

# Dance With Me

3OH!3

Get your hands up  
The sky's falling  
Get your hands up  
It's the apocalypseGot a mouth full of lambs blood  
Dam broke down  
The whole town flooded  
Your man couldn't cut itGot his fake ass gutted  
He muttered something monotoned  
Under his breath  
Now he's out first roundWith his hand on his chest  
Must have been a cardiac  
Now he's searching for his Pontiac  
To get back to a bar attack  
To brush up on his battle rapWe hit the high hats and make it clap  
We wear plaid after labor day and still get ass  
We're high-class, low brow, over bomb beats  
Cloggin' more ateries than the drive-through at Arby'sSingin', I love Rock 'n' Roll  
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby  
I love Rock 'n' Roll  
Put another dime and dance with me!Get your hands clappin'  
The aliens have landed  
Get your hands clappin'  
Damn, I'm dopeBeen rockin' since a zygote  
It won't stop the price crossers opening for my ghost  
'Cause everybody knows that I've been backin' the fans  
My rhymes touch more kids than Micheal Jackson's handsI'm iller than thriller  
Stiffer than a zombie  
Gagged with Abercrombie while your girl rides up on me  
And I'm callin' up your sister and we're cuddling to AmelieOh, so you think you can rap  
So you walk eight miles and you think you can rap  
That's cuter than the Olsen pre-dope but your crack  
Or havin' a teddy bear tattooed up on your backSingin', I love rock 'n' roll  
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby  
I love rock 'n' roll  
Put another dime and dance with me

Songwriters

Nathaniel Motte;Sean ForemanPublished by

MASTER FALCON MUSIC;DICK JAMS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

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