

# 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 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 motherfucker X 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.

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