

3OH!3, Dance with me

Get your hands up
The sky's falling
Get your hands up
It's the apocalypse
Got a mouth full of lambs blood
Dam broke down
The whole town flooded
Your man couldn't cut it
Got his fake ass gutted
He muttered something monotoned
Under his breath
Now he's out first round
With his hand on his chest
Must have been a cardiac
Now he's searching for his Pontiac
To get back to a bar attack
To brush up on his battle rap
We hit the high hats and make it clap
We wear plaid after labor day and still get ass
We're high-class, low brow, over bomb beats
Cloggin' more ateries than the drive-thru at Arby's.
Singin', I love Rock 'n' Roll
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby.
I love Rock 'n' Roll
Put another dime and dance with me!
Get your hands clappin'
The aliens have landed
Get your hands clappin'
Damn I'm dope
Been rockin' since a zygote
It won't stop the price crossers opening for my ghost
Cos everybody knows that I've been backin' the fans
My rhymes touch more kids than Micheal Jackson's hands
I'm iller than thriller
Stiffer than a zombie
Gagged with Abercrombie while your girl rides up on me
And I'm callin' up your sister and we're cuddling to Amelie.
Ohhhh!
So you think you can rap
So you walk eight miles, and you think you can rap.
That's cuter than the Olsen pre-dope but your crack
Or havin' a teddy bear tattooed up on your back.
Singin', I love Rock 'n' Roll
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby.
I love Rock 'n' Roll
Put another dime and dance with me!