Dance Monkey (Prod. Daddy Kev)

Sage Francis

ride.
i got two left hooves, two on test.
well, since nobody's steppin' to me
(huh) take me to your cult leader
(huh huh) take me to your local drug dealer
take me to the man in the mirror
when you stand and deliver with your hand on the trigger
an emotional terroristI double-M U N E
never make my enemy public
i'm a private dancer, dancin' for moneydance monkey, dance you goddamn monkey
(do that thing that's funny)
do i make you wanna laugh?
i make you wanna move
i make you wanna dodo dododo do(repeat)case one carries a paint gun
she's unafraid of wavin' when she's gettin' her face done
her favorite radio station's a permanent paid vacation
burnin' her face in the sun
she loves repetitive songs that keep playin'you know the repetitive songs that keep playin'
she learned all the words and she works it baby
dangerously catchy and she feels it in her cervix lately
'cause the rhythm is a cancer
she's on a secret diet
a private viewing disease-free tv pilot
she saw the future in a group study
they threw money in her pants(do that thing that's funny)
dance monkey, dance you goddamn monkeydo i make you wanna laugh?
i make you wanna move
i make you wanna dodo dododo do
(repeat)don't live for the moment -- live for the constant
die for what's right or get killed by your conscience
there's a difference between conscience, conscious and conscientious
contrary to popular belief
you're none of these
there's plenty to feed
empty mouths've been nest bound
and kept down and apes won't be bangin on the chest pound
when pacemakers are fragile
they thate the taste of capsules
they feed their face with paxilfemales hate their dads still

holy son's got mommy issues on deck at the podium
holdin' tongues with the rituals
more complex than napoleon
i told'em
"it isn't his job to live in a fog"
i don't have a god complex, you've got a simple god(huh) take me to your cult leader
(c'mon) take me to your local drug dealer
(c'mon man) take me to the man in the mirror
when you stand and deliver with your hand on the trigger
and a can of miller in the otheryou can't kill me motherfucker
i got our number, you best disconnect before i call it
the bumper sticker on your forehead's the wrong fitwhen the bomb hits (what music will you look to for shelter?)
when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for shelter?)
when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for shelter?)
not that mine'll help yadance!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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