

# When I'm

## Hilltop Hoods

... It's mad hot in the club  
But that's cool cause outside couldn't get any colder  
As soon as I walk in I feel a tap on my shoulder  
It's Mr. Annoying, he wants to talk and test my patience  
How the hell am I gonna get out of this conversation?  
Umm, I gotta go man, my girl's waiting at the car  
(Hey where you going?) I'm heading straight for the bar  
I walk past some guy who smells like he hasn't had a shower  
I make it to the front just in time for happy hour  
And Flak sits down and drinks til it looks like he might fall flat  
While me and Baz get down with chicks that think that they all that  
Candy for your thoughts, a dollar if you'll creep with me  
(Hang on I'll get my wallet) I got 100 if you'll sleep with me  
That chick was like Bardot, (Why's that?) Cause she's poison  
Oi Baz, we better chill, look at the size of her boyfriend  
It's Mr. Annoying, I bet he wants to talk again  
There's some chicks by the door and Dimes is, chicken hawking

[Hook: Suffa]

When I'm  
In the club I'll be singing Planet Rock  
When I'm  
In the club I'll be drinking slamming shots  
When I'm  
In the club you can find me at the bar  
I'll have the party people singing out sha-na-na  
When I'm  
At the bar I'm B-boying around  
When I'm  
At the bar come and give a pound  
When I'm  
At the bar you know I'm known to flow  
I'll have the girl's parents singing out no no no!

[Verse 2: Suffa]

One man offers me a smoke, I grab it and take a drag  
Then he offers rocket fuel, out of a brown paper bag  
(It smells I'll) Man I wouldn't drink, that if you boiled it  
The promoter's blacking out cause some kid's tagged the toilet  
Ohhh shit, here comes security  
(What u try to do to me?)  
Why pat me down and try to sweat me bro?  
Just get me off the ground and let me go  
We're all here to have a good time, that's why the kid's came  
I'm talking to some guy that can't remember his name  
I turn off, sit back and let the hip-hop relax me  
Some guy drops his drink and the whole crowd's yelling taxi  
Max checks the bartender's arse as she cleans up the glass  
We'll be drinking til closing, we'll be the last of the last  
To leave, some guy tugs on my sleeve and starts quoting Hoods' rhymes  
Next he's on the decks, and he's cutting up good times  
Now the crowd erupts, feeling the vibe that we love  
But it's as loud as fuck, even from outside of the club  
(We're going) I was getting bored anyway  
Who cares, I hate clubs, give me a pub anyday