Party Up (Up in Here)

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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