

## N-Trance

### "Trance - D.I.S.C.O"

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Ah yeah check it out gimme a D (D), gimme an I (I),  
gimme an S (S), gimme a C (C), gimme an O  
(Ooooooooooooooh)  
D.I.S.CO, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O.  
Once again here to prove who got styles and who got  
grooves,  
who got rhythms that'll make ya move so so rough but  
silky smooth.  
Throw those hands high in the air, disco charge that  
derriere,  
I don't care you don't care there's a party goin' on so  
let me make it clear,  
woo haar hit that disco feel baby baby I'm for real, this  
roughnecks rockin  
on the microphone it's the roughneck you don't wanna  
leave alone,  
thats right from the waistline down this might sound  
cold but pound  
for pound from Dover sands to 'Frisco the whole wide  
world is rockin' to disco

She is D, delirious  
She is I, incredible  
She is S, superficial  
She is C, complicated  
She is Ohh-oh-ohh

She is D, desirable  
She is I, irresistible  
She is S, super sexy  
She is C, such a cutie  
She is Ohh-oh-ohh

D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O.

Hell yeah late one friday night discotheque the vibe  
was right boy  
meets girl, girl meets guy, guy thinks girl is looking fly,  
staring  
this baby right between the eyes lays it on she says  
high girl wants

more but she's shy guy be thinking girl is dry play it  
cool what the  
heck hickies up and down and around my neck but I'm  
waitin' for a  
smoothie and I'm feelin' kind a groovy. Then she says  
lets break out  
and get a take out round my way and we can make out  
you how it's  
about to go, the whole wide world is in tune to my  
disco.

She is D, disastrous  
She is I, impossible  
She is S, super special  
She is C, crazy crazy  
She is Ohh-oh-ohh

She is D, delightful  
She is I, incredible  
She is S, sensational  
She is C, sweet as candy  
She is Ohh-oh-ohh

Ah yeah check it out gimme a D (D), gimme an I (I),  
gimme an S (S), gimme a C (C), gimme an O  
(Ooooooooooooooh)

Back up in ya face to make the party wild we pulls  
another ace in  
case you cannot comprehend n-trance and the killer  
whale be droppin'  
bombs again it's amazin' how we do the funkyed up  
flavour from my  
barbecue big poppy on the solo the whole wide world  
be rockin' with my disco.

D.I.S.CO, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O.  
D.I.S.CO, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O, D.I.S.C.O.

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