

Funkoars, 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'ma 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
What you suggest, yo, matching knitted 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 thick 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)

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(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

I'd rather shit talk and at least I'd get a word in
And not some rappers dinner all floating in my bourbon
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

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(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 don't 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'ma 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'ma rip off ya till

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(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
'What's 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'ma bail
Coz 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

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