

Brand New Dance – Eminem

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
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
But the people go apeshit
It's a crowd favorite, a party pleaser
It's better than the shake of
The grand mal seizure
So next time that you see grandma, tease her
And roll up with a fresh set of
Wheels all greased up
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
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 little 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
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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych