

## Travis Porter

### "I Just Wanna Fuck"

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[Chorus x2]

I just wanna f\*ck tell me what you think about that  
I just wanna f\*ck ain't no need for you to be mad  
All I wanna do is f\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck  
F\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck

I make her call me daddy when I'm smackin' on her  
hiney  
Screaming yelling whining why you acting like you  
dying  
Then she started crying, all we do is f\*ck (shut up)  
Why you always fussing oh my god girl shut up  
Wow wow neighbors saying turn it down down  
F\*ck them people this' my house  
Now I got her turning out, bend you over turn around  
The rubber pop I'm pulling out  
Cuz shorty who I'm talkin' about  
Tracy f\*ck with Stacey and Stacey f\*ck with that white  
girl  
And I picked shorty up and she was with two white girls  
They like the Spice Girls all kinds of race  
And every time I f\*ck them they make all kinds of faces

[Chorus x2]

I just wanna f\*ck tell me what you think about that  
I just wanna f\*ck ain't no need for you to be mad  
All I wanna do is f\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck  
F\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck

I ain't tryna be ya man and I ain't tryna be yo friend  
And I ain't tryna be yo buddy  
So why don't you just come over and f\*ck me  
She got mad when I said that  
You gonna be angry when I tell you where to put yo  
head at  
Walked into her room like Shorty where yo bed at  
She got in this crazy position I'm like where yo legs  
I don't know ya girl but we can get nasty  
I just wanna show ya girl so come on sit next to me

[Chorus x2]

I just wanna f\*ck tell me what you think about that  
I just wanna f\*ck ain't no need for you to be mad  
All I wanna do is f\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck  
F\*ck f\*ck f\*ck let's f\*ck

I just wanna f\*ck she never tell me no  
She only got three friends she never tell  
For I always beat her fast she never tell me slow  
We always on the bed we never on the floor  
I knew from the club just by looking at you dance  
tonight  
You with Travis Porter I'm gonna be yo fan  
Now you spinning round and round on the ceiling like a  
fan  
I know we f\*ckin' baby girl but I can't be your man, no  
So I hope you wasn't thinking that  
(So tell me what you think about that)  
Girl go put on yo thinkin' hat oh  
She seen a vision of me beating that  
(Ain't no need for you to be mad)  
Me f\*ckin' you now tell me what you think of that...  
damn

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