

Down, down, down, down, down

Fill in the gaps

Down, down, down
Okay, guess who's back, back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Now (1) report to the dance floor
To the dance floor, to the dance floor
Now everyone report to the dance floor
Alright stop, pajama time
Come here little kiddies on my lap
Guess who's back with a brand new rap
And I don't mean rap as in a new case
Of child molestation accusations
(Ah ah ah ah) no worries
Papa's got a brand new bag of toys
What else could I possibly do to make noise?
I've (2) touched on (3) but little boys
l've (2) touched on (3) but little boys That's not a stab at Michael
That's not a stab at Michael
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor Like TP for my bung-hole
That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm (4) psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor Like TP for my bung-hole And it's cool if you let one go

Oops my CD just skipped



Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy, shake that ass

Whoops I mean girl, girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)

Oh baby (ah ah) oh baby, baby (ah ah)

It's Friday and it's my day

Used to party all the way to Sunday

Maybe 'til Monday

I don't know (5)_____ day

Everyday's just a holiday

Cruisin' on the freeway, feelin' kind of breezy

Let the top down and my hair blow

I don't know where I'm goin'

All I know is when I get there someone's gonna

(Touch my body)

Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk

But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out from work

Would you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair

Spit on me, maybe gouge my eyes out (yeah)

Now what's ya name girl, what's ya sign?

(Man you must be up out yo mind)

Dre (ah ah) beer goggles, blind

I'm just tryin' to unwind (now I'm)

Now I'm gonna (6)_____ you dance

It's your chance

Fill in the gaps



Oops I mean girl, girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)

Oh baby (ah ah) oh baby (ah ah)

It's Tuesday and I'm locked up

I'm in jail and I don't know what happened

They say I was runnin' butt naked

Down the street screamin' (ah ah ah ah)

Well I'm sorry, I don't remember

All I know is this much, I'm not guilty

They said "Save it, boy we got you on tape

Yellin' at an old lady" (touch my body)

Now this is the part where the rap breaks down

It's real intense, no one makes a sound

Everything looks like it's "8 Mile" now

The beat comes back and everybody lose themselves

Now snap back to reality, look! there's B. Rabbit

"Oh you signed me up to battle? I'm a grown man!"

(Tubba tubba tubba tubba tubba tubba)

I don't have any lines to go right here so, chubby

Tellytubby fellas (what) fellas (what)

Grab your left nut, make your right one jealous (what)

Black girls, white girls, skinny girls, fat girls

Tall girls, small girls, I'm calling all girls

Everyone report to the dance floor

It's your chance for a little romance or (8)_____ squeezin'

It's the season, just go (ah ah ah ah)

Fill in the gaps

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Fill in the gaps

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Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy, shake that ass

(Whoops) I (9)_____ girl, girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now (10)_____ it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)

Oh baby (ah ah) oh baby (ah ah)

Touch my body

...

Touch my body

Oh boy

Just touch my body

I mean girl just touch my body

...



- 1. everyone
- 2. done
- 3. everything
- 4. just
- 5. what
- 6. make
- 7. that
- 8. butt
- 9. mean
- 10. lose

Fill in the gaps