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! ERRRRRRRR!
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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