

Everybody knows that Sally can't dance
But damn she's so fine that nobody's gon' tell her
Two left feet, one beautiful smile
Hot damn she's so fly whenever we're together

And here we go yo, I think it was a Friday night
I was kicking it at my place, aight...
I could feel my thigh vibrate, Sally's on my cell phone
She was at a club but she was by her self though
Sipping on a Bombay, telling me to drop by
I could be her hot date, Jiggy in the spot light
Karaoke contest, she was gonna rock mics
We could sing Beyoncé songs till the clock chimes
One in the morning and the party was boring
When I walked in Sally must have caught me yawning
She said "Quit stalling boy meet me on the dance floor
I'm a cut a couple shapes up like a band saw"
So under the disco ball we all
Shake it like a Polaroid singing la-dickda
Down and dirty yo, Sally ain't no Barbie doll
Goofy as hell but who cares, blasé blah

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Once upon a time in my neighbourhood
Me and all of my next-door neighbours would
Get the whole block jumping to the latest jams
Rocking out to the sound of our favourite bands
I remember one summer on a Friday night
We had Morg dog spinning so the party's hype
I saw my home girl Sally from across the way
An intelligent lady with a lot to say
She had a shimmer in her eyes and a smile to match
Skinny waist line but the style is fat
Just a glimpse of her face it could brighten the mood
Any place that she went she would light up the room
I was like let's bust a groove, she said "cool"
But she moves like she's rocking two busted shoes
She got two left feet and can't work the beat
She can't dance but Sally's still perfect to me

I don't wanna hurt nobody, I just wanna move my body
(She's sweet like marmalade), and tastes like oooh la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
A-la-dickda, a-la-dickda-dickda, ayy
A-la-dickda, a-la-dickda-dickda

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She don't foxtrot, two-step or minuet but
She's so fresh I don't interject

There's no skip to her lou or the do-si-do
But that's cool I could still be her Romeo
You know

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