

Dem Beats (feat. RuPaul)

Todrick Hall

They don't make dem beats like they used to
They don't make dem beats
They don't make dem beats like they used to
They don't make dem beats
They don't get they life like they used to
They don't get they life
They don't take the night like they used to
They don't take the night like they used to
They don't snap that snap like they used to
They don't snap that snap
They don't click-click-clack like they used to
They don't click-click-clack
They don't arch that back like they used to
They don't arch that back
They don't bump that track like they used to
They don't bump that track like they used to
Dance
'Til the night dies, 'til the night dies
Live
To the sunrise, to the sunrise
Work
Get your whole life, get your whole life
We gon' pose for that spotlight
We gon' dance 'til the night dies
They don't make dem beats like they used to
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They don't get they life like they used to
They don't get they life
They don't take the night like they used to
They don't take the night like they used to
We at the scene, check the posse
Faces adjusted to capacity
I don't know them, but they know me
Bitch if you gagging, then that's my ID
If we in the room, it's a kiki
Ballin', they brought in the bottles for free
Taking the night, don't want to leave
Don't kill my vibe, don't touch my weave
Don't kill my vibe, don't touch my weave
Don't kill my vibe, don't touch my weave
Don't kill my vibe, don't touch my weave

Weave, weave, weave, weave
Weave, weave, weave, weave
Weave, weave, weave, weave
Weave, weave, weave, weave
Weave, weave

Don't kill my vibe, don't touch my weave They don't make dem beats like they used to

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They don't make dem beats like they used to
They don't make dem beats
They don't get they life like they used to
They don't get they life
They don't take the night like they used to
They don't take the night like they used to We goin' in, no photo ops
They takin' pictures like they with the paps
Girls in their heels, boys in their crops
Fake booties shaking even if they tops
We hit the room, everything stops
They spyin' me, eyein' me, like Fetty Wap
I love when the bass and the cakes drop
When you hit the floor the DJ play the bop Dance
'Til the night dies, 'til the night dies

Live

To the sunrise, to the sunrise

Work

Get your whole life, get your whole life

We gon' pose for that spotlight

We gon' dance 'til the night dies They don't make dem beats like they used to

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They don't click-click-clack
They don't arch that back like they used to
They don't arch that back
They don't bump that track like they used to
They don't bump that track like they used to Hey
Calling all of my bad bitches
My bad bitches, where ya'll at?
(Right here, right here, right here)
Say hey
If your booty real fat, bitches
My bad bitches, where ya'll at?
(Right here, right here, right here)

Tonight, we 'bout to bring out the freaks
Glitter all over our feet
We want the speakers to bleed
Yea, yea, yea
Tonight, we be who we wanna be
Your body on my body
DJ give me what I need
Yea, yea, yea They don't make dem beats like they used to
They don't make dem beats
They don't make dem beats like they used to
They don't make dem beats
They don't get they life like they used to
They don't get they life
They don't take the night like they used to
They don't take the night like they used to Ooh, Todrick child
They don't make dem beats like they used to girl
Hahaha!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>