

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

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