

# Big Business

## Tear da Club Up Thugs

(Lord Infamous)

You got thugs on ya spot,  
Fresh out the box,  
The crowd so live,  
They comin' in flocks

(All)

'cause, it's big business, it big business bitch  
It's big business, it big business bitch (X2)

(Lord Infamous)

As I cut, guts poor  
Blood washes from the shore  
To da sand, as a thousand veins,  
Center through my hand,  
Can I whip, stand a man  
From the underland of pain  
As his brains, hit the grains  
And I bury the remains, from my face  
Pissin through a bitches ???,  
Infamous bring out the sack of the serial killas  
Triple six murderers  
Now leave it enough, whenever you come  
They be ready to cook, now rev up the hood  
And these niggas could to be these Infamous could  
And the Mafia villains would fuck up a rookie  
Drop him to his knees wit a N-I-N-E slugs, get done  
And bloody up your mug  
Because we really love to make a stand  
It's the high capitol make me touch a man  
I got the scope, and not the kind that kills bad  
breath  
I got the kind that like to fuck up ya good health  
Everybody in this bitch lets tear some shit up  
Tear da club up thugs  
On ya spot, put'm up  
(Repeat chorus 2x)  
(D. J. Paul)  
I kill, kill, kill  
I murder, murder, murder  
Hater's in my face,  
Watch a nigga hurta  
40, 40, cal,  
I pull out my back pocket  
I grab you by your neck,  
I pull it out a socket  
Range, Range, Range,  
Rover, Rover, Rover,  
Blow this fuckin' task  
Police pull me over  
But I blast on these hoes  
Cause I'm too fuckin dangerous  
Prophet the Posse,  
I doubt you hoes could hang wit us  
Killin all you nigga's is a easy task  
You fools that last,  
I bullet proof a mazz on dat ass, I dash  
To yo muthafuckin crib,  
Soon as I find out where you live

Flashlights see yo face  
Mario a murder case  
Roamin through the muthafuckin Black Haven area  
Prophet is my Posse, I doubt you see something scarer  
Plenty talk shit, but they ain't nothing but  
characters  
\$100,000 cars now how you gon laugh at us  
(Repeat chorus 2x)  
(Juicy J)  
First I want to grab a nigga by his neck,  
Drag him to my fuckin set,  
Take a nigga blow, and his cheese, and dem cigarettes  
Put the gun up to his nose  
Tie him up from head to toe  
Strap his body in a bag  
Throw him in a fire  
Call my nigga's Dee and Blue  
Project Pat, ya'll know what to do  
Creep through dem streets,  
Wit dem thangs, blast on any fools  
Tear da club up thugs, in this muthafucker runnin'  
shit  
If you want to playa hate the click,  
Then your done with  
Know'n we ain't going bitch  
Makin' fakers dig a ditch  
Scare familys in the night  
Make'm pull the panic switch  
Comin like Titanic trick  
Holycaust wit a grip  
Crazyndalazdaz I'm bout to have a fuckin fit  
Hold me back don't let me go  
I'm high as hell and on the road  
Nigga I break off in ya house,  
And boot yo baby wit a pole  
Lunatic superstitious, on the corner like I'm pimpin  
If I see ya on the block, I'm fuckin,  
Fuckin wit the quickness  
(Lord Infamous)  
You got the thugs on ya spot