

# DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince, Dance Or Die

(Hit man)

Yeah

Let's take a trip try to grip the fantasy  
And I'm a get you hip to how dangerous dance can be  
Seem kind a crazy when I check it in hindsight  
I went crazy berserk kind a jeckyl and hyde like  
Two years ago I went on a rampage  
I slipped lost grip started ripping the dance stage  
People around me my head kind a wizzing  
What a dilemma and underground wizard (hit man)  
Heard the sound of music and I opened my eyes up  
Theirs people all around me so yo I better rise up  
A couple of guys grabbed me and he said to me lets go  
You're the new wardon of the wall flower death row  
New row a what do who do wo dippide oop da da hoop who the hell are you  
They told me who they were buttold me what my new job was  
I thought for a second and said yea that's kind a fly cuz  
So to you people that just holding the walls up  
You're messing up the party and when I'm getting called up  
You better get your butt to the floor with the quickness  
Or let the crowd bear witness

(you are dead) (hit man)

Now I came doing my thing in the underground  
I wear all black I'm sort of like a vampire now  
I don't eat or sleep and I don't like light  
I just hunt wall flowers I'm a man of the night  
I walk through the club with a gun and a blackjack  
My cap around backwards party hats on my back pack  
I always try to keep a look out for the party sleeper  
And when I peep a sleeper then I'm the grim reaper  
In to the bottomless pit they keep plungin  
Down with the other clowns deep in my dungeon  
And homie if I harm ya its for your behaviour  
No knight in shining armour is coming to save ya  
You can't get away but yo you try to run son  
You doing the electric boogaloo with my stun gun  
Then you go to solitary lonely and tied up  
And plus from the stun gun your arm all fried up  
Somebody said my power went to my head a bit  
I wish that I could find the brother sucker that said the  
I wanna torch em up punish them through the night  
Put em in the dungeon with a tape of vanilla ice  
I'm in control like Janet  
Ya cant stand it  
I'm figgida like a fire don't fan it  
The mind of a mad man seen through the windows of my eyes  
Dance or die

(you are)

(dead)

(hit man)

You don't wanna dance you just wanna cool out cat  
Well come into the club and it's a straight up death trap  
Cause I'm a mad scientist chillins a no no  
Psycho socio straight up loco  
Taking the life of any sucker that stand around  
I spot em in the corner chillin then I'm a lay em down  
So call the ambulance to come and just take em away  
Ah forget get a hearse we d o a

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth  
A buckshot for a booty than ain't getting loose  
A straight up outlaw a cold blooded villain  
A point blank killin for suckers thats chillin  
Cause I don't stand for chillin on my dancefloor  
If you ain't dancin then I'm Charles Manson  
Coming with the death squad to through your behind out  
If you ain't movin jumpin or grrovin I'm pulling my nine out  
Right up in the club I'll put you to death  
And while the guns still smokin I'm a dance on your chest  
The prince of the party pushing with the power  
Dance till nine or death till the wallflower  
Louder and louder the crowd keep chantin  
Pointing at the booty caught who aint dancin  
So like the terminator now it's up to me  
Asta la vista baby

(you are dead hit man)