

Don't Dance

Kool Moe Dee

I get on the mic for one reason, that is to be heard
And when I'm on the microphone, I hope you don't miss a word
I'm not saying do not enjoy yourself, don't take a chance
To shake your head, pat your feet, clap your hands, but don't dance
'Cause if you're up and dancing then you won't really hear
The smoking rhyme that I design for you all to compare
With the other brother lovers of the hip-hop culture
Beat is working, rhymes are perking, and it's gotta be felt
But don't dance...don't dance

They consider me epitome of rap and I know
Rappers wanna get rid of me 'cause at a live show
I got a voice like Luther, I'm bulletproof-a
A rhyme that I design will always make you, the
People take notice on how I always show this
Funky style, forget the smile, your face'll say, "Yo, this
Brother's not playing, you know what I'm sayin'"
MC's on your knees say "Please start praying"
Don't dance...don't dance

Attention, at ease, emcees
You pay too much attention to the rhymes like these
One took part of my name, others part of my fame
One took the rhythm, now the people think that we're on the same
Level of intelligence, but that's irrelevant
If we ever battle head up, you won't do well against me
I'm the originator, the only real creator
Called time bomb with the end of my detonator
Ready to blow up and totally show up
A rapper I'll slap and with a mean rhyme slow up
Huh, you wanna go up against me, then throw up
Your mic stand but make plans to get tore up
'Cause I'm gonna rip ya, I would strip ya of the title
But I got it, so get off my tip

Ya wannabe me MC, ooh wee—I'm rocking me now
I know I'm rocking you 'cause I could see your hand
High-fivin' 'cause I'm live and saying "you heard the man"
Don't dance...don't dance...don't dance

I said my rhyme loud, proud, now, look at the crowd
Fellas "ho", ladies "ow", how
Could you take my style, smile while stealing
You should bow down, bend, and be kneeling
Praying to me like a god, go on
Just say my rhyme, you're on mine subconsciously
You know that you can't live up
To my rap status, drop your mic, give up
'Cause I am relentless, that's why I spit this
Time to make a fresh rhyme and invent this
Style that you're hearing, year out and year in
But suckers keep stealing it, and then swearing to God
They didn't take it, they know they didn't make it
But you can't lie to yourself, give me a break, it
Seemed to me, that I was your favorite
Hip-hop hero back in the days, it's
Undoubtedly, obviously true

You wanted to be another Moe Dee when you
Started rhyming, you see you had to be to some degree
An imitation, variation of me
And now all of a sudden, you're competition
So now you think you can change my position
Don't be dumb, I'm still number one
When you hear me come, you better run and hide out
And enjoy yourself while you got the crowd fooled
Believing you're the best 'cause I'ma take you to school
And if you really think you're better, I want proof
I'm calling you out, this is the moment of truth
Don't dance...don't dance...don't dance