

Party Up

DMX

Uhh.. UH!.. WHOO!

Y'all gon' make me lose my mind up in HERE, up in here
Y'all gon' make me go all out up in here, up in here
Y'all gon' make me act a FOOL up in HERE, up in here
Y'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
Y'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 yo
u loved yourself

But that couldn't have been the issue, or maybe they just sayin that, now ca
use 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 f
ame,

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?

Y'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 pussy 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, MAN

I 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, y'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 chest

Hold up! ERRRRRRRRR!
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 mother
fucker
X is got y'all bouncin again
Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again
Dark Man X got ya bouncin again
Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again
Swizz Beatz got y'all bouncin again
Bouncin again, bounce-bouncin again (Swizz Beatz)
Ruff Ryders got y'all bouncin again

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 R keep it comin, ain't nuttin y'all
Ain't nuttin y'all can do, now.. (BOOM)