

(F# E D E F# F#)

Yo, pretty ladies around the world
Gotta a weird thing to show you
So tell all the boys and girls
Tell your brother, your sister and your momma too
Were about to go down
And you know just what to do
Wave your hands in the air like you don't care
Glide by the people as they start to look and stare
Do your dance, Do your dance
Do your dance quick, mom

C'mon baby tell me what's the word
Now, word up
(ahh ahh)
Everybody say
When you hear the call you got to get it under way
Word up
(ahh ahh)
It's the call, word
No matter where you say it
You know that you'll be heard

Now all you sucker DJs
Who think you're fly
There's got to be a reason
And we know the reason why
You try to put on those airs
And act real cool
But you got to realize
That you're acting like fools
If there's music, we can use it
Be free to dance
We don't have the time for psychological romance
No romance, no romance
No romance for me, mom

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(woo!)

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