## Tear Da Club Up (Da Real)

**Three 6 Mafia** 

Tear the club up, nigga tear the club up This for all the playas who be talkin' that shit The 3-6 show no love We quick to murder a trick You could be a friend or foe Kinda down or not I'm rollin' wit that fool Crunchy and we got them glocks Backed up, bout' a 4-5 and a 38 You wanna take this click Don't won't fool it'll be a mistake Chris bring the mosperd with the slugs n' shit We got some graves for your body Already dug n' shit Ingamous grab the cali with a hundred rounds Koopsta load the tank And blow the bastards down Juice with the 2 nines like the nigga Nashay On the move shoot em' up So so they feel the pain I thought you knew That I'm from Memphis where this shit is so thick When at the club we gets some bud We try to tear up some shit Gangsta Boo the gangsta bitch with the 3-57 The main goal in life Is a opposite heaven Triple 6 bitch Deadly We should begin And come close to the killer dimensions Niggas gettin' mentions From the Triple 6 acting christians May I mention Thugstas I said are merceful I'm a step on the enemy Niggas see death is unreversable Hard decision Afraid to see death is not fiction On you bitches Fuck around and find you want to be kiss as with the mortition Executional style buck in your head While your beggin' on your knees, uh Better you bustas flip to the morge And the chillin' in the cold freezers His deadly punishment Then me and my Triple 6 We go and blow a house up Do that trick I can give a fuck Unless bitch I'm glad that you dead and gone Three 6 Mafia signed out So make us fuckin' tombstones Memphis is fuckin' city Where Lord Infamous loves to ball And just like I said before Bitch some with me to hell

Everybody in this house You niggas know wussup Let me see can you motherfuckin' tear this club up

Tear the club up Nigga tear the club up All these playa hatas in the club Got us fucked up I'm that nigga with them two nines Ready to blast When I pull a mag You motherfuckers better haul ass Paul throwin' chest in the air Koopsta locin' up Fly take the cash from your ass Mr. stick em' up Fuck the def security Fuck a motherfuckin' cop If they take me out the club I buck em' in the parking lot Grab the club On the quick the wrist bitch In the trunk Take him out and take his money Then I spit on the punk Now I'm crunk Break em' bottles up against the fuckin' wall Shoe tones Leather fools to them jealous Fuck these niggas Test that pimp And we gon' bury all you hoes Lacin' bitches right in half Started em' straight Through the floor Niggas talkin' plenty shit But they ain' buck enough We gon' get some dinamite And blow this motherfucker up

Yeah