

# They Don't Dance No Mo' (feat. Lil' Will)

## Goodie Mob

They don't dance no mo' (What we doin is sittin around chillin) Yeah, uh, yeah  
Did it, done it, run it, say it how you want it, leave it  
When you finished let me dress it up and made it seem sweet  
Like a beach in Martinique, Goodie back up on they feet  
Set it straight for the nine-eight, license plate with the triple A  
Callin all them cars, because the club be goin left and right  
Throwin blows like them pros, runnin lows up in the night  
Feelin numb from the cup I drank, holla at them thugs in the back  
Baby what you lookin fo', Shawty I ain't showin no slack  
People don't dance no mo', all they do is diss  
They get off on holdin folks hostage  
They good, fo' casin malls and leavin broken glass  
Where you park, those two inch white walls that was lit by cat eyes  
Fools calm, triggers fourth and long, zone three  
Deep coverage, man under  
We used to break doin eighty-three  
2 Live dropped, and we was Throwin That D  
They don't fight with fists  
They bring they piece  
Pat everybody down, before they leave this piece  
People don't dance no mo', all they do is diss  
Educate themselves, and went to jail, that filthy morgue  
With the core, and high-powered restrainin mechanisms  
Why is it? They slayin this last nigga, ready to sic em  
But I stay cool, and observe them fool and let's just thank, and drank  
And clear the way you think, actin out and about  
That gat he pulled, that my partna sawed  
And he worked quickly, was it worth it? He didn't deserve it  
Predestined weapons for lessons that we learned  
HOT, bullets burned  
People don't dance no mo', all they do is diss  
Well, my name is Sugar Low, and this is my trade  
For years we been some players, what more can I say?  
Saturday night at my dance, throw on a few clothes, uh  
Hit Atlanta live, and break a few rolls  
Get some drinks, and stroll the halls, hold the walls  
Just in case security can't control the brawls  
I still roll the ball, but I done got a little too old  
To get all sweaty dancin round wit y'all  
People don't dance no mo', all they do is diss

Songwriters

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