

Tear It Up

Yung Wun

Straight out of ATL
We got Yung Wun, choppin' that thing, baby
Swiss Beats, Full Surface
Bounce, bounce
When I'm drunk in the club, I might just start some shit
Block party in the hood, I might just start some shit
Underground, downtown, I might just start some shit
Gimme the keys to the city, I'ma lock this bitch
They ain't gonna take me alive and you can bet dat
Hit 'em where the chest at, hit 'em where the neck at
Show me where the rest at
They in the same building livin' like a mess pack
Four miles from where the deck at
Bet dat, Shawty
You and me gonna ride over to the other side
It's time these mutha die
First make a prank call and get the kidz out the house
I ain't tryin' to kill no kids I'ma turn they lights out
Aah, tear it up, lemme see you tear it up
All across the board we gonna tear it up
We gonna bounce it till the beat cut off
We gonna rock dis muthafucka till the wheels come off
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Mississippi muthafucka, pop a dick in your mouth
Southside till I die, smokin' dro in the drop
I make a bitch gimme money then I'm kickin' her out
I spit down to your wife then we robbin' your house
Y'all niggaz love that way that we grippin' the grain
If you got it and I want it, I ain't callin' your name
Just lay it down, boy, like a ballin' G
You get yo' chest in yo' lap if you fuckin' with me
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You might catch me at the Rose Bowl game in a 4-door Range
With a Rose gold chain wrapped around my neck
Or I might be flashin' in a white G wagon
With my arm out the window, grippin' a tit
Dawg, get it right, I got Houston on lock
I kit it right, I switch the lights every time I buy a drop homey
You got Swiss on the beat, I gotta come with da heat
It's David Banner, Yung Wun and FLIP
Get it crunk in this
Set it off in this thing
We sittin' here leanin' by tha bar
Didn't know we drunk in this thing
Get it crunk in this
Set it off in this thing
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