

Funkoars f/ Hilltop Hoods**"What I Want"**

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I don't dance, I don't jump, I don't front
I do the fuck what I want

[Verse 1: Pressure]

Pressure tired as fuck lining up
It's getting old, its cold and half the night is up
And you wonder why fights erupt, wisen up
Mr. Door bitch let me inside the club
With his gelled hair, tight pants, silky shirt, man fag
Let me in soon or I'mma piss in your hand bag
What's he gonna do if he gets bashed in the streets
He ain't a bouncer he's just the fasion police
You know whats tragic a girl stops traffic
You let her in stop a bloke, thats a cock block faggot
Get a sweater for my dress code
Would you suggest go matching in sweaters with my
best bro's
An entry pass, give me entry fast
Before your head comes acquainted with an empty
glass
Clubs and bad pussy are one and the same
After I talk my way in I'm never coming again

[Chorus]

I don't dance when the DJ sweats me
I don't jump when the MC begs me
I don't front and there is no cop
I do the fuck what I want

[Verse 2: Trials]

Mr. Trials, grubby in a club with a nice shirt
Try'na find a honey with some money and a nice purse
I'm on a bender and broke won't stop us
So I hobble to a rich bitch as think as their wallet
Promised the world to this girl that I'd get her heart
racing
Sip into sick pints and I'm always sayin' same shit
I need a drink like Mick Jagger needs a hit
I need a drink like Angelina needs to leave her lips
I'm at my peace when I'm pissed, if I get a drink
Tell a chick whatever I got tell her to make her my bank

teller

I'm a rank feller in need of Jesus Juice, Jesus Christ
would I need to do
Stop the whole girl flattery thing
People buy it better when you walk around with charity
tins
Now say I'm fucked from birth, find a girl with purse
that buldge and drink
and problem solved

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Hons]

Hons the last dude that want to check your tracks
For real what you think I'm about to press it up on ear
wax
I doubt that thats one thing I hate about cats spitting in
ya ear like
its ness in '58
I wanna tell em' get fucked I came hear to get drunk
and throw game like bad losers thats run out of luck
But yet I'm stuck feeling awkward with some cats spittin
flavour
in my ear like Craig Mac was in my Walkman
I'd rather shit talk and at least I'd get a word in
and not some rappers dinner all floating in my bourban
And when he's spittin I ain't even listening
I came to see the live set not a pop star audition
And I couldn't really care about the shit you write
and if I want my ear chewed then I'd go turn to turn with
Tyson
And if your offended I ain't try'na be harsh
I'll hear your shit when it drops so leave me at the
fucking bar

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Suffa]

Suffa standing at the bar cos I wanna shout, a round
Getting ignored so I had to pull my wallet out
I'm down with the fact that you wanna get some play
bro
But you've been serving chicks while I've been standing
here like "ey yo"
Don't take all day bro, stop that weak shit
That girl dont want you, that bitch wants a free drink
Now I'm getting shitted out this cat would've bought the
bitter out
If I was a broad and walked in with my titties out
Ohh this bar tender thinks he can get these girls tipsy
In hopes of a wristy

On the real son, try make me feel dumb
If I can't buy a fucking drink I'mma steal one
and spit liquor on the bar to set it on fire
Half price drinks is what it said on the flyer
But I can't even get served man, yeah thats chill
Ignore me all night I'mma rip off ya till

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Sesta]

Unlce Sesta rolling up already half cut
Bouncer still mad as a mother fucker from last month
I've done fucked up tequila, lethal
Have me stealin and screamin and feeling up a beater
vehicle
Name's at the door, chill bro I'm good
"Whats ya name?"
"I'm Debris from the Hilltop Hoods" (hey, yo)
Post myself with the drinks facing a sick shit hanging
off my lip
while I'm chasing a bitch
Don't buy her a drink give em' a fly or a wink
See ya at my show next week (oohhh)
Before I touched the whore she bounced when her fat
friend
turned around like "he's a funkoar!" (slut!)
Called to the bar now pour all of my shots but 4 bucks
is all that I got
Fuck this I'mma bail
cos alot of fans want me to sign their chest but they're
males

[Chorus]

I don't dance, I don't jump, I don't front
I do the fuck what I want

[Vocals/Sample]

Once I had a love
Kissed him every morning
Then one day my love
Left with no warning...

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