

One Hipster One Bullit

Jet

Snap your fingers, all you hipsters.
Ironie bullshit, I don't wanna talk about that.

Get your closeup, set up your profile.
I don't believe you, well, I'm gonna teach you, go!

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

Some people like me now, some they don't.
But, I know what I like, and I love rock n roll.

There's so much dead weight, I can't see straight.
But, I don't believe you, here comes the preacher, go!

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

Check, check, check, check, check your head at the door.
You little pitchfork whore, at your thrift store.
You are a fucking bore, you make me sick!

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

(Now you're dancing)
One Hipster, One Bullit.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it.

(Now you're dancing)
At the beauty bar, you're a fucking star.
I got my finger on the trigger and I want to pull it, bang!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>