Funkoars ft. Hilltop Hoods, What I Want

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

[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 shifted 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]

Unice 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...