

Tear It Up

Hollywood Undead

Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Here we go now, here we go

So don't make me tear it up,
You know I don't give a fuck,
And I ain't here to shake things up,
But I got my hand on my gun.
So don't make me tear it up,
You know I don't give a fuck,
And I ain't here to shake things up,
But I got my hand on my gun.

I beat the pussy up like Ying-Yang,
Put it right, thur like Ching-Chang
You know I make her shit like bang
You know I don't give a mother-fuck,

About your first name
I wanna lock that ass like a
Mother-fucking chain-gang.
Tear it up, stand up and throw it up,
And tear up the floor like you don't give a fuck

I know you got heels on
I know what y'all feal on
They caught us ridin' dirtier
Than their bumpin' Camillion
I got a bounty on my head
Just for reppin' Undead
Because im freakin' on your sister
And I'm grindin' her friend
And, what the fuck you think?
Im tryin' to make em sweat
Like a mother fuckin' track meet
J-D-O-G, I got your girl on a leash
I got her feenin' and the whole crowd's screamin'
Shake it like a what?

Fuck you!
HU crew.

We don't give a fuck!

What? What?

So don't make me tear it up,
You know I don't give a fuck,
And I ain't here to shake things up,
But I got my hand on my gun.

Shake it like a what?

Fuck you!

Shake it like a what?

Fuck you!

Shake it like a what?

Fuck you!

Shake it like a what?

Fuck you!

No I ain't gansta,
Don't pack a pistol,
Mother-fuckers keep runnin' out
Mother-fucker catch a fistful,
Guided like a missile from
Two bottles of Jack's
That I drank in the back
Of an '88 Cadillac
It's Johnny Three
Johnny sees what Johnny needs
Johnny breaths weed
Still, Johnny don't see anything
Johnny buys drink
Johnny winks and Johnny thinks
Johnny circles dance floor like roller rink
Jump up down down
In the H-town get down
To the sound that's bound
To make the mother-fucking crowd loud
Wanna see you move,
Yeah move to the music
Wanna see you booze
Yeah booze 'til you puke it
See bitch, grab ass
Get smacked to the mat (bitch)
Slap back, get thrown out the back
Watch your back through the back door
Back to the dance floor
Gotta gotta get my,

Gotta gotta get more

So don?t make me tear it up,
You know I don?t give a fuck,
And I ain?t here to shake things up,
But I got my hand on my gun.
So don?t make me tear it up,
You know I don?t give a fuck,
And I ain?t here to shake things up,
But I got my hand on my gun.

Hell yeah mother-fucker!
Turn it up!
Turn it up, focus 3
Fuck you Jeff Peters!
Fuck you Mike Reneau!
Gangstas up in this bitch
You gotta write it down
Fuck yeah!

Lyrics submitted by brooke.

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