

Peter Andre

"Wet 'Em Up"

Visit "[Wet 'Em Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, niggas with nerve get served like hors d'oeuvres
I'm kickin you straight to the curb with a Mossburg
Rollin with nuff disrespect, put a Tec to your neck
Bust shots and watch your tonsils hit the deck
Lettin you know where I stand
Original (?) gun bad bwoy like Ninjaman
Back-talk I don't stand for
Some young chip tried to flip, I put a slug in a man door
One shell and he fell, it was done quick
I'm known to run thick and handle a gun slick
And I collect body parts for souvenirs
Chunks of butt, toes, fingers and human ears
I got a trunk full of heads and bag of balls
My pump wet more chumps than Niagara Falls
Any crumb out of line
Get stung by the nine
Left deaf, dumb and blind
Beaten and bagged and then dragged to the dungeon
Coppin a plea while I'm stompin your lungs in
Original mack, my attack is disastrous
Killin you slow, so you know who the master is
That's the Grand Daddy U
A nigga step wrong, and that ass is through

I wet em up
(Wet em up)

Sucker niggas get wet

I'm pluggin your mug full of slugs like a stone cold
lunatic
Chumps talk slick, but end up gettin ruined quick
When I blast ass is full
I'm wettin you with the 16 with cops on the scene, and
all
Feds flex, but can't get me
If I go down, I'm takin plenty muthafuckas down with
me
So your best bet's to scatter
I make your guts splatter
And twist the piss out your bladder

One split blow to your dome, and your skull cracks
The mic Mad Max splittin backs with a dull axe
And I set shop to flames
To hell with the games, I'm goin out like Jesse James
A long black revolver in my holster
Starin myself eye-to-eye on a 'most wanted' poster
Got a charge in every state
From murder to rape and jail break
For makin a great escape
But I ain't even on the run
Cause straight up top, any cop steppin up will get done
I holds my own ground and don't clown around
The three-pound'll turn New York to a ghost town
Stampede, guaranteed to make you bleed indeed
Dead bodies roll around like tumble weed
And in hearts I plant fear
I shoot a four-fifth with a silencer, makin sure you can't
hear
All you see is punks fallin, asses haulin
Innocent bystanders tryin to get away crawlin
Niggas down on all fours like whores
So pause, or the next life lost is yours

I wet em up
(Wet em up)

Sucker niggas get wet

I'm tellin you straight, there's no escape from the jaws
of death
When I crush, some messed up flesh is all that's left
Eyes out the socket, bones snapped in half
Trail of dead bodies lie in my path
The aftermath is crucial, pure monstrosity
Watchin heads fly at a high velocity
So prepare to face your doom
I'm pushin your ass right back through your mother's
womb
Raggamuffin no bluffin, it's all real
When I pull the steel prepare for a raw deal
One wrong move, you're dead
(Boom-bye-bye in a batty bwoy head)
See ya

I wet em up
(Wet em up)

Sucker niggas get wet

(Wet em up)

Sucker niggas get wet

(Wet em up)

Goddamnit

(Wet em up)

Visit [Peter Andre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.