

Merry Clayton

"Wettin 'Em Up"

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{talking }

Shit, yeah I thought ya'll knew

You start off with young you'll always end up with
fiends

I thought ya'll knew that

That's way back

Ca\$h Money Records you have the right to remain
silent

Anything you may, can, and will be flipped against ya n
you

If you open up your mouth and give up that right

Exhibit 1

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

The Wet Boys! The Wet Boys! (Put out the fire)

The Wet Boys! The Wet Boys! (Put out the fire)

The Wet Boys! The Wet Boys! (Put out the fire)

The Wet Boys!(Put out the fire) The Wet Boys! (Put out
the fire)

[Verse 1]

Check, who be the boys trackin hits thats guaranteed
Wig spittaz, hard hittaz, guarenteed to make you bleed

Now, What kinda boys roll deep in Expeditions

Down to dirty schemin, ignorant 'n bout flippin

Now, Who be the boys flyin way from outta town

Big paper situations, stackin g's year-round

Now, Who be the boy that got that clout down south

And goodness pick up when other clowns feel the
drought

Now, Who be the boys don't be bout all dat rappin

Put dem K's in your mouth and them dumps to leave ya
leftin

Now, what kinda boys roll ya, he bout business

Droppin, hittin fake souljas, comin up for the quickness

Now, who be the boys thats got a whole new team

Big trucks on 22's, the color be green

Now, who be the boy who grew up on GT

First soulja makin records, Sporty as can be

Chorus: 1x

[Verse 2]

Now, who be that boy checkin into rehab
Talkin bout he gon' quick {pause} don't make me
laugh

Now all these cars, but they never be use
Sporty off the showroom flo', givin you clowns tha
blues

Now, who be the boys see men act they don't
Talkin bout they gon' get me, staight shamin 'n flippin
Now, who be the boys who ain't gon' let that happen
Standin up totin gallons, straight baggin my rappin

Chorus: 1x

[Verse 3]

Now, who be the boys who got a soulja out that 9
Call himself Lil Pee Wee and don't mind dyin
Now, who be the boy who call himself Gotti
Totes some Mausberg and ready to pump the party
Now, who be the boys who got a soulja named Slim
Gonna flip a lil B.G. when he get out the pen
Now, who be the boys runnin wit the killa cut-throat
Wicked prime and uzi, peanut and mote
Now, who be the boy steppin straight from the Grove
George, Landis, Stan 'n Danny, play the money like
hoes
Now, who be that soulja call himself Dollar Bills
Smaller than Lil' Wayne head and tote some big steel
Now, who be the boy call hiself Lil' Caesar
Quick the sleep more clown then the aids diseases
Now, what kinda soulja wit Hairy and his people
Listen to the Cub Scout songs they goin right to sleep-le
Now, what kinda boys put it all together
Lock and load them chrome K's and reign like bad
weather
Now, what kinda boys snatch mice and start fusses
Pull up at local concerts, landin down on big buses

Chorus: 2x

{talking}

Ha,(splash!) that's how we doin in (splash!) where I
come from (splash!)
You talkin bout "Get It How U (splash!) Live"
No,(splash!) "Take It How I Get It" (splash!) ya heard
me? (splash!)
Shiiit, (splash!) it's goin down (splash!) all the time
(splash!)

Ain't nothin changed (splash!)
Ya'll didn't drag Mystikal (splash!) from the river
doin him in the back (splash!) of junkyards
(splash!)(spash!)
Now they wanna look at me funny (splash!)
look I'm comin out hard
Ha, (Wet) shiiit (Wet), brand-new day
Step to me I (Wet Wet) dare ya
Rough era (Wet Wet)
Wet Boy
(Wet Wet):11x

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