

Far East Movement "Do What I Want"

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Yeah yeah yeah
Say I don't care
I throw my hands in the air
I do it my way
I got no fear
Say I do what I want
Yeah I do what I want
You know I do what I want
I do what I want

Because I do, what I do, what I do what I want
Yeah I do, what I do, what I do what I want
Man I do, what I do, what I do what I want
Yeah I do, what I do, what I do what I want

Wild out stylin', I came to get down
And ya can't believe that FM on your dial
Hatin' on my crown 'cause the kicks stand out
When I kick the raw sound, then I make ya walk it out
Yeah critics try to test the best
I'm flippin' nose at shows 'cause i dress the best
FM on my chest, I rep the west
I'm world-wide, haters on house arrest
So when they tell ya how to do yo thang
You tell em step off 'cause the kicks so clean
I got no shame, I'm proud like a champion
I'm at the top of my game

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Yeah I do, what I do, what I do what I want
Man I do, what I do, what I do what I want
Yeah I do, what I do, what I do what I want

Yo, why you on my grill?
Homie fall back, just tryna chill with my Pontiac
Pick up a girl, maybe pick two
Im'ma big deal and I'm from a sick crew
It's the 18, we get the job done
It's 24/7 always on the run
Reppin' LA, that's where I'm from
Aim for the top, coming straight from the slums
Sick of the hate that's pointed to my dome

Quiet all the yappin', you fake Jenny Jones
How can you doubt me, I got to much passion
Reppin' FM till they drop in my casket

Try and tell me this and try and tell me that
But I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
It goes in one eat and right out the other
'cause I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't

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Workin' 9 to 9, I'm just tryna sing it live
Is it really any different that I'm wokin' on my rhymes
'cause my swagger to sick, all my flows too cool
Or the fact that I wear my shades in the early afternoon
Really buggin you? Sorry I didn't know about the rules
But I'm pretty sure that mama didn't raise no fool
You can say watchu will, but it ain't no use
Im'ma still low ride, throwin' up the double u
I got my vans on they cost a billion
I do what I want and there ain't no stealin'
Flow so cold 'cause ya boy is chillin'
Haters can't fight the feelin'

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