

## 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 morgue  
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