

M.o.d

"Get Up And Dance"

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STOP! Milano time...
Get up and dance.
Here we go.
Get busy, let out the misery.
But the move while I m.c.
Shake your booty 'til you cave walls in.
We've just begun, so begin.
Just rock and we'll do the rollin'.
If you're standin' get goin'.
'Cause this ain't a funeral home.
It's a club, so get on the dance floor.
Get up and dance.
One more time.
Don't mock it you can't stop it.
We took the beat like your head and chopped it.
Get up D-A-N-C-E.
Everybody move your body!
Throw your hands in the air.
Say HO!
Let the rhythm of the music control.

How you dance ain't wrong or right.
YO!
Do whatcha like.
Last chance so dance.
Get up and dance, get up.
The rhythm written for strictly deep incisions.
Describe your problem and we'll fill out a prescription.
Take notes or hang on the end of a rope.
You're liverwurst and onions,
I'm scope.
YO!
We're droppin' bad habits.
I'm talkin' critics shootin' dope.
And we supple 'em like addicts.
I suppose we got the right stuff.
No we're not the new kids...
We're rough!
Boyee!

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