

Megan Thee Stallion, Dance

[Intro]

Uh, bring that motherfucking beat back
What Juicy say? He be like, "Shut the fuck up"

[Chorus]

Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, dance, dance, dance

[Verse 1]

Dance, make him blow them bands
Hands, do it with no hands
Damn, bitch, you been a fan
Damn, damn, damn, damn
Hopped out the fucking Rover
With your baby like a stroller
Call your bitch and say it's over
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Bitches acting shitty
So I had to potty train 'em
I ain't never met the ho, but her nigga probably ate it
I been moving with the bag, just in case I wanna buy shit
I been moving with a shooter, just in case you wanna try shit

[Pre-Chorus]

Dance, do the money dance
Boy, this ain't no baby Benz
AMG got big old bands
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I don't want your petty cash
Boy, I want what's in your stash
Come over and get this ass
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

They hit me to come through, they did good, so I do
He was nervous 'cause I'm gangster, tried to fuck me in his shoes
Boy, you safe, it's okay, ain't no set up, you can stay
If I really want you hit, you wouldn't've made it all this way, hey
Pop it like some bubble gum, show me how you work your tongue
Nigga, don't be acting shy, go 'round back and use your thumb

Yeah, I'm a freak, he be scared I'ma cheat
Tryna keep me in the house, pussy under lock and key, ah

[Pre-Chorus]

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Boy, I want what's in your stash
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[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Hey, hey, yeah
Dance, make him blow them bands
Dance, make him blow them bands, hah
Hey, hey, hey, hey, ayy
I'ma need that money, ooh
Put up with my attitude
Call me when you coming through
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'ma need that money, ooh
Call me when you coming through
Put up with my attitude
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah