

# Eminem, Brand New Dance

Get up  
Everybody on the dance floor, come on  
That means you too, Chris  
Haha

Well, it's Friday night, no date for the prom  
Just got caught jackin' off by your mom  
Suspended from school for settin' off the alarm  
Kim Jong keep screamin' he gon' drop the bomb  
But anyway, every day is the same old shiddit  
Room lookin' like a tornado hit it  
Try to explain, your parents, they don't get it  
Time to hit you with a funky dope rhythm  
Let it roll, if you ready, we gon' start the show  
Everybody in the world, all across the globe  
You can feel it in your head down to your toes  
Dance until you're wheelchair bound, here we go  
Yeah, horseback, little do-si-do  
Little bit of soul mixed with some rodeo  
Everybody in the world's gonna laugh to this  
Shit, I'll probably end up crippled after this, come on

Clap your hands and stomp your feet  
Everybody join together  
Can you feel the funky beat?  
Everywhere you see people laughing and  
Dancing in the street  
On the count of three, everybody do  
The Christopher Reeves  
One, two, three, follow me

Superman, Batman, Spider-Man  
Slipped, fell, landed in a garbage can  
Shit, hell, damn it, I can hardly stand  
But I get it crackin' like no one in the party can  
Give me a beat, I'll show you all a brand new dance  
All I need is a stretcher and an ambulance  
Now stand back, kids, don't try this at home  
Chi-boom, kick-boom, ooh, ah-oh  
It's a brand new craze and it's sweepin' the nation  
Anything else is a cheap imitation  
Just make sure that you videotape it  
You can only do it once 'fore the people go apeshit  
It's a crowd favorite, a party pleaser  
It's better than shake of a grand mal seizure  
So next time that you see grandma, tease her  
And roll up with a fresh set of wheels all greased up

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If your arms, legs, feet, and your hands are numb  
You've fallen and you can't get up  
It's a brand new dance, this is my Chris anthem, I'm  
Givin' Chris Reeves his chrysanthemums

I'ma have everybody jumpin' to this  
Caitlyn Jenner in the front row pumpin' her fists

With a simple little twist and a flick of the wrist  
A little snap of the neck and a slip of the disc  
You just pull up a chair and grab a seat  
And clap your hands and stomp your feet  
Or stomp your hands and clap your feet  
Flop around 'til you lookin' like a slab of meat  
You put your left foot back, your right in front  
Tip your head back, let it touch your butt  
'Til you feel a lil' pop, like what the fuck?  
Motherfuck, fuck a duck, what the fuck? I'm stuck  
So, party people, are you with me? What's the deal?  
If you real, grab your chair up by the wheel  
If you wanna feel just like the Man of Steel  
Windmillin' on a million banana peels, come on

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Woo  
Good morning, Eminem  
Or Marshall, as others have informed me  
Christopher Reeves here  
You had better not talk behind my back  
Or I will kick your ass the minute I'm out of this chair  
Watch yourself, Marshall  
I'm watching you  
Ah! Holy shit