

## Madd Kapp

### "Dance With the Devil"

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{\*15 second ad libbed intro\*}

[Madd Kapp]

DJ, what's up, I'm Madd Kapp  
The baldheaded honkey who's runnin the beer tab  
Every bar down river they hate me  
But they made me, the reason that I'm so damn crazy  
I keep it movin like section 8 housing  
Pissin people off even worse than price gougin  
"White boy, you know me baby~!"  
I suffer the brain pain, I done lost it lately  
Rappers talkin out the side of they neck  
So fuck 'em all, I don't need none of your respect  
I'm a star dawg, like it or not  
Cause people pay attention to me when I'm up in they  
spot  
Pop pills, wash it down with whiskey  
Cause that old No. 7 always gets me tipsy  
To all the ladies in the bar, I'm ready  
Gather 'round me, let's all get dirty and sweaty

[Chorus]

May.. I.. have.. this.. dance.. bay.. bee..  
Let's just dance with the devil in the pale moonlight  
tonight  
Sing this song with me

[Madd Kapp]

Hennessy and some Gran Marnier  
They call it, gasoline and the buzz is great  
I'm too, pisted, twisted, and dis shit  
got me goin cross-eyed but I'm feelin terrific and  
people lookin at me whisperin shit  
Excuse me, I ain't tryin to bother you bitch  
I just wanna have some fun and drink some  
151 rum earl and get dumb  
Pop my collar while I'm cuttin a rug  
But wait a minute, I'm white, I can't dance, that's  
fucked up  
That's not fair man, poppin and lockin  
Yo fuck it, gimme all your wallets and watches

And while you at it all the chains and charms  
Tell the cops I'm in Vegas at the top of the Palms  
And tell 'em bring some duct tape and rope  
Cause there's a party in my pants and the hoes on  
dope  
AH-HA~!

[Chorus]

[Madd Kapp]  
Clear the floor for Captain Disco  
Let go of my cape, it's - I said let go  
I repeat bitch, I said let go  
Don't force me to lash you and call on Metro  
I'm with Treba and we're low on petrol  
And the red bomb citizen keepin it retro  
So keep it clean B, cool and collective  
I don't wanna have to pull early, respected  
And keep the bouncer out my face tonight  
I got a club in my pocket and some gas in a pipe  
So stop blowin my buzz you killjoy  
And tell that motherfucker up in the booth we still boys  
Hand him this, tell him play this disc  
This Madd Kapp shit dedicated to the chicks  
Report to the dancefloor, shake your asses  
No glow sthicks, just fake tits flappin

[Chorus]

{\*scratching to end\*}

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