Ahnig, ha ke Ahnig,  
chumme chumme ned drus.  
ha ke Ahnig, ha ke Ahnig (isch doch mir glich), ha ke Ahnig,  
chumme chumme ned drus.

Frag me ned (wou!), wenn i mol loslege,  
wenn i di volltexte, das chasch der ned vorstelle,  
Liire der Birre voll, fiire die Egoshow,  
zie der ie di Frou, füehrt ihre Monolog,  
ha 1000 These, u 99 Idee,  
aber keni vo dene löst irgend es Problem,  
frag me ned, je comprends pas,  
be ou numme Touris i dem bordelle quoi,  
be ou nur e Tubel wo chli nonsens lallt,  
I ha o ke Plan, lueg i tue nur so,  
würke souverän, well das ghört zu de Show.

Hei, I be scho interessiert und informiert,  
aber be ned so vom Fach, ha das ned studiert,  
ja, und üsi Sicht, die esch eh so beschränkt,  
wer cha schon richte, was wohr isch u rächt.

Sie froge mi gäng sgliche - hei schlächt recherchiert,  
lueg ir mire Bio wie mer cheffe buechstabiert,  
I verzelle gängs gliche, bes langsam leid,  
sie plapperes no noche so wie Papagei,  
und i verzelle no viel, wenn de Tag läng isch,  
verzelle ned immer was agnähm isch,  
I cha säge was i wott,  
sie presseds glich so, dass es Schlagziile macht  
und sich besser verchouft.  
sie wöui - immer no wüsse, wie das sig als Frou,  
i dem männerdominierte Hiphop-Zoo (merci)  
i cha me ned beschwäre über fählende Erfolg,  
aber i würd lieber rede übers Läbe und der Tod.  
Über: Musig u Vögel u - läse u choche,  
Löffeli verbiege, Verschwörigstheorie,  
stelle mi dumm und i schalte uf Durzug,  
säge säge nüüt, säge chumme chumme ned drus.

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English

I don't have any idea

Don’t ask me.

Do you know how? What?  
Do you know how? What?  
Do you know how? What?  
Do you know?

Refrain:  
Don’t ask me.  
I don’t have any idea, I dont have any idea, I dont have any idea.  
I don’t get it, don’t get it.  
I don’t have any idea, I dont have any idea (and I don’t care), I dont have any idea.  
I don’t get it, don’t get it.

Don’t ask me (wow!), when I start over  
When I start to text you down, you can’t imagine that  
I’m filling your head with my words, celebrate that ego show,  
Look at that woman, how she is conducting her monologue  
I have 1000 theses and 99 ideas  
But none of them is solving any problem  
Don’t ask me, I don’t understand,  
I am just a tourist too, passing at this brothel here  
I am just a fool too, talking nonsense  
Neither I do have a plan, look, I just pretend like  
I seem sovereign because that’s part of the show.

Hey, I am quite interested and informed  
But I’m not an expert, I didn’t study that at university  
Well, and our view is so much limited anyway  
Who has a right to judge what’s true or what’s right.

They are always asking the same things – didn’t research well,  
Check my biography how to spell “Cheffe”  
I am always telling the same, started to get annoyed about it  
They imitate me like a parrot  
And I am talking pretty much while the day is passing  
Not always pleasurable things  
I can say whatever I want  
Anyway they are modifying it to look like a headline  
For selling it better  
They still wanna know how it is as a woman  
In that masculine dominated hiphop zoo (thanks)  
I can’t complain about missing success  
But I would prefer to talk about life and death.  
About: music and birds, reading, cooking,  
Crooking spoons, conspiracy theories,  
I act the fool and turn a deaf ear  
Not saying anything, anything, saying I don’t get it.