They Don't Dance No Mo'

Goodie Mob

They don't dance no mo' They don't dance no mo' (what we doin is sittin around chillin) They don't dance no mo' They don't dance no mo'

Yeah, uh, yeah Did it, done it, run it, sayin "How you want it?" Leave it when you finished let me dress it up and made it seem sweet Like a beach in Martinique, Goodie back up on they feet Set it straight for the nine-eight, license plate with the triple A Callin all them cars, because the club be goin left and right Throwin blows like them pros, runnin lows up in the night Feelin numb from the cup I drank, holla at them thugs in the back Baby what you lookin fo', Shawty I ain't showin no slack

People don't dance no mo' All they do is diss/this They get off on holdin folks hostage They good, fo' casin malls and leavin broken glass where you park, those two inch white walls that was lit by cat eyes Fools calm, triggers fourth and long, zone three Deep coverage, man under We used to break doin eighty-three 2 Live dropped, and we was Throwin That D They don't fight with fists They bring they piece Pat everybody down, before they leave this piece

Educate themselves, and went to jail, that filthy morgue with the core, and high-powered restrainin mechanisms Why is it? They slayin this last nigga, ready to sic em but I stay cool, and observe them fool and let's just thank, and drank and clear the way you think, actin out and about that gat he pulled, that my partna sawed And he worked quickly, was it worth it? He didn't deserve it Predestined weapons for lessons that we learned HOT, bullets burned

Wellill, my name is Sugar Low, and this is my trade For years we been some players, what more can I say? Saturday night at my dance, throw on a few clothes, uhh Hit Atlanta live, and break a few rolls Get some drinks, and stroll the halls, hold the walls Just in case security can't control the brawls I still roll the ball, but I done got a little too old to get all sweaty dancin round wit y'alls

[Chorus]