

# Joey Bada\$\$, Teach Me (ft. Kiesza)

Won't you teach me how to dance, how to dance  
Won't you teach me how to dance, teach how to dance

Okay life's like, lifes like, just like a tango, tango  
You gotta move that, move that, don't break an ankle, ankle  
Tell me if you see me, see me from your angle, angle  
I'll be your genie, genie, you be my angel, angel  
Okay, how low can you go? A half million records sold  
Soon as all the cash hit the floor  
[?] and I'm bout to blow  
Rock your body, go back and forth  
[?] party, you're at the fold  
Hundred girls in the lobby after the show that I body  
And after the show they prolly want to put forth for me  
Put on a show for the Papi that I prolly want to see  
So tell me what its gonna be she said  
"This hunny ain't free"

Won't you teach me how to dance, how to dance  
Won't you teach me how to dance, teach how to dance

[Kiesza:]

Let me show you how to grove, babe  
How to move about a suitcase  
Take a trip without a shoelace  
I can leave you if you want  
Lemme help you move  
Baby slide it, give you a little bit of guidance  
Enjoy the ride, I'll be your pilot  
You gotta glide it  
Close your eyes, come fly, I'll show you how to vibe  
Let me teach you how to dance, how to dance  
I'mma teach you how to dance, how to dance, how to dance  
Let me teach you how to dance, how to dance  
I'mma teach you how to dance, how to dance, how to dance

Okay now life's like, life's like, just like a salsa, salsa  
You taste the spice right? Spice right?  
We need some water, water  
Lately been caught up, caught up,  
These steps need order, order  
Bring it in closer, closer,  
Let's combine auras, auras  
Okay, right foot, left foot, let's go  
Take my hand, take me not to lay below  
Bring it on there  
What you got in store?  
Rise up, look back at it  
One jab at it  
And I sear it's so rough, it's a bad habit  
How I made the pussy dance? How that happen?  
We could call that magic  
Say poof and our boots is tappin'  
The sweetest taboo you practice  
The sweetest juice that I have sip  
I was raised by the Sycamore tree  
I was told not to bite every apple I see  
But somehow that's hard for me  
Shorty make it clap, make it hard for me  
Come grab the mic, spit a bar for me  
Show me what you know, tell it all to me

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Let me teach you how to dance, how to dance

I'mma teach you how to dance, how to dance, how to dance

Teach me how to dance and groove me out my pants

And my body through a trance and fuck we just like a sin