

Paper Chase

Tear da Club Up Thugs

Chorus x 2

[fatal]

When it's on then it's on

It can't be erased

Tear da club up thugs and fatal

On a paper chase When it's on then it's on

It can't be erased

Tear da club up thugs and fatal

We on a paper chase Verse 1

[fatal]

Never wastin' em

Had a slug bug chasin' em

Spin em before they spun

The m-1, close-casin' em

Defacin em like county property

He'd die for me

Spittin' on your whole image, I rob you and make a mockery

Yo ya see that party by haus cucasimenas

Trife on that ass

Who better hit the ground fizast

Fuck that financially

Fatal stable satanically

Mash on your little stash niggaz testin' the family

Play the eddie cane with your petty game

Breakin' ya un-ready friend when you fuck with who-freddy sein

Nigga dip off blood, I get that back and let the free fall

Hit ya with six shots, let you in bail ass hits off

Fatal hussein, from the cradle to the grave

Tokin' like big suge till every label know my name

And they ask 'whats up with yak and who shot pac?

And who rode on you tryin' to test the block' Chorus x 2 Verse 2

[dj paul]

What the fuck!

Those niggaz bailin out of range rovers

Lucky louisiana, lucky as a fuckin fully clothed camera boy

The cast there, hangin mother fucker sat there

Sayin now she was a tear da little homies at chess game

Dodge all my life, these niggaz no good the trigger man

Fatal flaw man from another hood doin yeah

Those are the rules in this mafia race
Tear da club up thugs mash down on a g-string...Verse 3

[juicy j]

When we drop
Always keep it comin'
Make em think tough
On the block
Niggaz never stop
Tryin' to run const
Out the hood, niggaz no good
Ridin' in the wood
With the game fatal hussein
Gonna bring the pain
Put the coo to your 40 brew
Brothers on the loose
Nothing new 'cause we let em out
If we fight or shoot
All you hoes weak
And I know do you wanna roll
With these thugs livins
In the blood ghetto hesito foo[lord infamous]
Break out our jewelery hide the mother fuckin' product
Break out our jewelery hide the mother fuckin' productChorusVerse 4

[Lord Infamous]

Now it is time to get rough with the drama
Bitches you cannot escape from the hunta
Evil scarecrow
Devil spells go
Deep in my soul
Blood on my clothes
Criminal hands and I must squeeze a weapon
Listen to sounds of the lead when we stepin
Infamous comes from the south territory
Listen to some of my demonic poetry
Circles and triples, plus it's me smokin' ganja
Rituals with dead bodies on the furniture
So many soldiers are coming to destroy ya
Six million sinister satanic warriors
Ill still feel drill will kill in a milli flama filly
I will fill the enemy with up by twenty slugs
To the mug, one more trick in the mud quick
I want all my tear da club up thugs to rip this shitChorus (fades out)

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