

Hopeless, We Don't Dance

Naw we don't dance
We gangsta lean
Get slapped up quick
Sex machine
You can't touch us
Now come and love me now
Come and love me now

[Verse:]

We point the fingers
Away from the mirrors
It may take several
Or maybe never
We are the tabloids
False pretenses
Null and dull senses
Yeah there're relentless
Media spin zones
Wireless telephones
Can you hear me
Can you hear me

[Bridge:]

Pick it up
Take it down