

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 to take a swig of the STRemember the time we first met up
You threw your set up now you gotta get wet up
Boom ping buck pow
Now who's that nigga with the different style?Uhh, ya wanted ta trip
It's all about the clip and who can empty it
First mate, they made day AK
And I'll Kurtis Blow ya ass away like AJI'm almost certain I'm put on the hurtin'
Bitch, it's curtains
Locoed 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'chaNow 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, rally
A place on the map where the order is
4 devils can beat up a motorist
And get nothin' but a slap on the wristGorillas, 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 swing, swing, swing and chop, chop, chop
Get them on, nigga 'cos tonight we're havin' chopped liver
And I'ma cut out'cha heartStart the fryin' pan for the devil a'la carte
Twelve motherfuckers ya better be glad I never
Met'cha
'Cos I'm gonna wet'chaNow 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 triggerNow wet motherfuckers are bloody
'Cos a bullet'll mold your ass like silly putty
Right into shape
A hollow point'll run up in ya like ya got weightComin' 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 rebottleYou 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 spankStiff 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'chaNow I gotta wet'cha
(Wet'cha)
Now I gotta wet'cha
(Wet'cha)
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