

Now I Gotta Wet 'Cha

Ice Cube

It's on like Donkey Kong
You wanted that fast buck
now I gotta light that ass up
The nigga with the big fat trigger
Don't test me, gravedigger had the swig
of the ST, remember the time we first met her
You threw your set up now you gotta get wetter
BOOM! PING! BUCK! POW!
Now who's that nigga with the diff'rent style?
Uhh, ya wanted ta trick
It's all about the pud and who can empty it
First mate, they made day AK
and I'll Kurtis Blow ya ass away like AJ
I'm almost certain I'm put on the hurtin
Bitch, it's curtains!
Locced in my motherfuckin head
Gotta play connect-the-dots with my infrared
You in danger, Mr Gangbanger
It ain't cool to take nappy from a stranger
Wit'cha drive-by's it took time to catch ya
but now I gotta wet'cha

Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
I'm comin ta get'cha (get'cha)
You better hope I don't catch ya (catch ya)
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger

S-I-M-I
Valley for the KKK, Rodney!
A place on the map where the order is
though devils can't leap up a motorist
and get nothin but a slap on the wrist
Gorillas, gorillas report to the mist
The fist of fury and I'ma shove em
Motherfuck the jury and who ever love em
Why you have to leave it to Beaver?
Now I'm chasin Beaver' ass with a cleaver
With the sling, sling, sling and chop, chop, chop
Get them on, nigga
cos tonight we're havin chopped liver
And I'ma cut out'cha heart
Start the fryin pan for the devil a'la carte
Twelve motherfuckers ya better be glad I never met'cha
Cos I'm gonna wet'cha

Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
I'm comin ta get'cha (get'cha)
You better hope I don't catch ya (catch ya)
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger

Now wet motherfuckers are bloody
Cos a bullet'll mould your ass like silly putty
White in the shape

A hollow point'll run up in ya like ya got weight
Comin out'cha back, Mr Mack
Now they got yo' guts in a sack
Use to have ya crew real fat in a huddle
now you're wet in a puddle, here is the Ice Cube rebuttle
You ain't gotta chance, cos even if my bullet just glance
Ya still wet your pants
So what'cha wanna do when I got'cha ass point blank
Ya guaranteed to spank
Stiff as a board, ya floored
Go meet the Lord and then get ignored
Cos you're on your way to hell and that I can bet'cha
That's why I had to wet'cha

Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
Now I gotta wet'cha (wet'cha)
I'm comin ta get'cha (get'cha)
You better hope I don't catch ya (catch ya)
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger
(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger

(You're all wet) The nigga with the big fat trigger
(2x)