

Blood On The Dance Floor "Till' Death Do We Party"

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Don't dream it, just be it.
I suffer dance fever.
My flow will be reliever.
Knock you off your sneakers.
There's blood on the speakers.
This is how it goes.
This is how we roll.
Competition, so vicious.
Cut your throat and slash your tongue.
Back down before you're done,.
Oh no, Tericho.
Gonna shoot my hot load.
Break down into the flip mode.
Cash flows and rhinestones.
I'm the king of Lechures.
I'm the heathen let go.
I'm the star of that glows.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
Let's start this dance party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
Let's start this death party.

Fuck me in the club, and light this bitch up.
(Fuck me in the dirt, lift up my sexy skirt.)
Fuck me in the house and shake me all about.
(Fuck me in the car, Like a movie star.)
Fuck me in the rain, take away my pain.
Fuck me in the escalator, windows up on this escape.
(Fuck me in the mall, up against the wall.)
Fuck me in the church make it fucking hurt.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
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'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.
'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

Let's start this dance party.

Let's start this death party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

'Till 'till 'till 'till death do we party.

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