don't wanna dance

Elle Varner

Ooh
Ooh
OohIf it ain't my heart gettin' stepped on it's my feet
Ice cold as the champagne Charmaine keeps spilling on me
Dj playing all these love songs like I really need that
And I'm about to get so messed up like I really need thatSomeone remind me
Is this a party
Or what?'Cause I've been here for much, too long
I don't really wanna dance
And I hate most of these songs
Plus my feet are killing me
I don't really wanna dance
Shoulda stayed my ass at homeOoh
Ooh
OohI'm sittin' on this couch and my cellphone checking your name
Driving myself bat-shit crazy, going insane
Though there's a lot of fine boys in here, still thinkin' about you
I should try to pretend that I'm happy for a minute or twoThey playin' Weezy
Is this a party
Or what?'Cause I've been for too much, too long
I don't really wanna dance
And I hate most of these songs
Plus my feet are killing me
I don't really wanna dance
Shoulda stayed my ass at homeSee, I told your ass not to go to that damn party
You don't listen, now you singing this damn sorry, song
We coulda stayed home and watched Martin
Bruh Man from the 5th floor with the milk of carton
Comin' through your window, we pillow talkin' util the morning
Hit the studio, making love, skits and let you recorded
Put it on your album, that shit'll be so retarded
Damn your pretty body I just wanna polaroid it
Blow it up, put it on my wall so we can both enjoy it
Taking it down if my friends come over so they don't focus on it
'Cause I'm selfish with my baby, never felt this from a lady
Got me going crazy, all them clubs janky
And you need to get back home to me
Giving your body a massage with the cozy feet
New perfume, earlobes are sweet

Forget them ghetto ass clubs with the phony VIPs'Cause I've been for too much, too long
I don't really wanna dance
And I hate most of these songs
Plus my feet are killing me
I don't really wanna dance
Shoulda stayed my ass at homeJust stayed my ass at home (I don't really wanna dance)
I know I shoulda stayed my ass at home (and I hate most of these songs)
But my girls kept calling me
Like Elle you gotta get your ass outta the house for a minute
(I don't really wanna dance) No I really wasn't with with it
(Shoulda stayed my ass at home) I came to this shit anyway, what can I say?

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