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 chaseWhen it's on then it's on
It can't be erased
Tear da club up thugs and fatal
We on a paper chaseVerse 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 2Verse 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 jewerly hide the mother fuckin' product
Break out our jewerly 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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