

## Ice Cube "Now I Gotta Wet 'Cha"

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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 ST

Remember 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 AJ

I'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'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, 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 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 swing, swing, swing 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 mold your ass like silly putty  
Right into 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)  
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