

Funkoars f/ Headlock, Hilltop Hoods

"Bad Habits"

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[Psychiatrist] Alright people, we're going to talk about bad habits I used to have a bad habit when I had a yeast infection where I scratched it continually First person I want to talk about their bad habits is you Headlock, what have you got to say? [Verse 1: Headlock] A lot of people are like "Headlock's got issues" Fuck that - I got a subscription and a full box of tissues I'm not a character, I play one in my imagination And before shaking hand you might want to consider vaccination Yeah I'm that dude who's in elevators arguing with himself Because I don't have time to talk to anyone else Any chick who sits down next to me when I'm drinking at bars I cough in her face and tell her I think I have SARS Bi-polar, eye disorder, talk so (shutup) talk words without incident sincere {unclear rabble} But that comes and goes, sort of like me I don't love you hoes so I jerk off then I leave You don't know bad habits 'til you've lived like me Walk a mile in my shoes, they suck and I want your Nike's I guess the worst thing I do when I'm guesting on tracks I scream HEADLOCK for a cut and make the rest of it whack [Psychiatrist] Alright, I'm going to get myself a cut Mr Suttersutter!(?) [Verse 2: Trials] It's the Aussie sex symbol, you better ask your mother I'm like hip hop's version of that dude Dieter Brummer I've got a slight habit, girls call me vain cos my brain's a one-track mind made up of my face There's no complaints, ladies know that I'm good And women faint when they check the size of the manhood Like "What a man, what a man, what a mighty good man! Say it again now" My sex style is tight like Liv Tyler Quite the pimp type of guy to kiss like a exact replica of Gene Simmons These teach the women cop the breaststroke like I was swimming I sorta lie like the chicks that I say that I lay on their backs on a day to day base But honestly, I couldn't set a pulse on fire So signing off, Mr Trials: compulsive liar [Psychiatrist] Don't be so hard on yourself, you're a strapping young liar Pressure, what do you have to say? [Verse 3: Pressure] I get so drunk I fall flat, landing hard on my chin Crack a retarded grin, my eyes get misglazed, looking far from akin To attain

drunk, my thoughts are a fumble I try to talk but I
mumble, try to walk but I stumble And when my mind
gets as dirty as a pint of Coopers I delve down for a
few rounds of pocket snooker I like hogging loogers,
picking plaque from my teeth Scratching my arse,
farting, and long walks on the beach So how about it
girls - I'm an eligible bachelor Some guys will buy you
flowers - I'm going to get drunk and rap for you Then
stagger to the closest quarter, open my drawers Then
spew before you claim he was a closed talker See I got
habits as bad like faggots that drag Make your
stomach churn like retards having a shag Man, my
rapping is sad (no doubt!) And when I was at your
house I picked my nose and wiped it under your couch
[Psychiatrist] I hope that wasn't my couch, it was made
by Pakistani Seventh-day Adventists! [Verse 4: Sesta] I
wish it was a bad habit, it's an epidemic I'm legging it
for paramedics when given the seditive You see I wish I
could settle it but my best bet to get it severed from my
neck Then I would get respected But then I guess I'll
just take a breather and beat up the weak and feeble
for evil Believing they could defeat me I'd only take
them on if they were smaller, with my mates and he's
??? So I don't take drugs, I just use them as mics Used
to act the way that I be so disregard what I say to you
My mind's fucked up, corrupted My shirt's tucked only
when my butt's sucked in, it must be the gluttony From
Monday to Sunday, I wanna go out like Pun so catch me
at the buffet You see these hairy palms? They don't
mean no harm In need of an eating companion cos I'm
sick of my left arm [Psychiatrist] Sesta if you're hungry
I'll have Marco prepare you a trifle [Verse 5: Suffa] I
only smoke a pack on a good night On a bad night I
smoke two packs like Suge Knight(?) Then when
Saturday comes it feels like a chimney just shattered
my lungs Fuck your patches and gums They call me
Goldfinger, you should see I got the illist hands from
puffing on the 12 milligrams Goldfinger, my stare man
it looks like a bin, stirring a curry with my bare hands
And my breath gets funky, I know hun But if you don't
like this in a smoker, then just blow one I smoke to the
butt, I choke 'til it's done I dope smoker's toke it right
down to their thumb And if I could quit, shit I could save
the dollars to get my lungs flushed by a Mexican doctor
(Achh he no speak English!) and he's completely
incompetent And doing a procedure that's band on six
continents, bring out your dumb [Psychiatrist] Bring out
your dumb!? I'll bring out a can of whoop-ass on you
you shouldn't put people down Anyways, it's been a
really good session everyone You're very clever people
hopefully now you've got that out of your system you

can address your problems "Doing your crib... break a
sample like a bad habit" [Scratches] "Bad habit"

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