

The F Track

Showtek

Geezer, first of all it gives me a fucking headache
When idiots like you come knocking on my fucking door
Telling me to turn my fucking noise down
This ain't noise mate, this is fucking Showtek
(Oh no it's Showtek again)
My favourite fucking music
And secondly that daughter of yours, who's very hot
Just happens to be coming out with me for the weekend
So fuck you!

So it's that same old shit again
If it ain't my neighbours complaining about my kicking bass
It's the fucking media telling me my music is attracting the worst kinds
Highlighting the drug use and aggressive sounds
These cunts just don't know nothing about clubbing the late-night raves
So let me tell you this, motherfuckers
Not everybody listens to Mr. Williams (let me...)
When my generation parties, we do it 25.000 strong
So people can say what they want, but this is all real
And you know this is true
So just let me listen to my music, and fuck you!

You know what, I'm sick of all the haters always having a reason to complain about this music and the way I live my fucking life
I can't believe these suck-ups from the authorities
Telling me that my nightlife is to be cut short
Closing clubs at three instead of five, six and seven
Not even considering my afterparty on a Sunday fucking morning
Ha, I'm gonna get mashed up before the sun goes down
I'm gonna get drunk too quick in the pub
And I'm gonna pop pills in the lines to the club
Don't try to fucking understand me, just let me escape from reality
Ain't nobody telling me what to do or what not to do
This is my life, this is my music, so fuck you!

So fuck you! (3x)