

Funkoars

"What's Your Malfunction"

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Feelin' alright, had a tough day.
For the new night, on the bombay.
On the bulge, did the drop and the couple zip.
Hootenanny's what's the fuck's in this.
Now I'm feeling a little left of the center.
Think I'll be having a dance looking like I walked in the web.
Pants full and again, pull out my thumb, pull them up,
nobody seen and you got away clean...
Better that you didn't see rags a fella's seat.
When it's flaccid, double-A battery.
Nah I'm kidding, I'm swing-a-ling-a-ling on your missus
kitten in front of your brov while you're playing with it.
Is that your BF? (No.) Well, did you G it? Shit. What the
beef, bitch?
To the swig to the last bit of whatever's left and I
dipped the fuck, and I'm unconscious.

What's the malfunction?
What's your malfunction?
Gotta eat, gotta work, gotta shit.
Whatever gets you through the night.
(2X)

Vibin' all day. still kicking students to the school
ballroom to boost.
So I'm the cool guy with the young kids. Didn't apol'ize.
Bitch, I've done shit now!
The fake I'd didn't work in the shops.
It'll work for the T when she speaks to the cops.
I got big feet. You know what this means? It means
penis show up better than fridge-meat.
Get up there. lick her, pick a chicken-head, now I'm
chicken fed, now I've got an itchy trigger finger.
Mm, lady, let me taste you tonight. I'ma looking for a
future wife to get naked next to.
I'm looking for the five-minute special. R. Kelly on the
belly, then I feel it on my celly.
What's your malfunction? Fucking til next time.
Party until I'm walking looking like I'm Linda McCartney.
Oh! Aint got a leg to stand on baby!
Let's dance! Da-dada-dada!

Chorus
(2X)

Blondin' all day, grindin' all night.
Love to re-buy, but my cash tight
Look, I'm a sucker for a card game.
And with my face, you and your paycheck can part
ways.
I'm a Funkoar. No respect for cash so I bet my stack on
the first draw.
Trying to push one past you. man, I'm feeling like a
drunk on a three-legged bar stool.
I can't function. My bank aint big enough. In Crown car
park might stick 'em up.
If I aint stuck with two-a-days, I'm on the four-eight
table
Talkin until my jaw ache.
Now my jacks look good until the king on the last.
Some bad beats like a swedish massage. Or the Texas,
yeah.
Your money's walking with mine. Look out of the door
and tell me:
What's your malfunction?
What's your malfunction? (Hugs!)
What's your malfunction?
What's your malfunction?

(Chorus)
2X

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