Party Up

DMX

Uhh. UH! . WHOO!Why'all gon' make me lose my mind Up in HERE, up in here Why'all gon' make me go all out Up in here, up in here Why'all gon' make me act a FOOL Up in HERE, up in here Why'all gon' make me lose my cool Up in here, up in here If I gotsta bring it to you cowards then it's gonna be quick, aight All your mens up in the jail before, suck my dick And all them other cats you run with, get done with, dumb quick How the fuck you gonna cross the dog with some bum shit? Aight There go the gun click, nine one one shit All over some dumb shit, ain't that some shit Why'all niggaz remind me of a strip club, cause everytime You come around, it's like (what) I just gotta get my dick sucked And I don't know who the fuck you think you talkin to But I'm not him, aight slim? So watch what you do Or you gon' find yourself, buried next to someone else And we all thought you loved yourself But that couldn't have been the issue, or maybe They just sayin that, now cause they miss you Shit a nigga tried to diss you That's why you layin on your back, lookin at the roof of the church Preacher tellin the truth and it hurts Off the chain I leave niggaz soft in the brain 'Cause niggaz still want the fame, off the name First of all, you ain't rapped long enough To be fuckin with me and you, you ain't strong enough So whatever it is you puffin on that got you think that you Superman I got the Kryptonite, should I smack him with my dick and the mic? Why'all niggaz is characters, not even good actors What's gon' be the outcome? Hmm, let's add up all the factors You wack, you're twisted, your girl's a hoe You're broke, the kid ain't yours, and e'rybody know Your old man say you stupid, you be like, "So? I love my baby mother, I never let her go" I'm tired of weak ass niggaz whinin over puss That don't belong to them, fuck is wrong with them? They fuck it up for real niggaz like my mans and them Who get it on on the strength of the hands with them, MANI bring down rains so heavy it curse the head

No more talkin - put him in the dirt instead You keep walin - lest you tryin to end up red 'Cause if I end up fed, why'all end up dead

> 'Cause youse a soft type nigga Fake up North type nigga Puss like a soft white nigga

Dog is a dog, blood's thicker than water

We done been through the mud and we quicker to slaughter

The bigger the order, the more guns we brought out

We run up in there, e'rybody come out, don't nobody run out

Sun in to sun out, I'ma keep the gun out

Nigga runnin his mouth? I'ma blow his lung out

Listen, yo' ass is about to be missin

You know who gon' find you? (Who?) Some old man fishin

Grandma wishin your soul's at rest

But it's hard to digest with the size of the hole in your chestHold up! ERRRRRRR!

One. two. meet me outside

Meet me outside, meet me outside

All my Ruff Ry-DERS gon' meet me outside

Meet me outside, meet me outside

All my big ball-ERS gon' meet me outside

Meet me outside, meet me outside

All my fly lad-IES gon' meet me outside

Meet me outside, meet me outside

All my street street peoples meet me outside

Meet me outside, outside motherfuckerX is got why'all bouncin again

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again

Dark Man X got ya bouncin again

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again

Swizz Beatz got why all bouncin again

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again (Swizz Beatz)

Ruff Ryders got why all bouncin again (DMX)

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again

Dark Man keep you bouncin again

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again

Dark Man keep you bouncin again

Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again

All my streets they bouncin again

Bouncin again, we're bouncin again

Swizz Swizz Beatz we bouncin again

Bouncin again and we bouncin again

Double are keep it comin, ain't nuttin why'all

Ain't nuttin why'all can do, now.

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

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