

They Don't Dance No Mo'

Goodie Mob

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

Welllllll, 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'all

[Chorus]