

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince "Dance or die"

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(Hit man)

Yeah

Let's take a trip try to grip the fantasy
And I'm a get you hip to how dangerous dance can be
Seem kind a crazy when I check it in hindsight
I went crazy berserk kind a jeckyl and hyde like
Two years ago I went on a rampage
I slipped lost grip started ripping the dance stage
People around me my head kind a wizzing
What a ___ dilemma and underground wizard (hit man)
Heard the sound of music and I opened my eyes up
Theirs people all around me so yo I better rise up
A couple of guys grabbed me and he said to me lets go
You're the new wardon of the wall flower death row
New row a what do who do wo dippide oop da da hoop
who the hell are you
They told me who they were buttold me what my new
job was
I thought for a second and said yea that's kind a fly
'cause
So to you people that just holding the walls up
You're messing up the party and when I'm getting
called up
You better get your butt to the floor with the quickness
Or let the crowd bear witness

(you are dead) (hit man)

Now I came doing my thing in the underground
I wear all black I'm sort of like a vampire now
I don't eat or sleep and I don't like light
I just hunt wall flowers I'm a man of the night
I walk through the club with a gun and a blackjack
My cap around backwards party hats on my back pack
I always try to keep a look out for the party sleeper
And when I peep a sleeper then I'm the grim reaper
In to the bottomless pit they keep plungin
Down with the other clowns deep in my dungeon
And homie if I harm ya its for your behaviour
No knight in shining armour is coming to save ya

You can't get away but yo you try to run son
You doing the electric boogaloo with my stun gun
Then you go to solitary lonely and tied up
And plus from the stun gun your arm all fried up
Somebody said my power went to my head a bit
I wish that I could find the brother sucker that said the

—
I wanna torch em up punish them through the night
Put em in the dungeon with a tape of vanilla ice
I'm in control like Janet
Ya cant stand it
I'm figgida like a fire don't fan it
The mind of a mad man seen through the windows of
my eyes
Dance or die

(you are)
(dead)
(hit man)

You don't wanna dance you just wanna cool out cat
Well come into the club and it's a straight up death trap
Cause I'm a mad scientist chillins a no no
Psycho socio straight up loco
Taking the life of any sucker that stand around
I spot em in the corner chillin then I'm a lay em down
So call the ambulance to come and just take em away
Ah forget get a hearse we d o a
An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth
A buckshot for a booty than ain't getting loose
A straight up outlaw a cold blooded villain
A point blank killin for suckers thats chillin
Cause I don't stand for chillin on my dancefloor
If you ain't dancin then I'm Charles Manson
Coming with the death squad to through your behind
out
If you ain't movin jumpin or groovin I'm pulling my nine
out
Right up in the club I'll put you to death
And while the guns still smokin I'm a dance on your
chest
The prince of the party pushing with the power
Dance till nine or death till the wallflower
Louder and louder the crowd keep chantin
Pointing at the booty caught who aint dancin
So like the terminator now it's up to me
Asta la vista baby

(you are dead hit man)

