

People Don't Dance No More

Futuristic

People don't dance no more (what)
They just stand there like this (uh huh)
They cross their arms and stare you down
And drink and moan and diss (that's right)
People don't dance no more (what)
They just stand there like this (uh huh)
They cross their arms and stare you down
And drink and moan and diss (that's right)
(That's right)
(That's right)
(That's right)
{That's right}

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