

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 through like Ching-Chang, you know I make her shit bang
You know I don't give a motherfuck about your first name
I wanna lock that ass like a motherfucking 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 feel on
They caught us ridin' dirtier than their bumpin' Camillion
I got a bounty on my head just for reppin' undead
Because I'm freakin' on your sister and I'm ramming her friend
And what the fuck you think?
I'm tryin' to make 'em sweat like a motherfuckin' track meet
J-D-O-G, I got your girls on a leash
I got her feinin', 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
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 a gangsta, don't pack a pistol
Motherfuckers keep runnin' out, motherfuckers catch a fistful
Guided like a missile from two bottles of Jack
That I drank in the back of an '88 Cadillac
It's Johnny 3, Johnny sees what Johnny needs
Johnny breathes 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-tag, get down
To the sound that's bound, to make the motherfucking 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
Slap back, get thrown out the back
Watch your back through the backdoor, 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, motherfucker, 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

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