

# Wet Party (feat. Spice 1 & M-Child)

## Tear Da Club Up Thugs

{m-child: background talking}  
Nigga f\*\*k this motherf\*\*kin shit u niggas wanna go to war  
With us f\*\*k y'all yall know who your ass is hatin ass niggas  
F\*\*k y'all motherf\*\*kers if u say something  
You gotta be ready to die for that motherf\*\*kin shit  
Nigga we ain't going for that motherf\*\*kin shit nigga  
We got guns we got tones nigga nigga we could ride up your motherf\*\*kin ass  
Erase your ass off the motherf\*\*kin earth we ain't going nigga f\*\*k this shit  
Whatever y'all really wanna do go on and do it cause all y'all be talking {juicy j: talking}  
Yo yo yo yo yeah it's da juice up in this motherf\*\*ker  
You know what I'm saying  
I wanna say what's up to all these niggas out here hatin on dj paul juicy j  
Yall know who you are you know what I'm saying that shit don't phase a nigga  
Yall see a nigga in the street handle your motherf\*\*kin business  
Nigga I'm gonna invite you to this motherf\*\*kin wet party  
I'm gonna wet you hoe ass niggas up yeah  
{hook: juicy j (dj paul) 8x}  
We bout to throw a motherf\*\*kin wet party (wet em up){juicy j}  
It's da juice from the north side of town  
With a frown I'm bout to get a gun and start to clown  
On a fool on any fool who break the rules  
Imma do whatever young nigga have to do  
To get respect to do what's next like malcolm x  
Never slipping I'm staring out the window with a tech  
Bring it on up to the door I'll never go  
But I'm blasting until I see you lyin on the floor,  
This is real too real them niggas feel what I feel  
Them evergreen niggas bout to kill anybody  
Say they name where they live show some pictures  
Especially if it's mom or some kids  
Run up on ya and put em on ya like pneumonia  
You'll be sick I scared ya ya probably go in to a coma  
I ain't playing and I ain't laughing cause I'm passive  
Just looking blasting just like I'm on the lose I'm crazy assassin (nigga)  
{hook: juicy j (dj paul) 8x}  
We bout to throw a motherf\*\*kin wet party (wet em up){dj paul}  
Its kinda hard lets catch a spy hunting in a four cylinder  
Peeling a drilling a hole in your jugular  
Wheeling a .40 -a pissing in your skully-a  
Tearing a barrier black haven area  
But I'm slow and tear da club up thugs if you down  
To beat some motherf\*\*kers soft

Bullets f\*\*king pepperoni it's phony  
Step in my face make a nigga catch a case of death  
F\*\*king with me nigga hoe I got milk  
And watch it splash on your goddamn chest  
Cause when you're f\*\*king with thugs niggas you f\*\*king with the best  
F\*\*k the rest got you chilling with a real nigga from the haze  
There is only henn and red dog and purple haze  
That's the phase grandma think I'm craze  
F\*\*king drugs killa carved on your arm got a tech up in the car  
For your motherf\*\*kin ass see you wet the b-e-d  
But you better hold right up cause I'm gonna make your ass bleed bitch{hook: juicy j (dj paul)  
8x}  
We bout to throw a motherf\*\*kin wet party (wet em up){m-child}  
I hate a weak ass nigga like a devil hate life  
Cock that k full of rage cause the bullshit you started  
Put your vest on bitch and watch me aim for your head  
Like whodini abracadabra motherf\*\*ker you dead  
As I tippy toe behind you like that doll named chucky  
Sludge hammer you will feel it if you living you lucky  
Ten stories you will fall to the motherf\*\*kin floor  
I don't know you tuck your nuts and die hoe (better kill me){spice 1}  
Well to wet em means cash \*blow blow\* how you like me now  
I'm be murdering all of my enemy savage hatin up the town  
Saved for bed night stalking creeping put em all to sleep  
And leave em leaking bleeding seeking and steadily heating  
And I'll be speeding off tearing up da club not giving a f\*\*k  
It's just me and tear da club up thugs kept on they nuts  
Killing em wet em up say wet em up say wet em up blow \*blow blow\*  
They come with the mob tactics and hear us pow \*ba pow\*  
Definitely about to buck it f\*\*k it I'm dumping them in ditches  
And killing snitches and shiesty bitches who set em up for riches  
Spray these f\*\*king cockroaches with these two pistols out  
You niggas checked into the game but you wont check out  
Beam the motherf\*\*kin lights and I smash the gas  
Clutch my bitch nina ross tight and murder they ass  
Which one of you niggas is first to feel the blast  
Ain't coming for money I want your life f\*\*k the cash{juicy j}  
We bout to

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>