

## Hilltop Hoods

### "Here Come The Girls"

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Pressure:

I need a girl that ain't looking for the perfect fella,  
And doesn't care if I'm broke or I'm earning cheddar,  
One that can service Pressure while she works a  
Webber,  
And knows she's late when I ain't got the nerve to tell  
her,  
What I want is a woman that's hotter than December,  
A goddess that wouldn't mind me on a proper bender,  
Honest I'd put in my promise and surrender,  
As long as the pushing lasts longer than her temper,  
For this girl I'd throw all aside,  
A wild one with attitude and no rules to guide,  
Ain't obsessed with her looks or own foolish pride,  
The only ring she wants is a phone call at night,  
I want a girl that's down for breaking the law,  
Rough exterior but heart hidden away at the core,  
One that will wait at the door if I've been away on tour,  
With handcuffs on the bed and duct tape on the floor

Suffa:

I need a girl that's like...  
Cold paddles on a bleeding heart,  
Ava Adore, we must never be apart,  
I need a girl that ain't torn the scene up,  
A storm in a D-cup, who don't mind porn or a pre-nup,  
I need a chick that plays video games,  
Not the type to complain and never give me no brain,  
And don't give me cocaine addicted,  
Honey going through my jeans for money hiding meth  
in her lipstick,  
She'd talk like she's tasting me, walk like she's chasing  
me,  
Cos I ain't chasing Amy like Jason Lee basically,  
I need a fox in some fishnets putting pots in the  
Dishlex,  
Who don't run from spiders and squash her own  
insects,  
Intense, makeup running, crazy beautiful,

Make love in the sun and graze me with her cuticle,  
Head in the clouds with one foot on the ground,  
She'd put up with me even when I'm putting it down

Suffa:

I need a girl that's like... check the god's dimples,  
She'd love me even if I looked like Don Rickles,  
Drooling like pitbulls, hot but not fickle,  
So loyal, not spoiled, and smart, so not simple,  
She'd be complex, on lock, want sex, non-stop,  
Pop tops off beer for me, girl would even pop-lock,  
Crop top, mid riff, not the town bicycle,  
Bisexual mistress with eyes like icicles

Pressure:

Send me an angel sipping bitter lager,  
Envision her to visit the strippers with her partner.  
I don't need a girl living with her father,  
It's sort of just torturous like that chick in Nicaragua,  
She's tasteful, graceful, nothing short of a ten,  
In lingerie when the longest day draws to an end,  
She knows dating's an occasion with laws that attend,  
Cause three's a crowd, unless her friend's more than  
her friend.

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