

Kids That Love To Dance

Professor Green

I can't handle my drugs,
So blame she and his hand for the buds,
Before these vocals I was tee total till the AK,
Now I'm back and I'm buzzed
Get funky, light one up
Get skunky, so toast to, me!
Toast to green,
About to take hold and take over the scene.
Or maybe that should be ether it?
Either way I ain't an idiot.
I did quit smoking weed, but didn't stop me eating it!
P's raw, and I been poor,
So I could never get enough p I need more.
See-saw theres 5 saturdays,
And I won't be happy till I've at least hit 4

It's a long day when your rolling and rocking,
And the spin isn't stopping
When you don't care where you are
It's the wrong day
If your looking for sober
You can find him hung over
For the kids who love to dance.

The professor of rhymes,
Mr dexter met Lecter and had one hell of a time
A devil disguised, lies!
You can tell that I'm high by my festival eyes.
Festival eyes? Ain't it a monday?
Fuck knows! May aswell be a sunday.
Run away when I take off 6 val's
Whoops... straight lose six hours.
I'm back in effect,
Got shanked in my neck now
I'm back from the dead.
But adjusting has been hard,
Like I give a shit man chicks dig scars.
Chicks dig me so I dig 'em out,
But I keep 'em all, never let them out.
Got sixteen in my cellar now,
Yeah, I still take bus but I get about.

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We're the kids that love to dance.

The bad boy's back boy,
On the road with my iPod
On singing along to black boys.

Then skipping along to take that,
So take that say what?
I hate rap!
Haha... ain't that funny?
Shitting on rappers like I ate that curry.
So? So mind your business.
Or wind up with stitches, bitches!
Dickless with yoour wanna-be bars,
Impotent rappers - all wanna be hard.
Diss me? You must wanna get parred!
Faux-par your so 'barge.
Ain't seen a rapper like me yet so far!
Nah, I'm gonna take getting used to,
The pupil nobody could get through to,
On youtube, in a tutu.

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