

Hypnotize Cash Money (Explicit Version)

Tear da Club Up Thugs

featuring Big Tymers, Hot Boys{Juvenile}
How you love this playboy? This one here bezzled out.
With the Hot Boys and the Tear da Club up Thugs.
{Manny Fresh}
Nigga like thiiiiis.
{Baby}
Ridin on twenties.
Memphis and New Orleans we gonna show you how we do this.
{DJ Paul}
y'all Know the motherfuckin score bitch.
y'all boys y'all boys ain't ready for this
Hot Boys Hot Boys gunnin with the Three 6
40 Cal. in my draws runnin from them laws
a clip is rolled in my sock, I'm hoping that I don't fall
I'm certainly hittin corners, hittin gates, shit is dirty, plenty tight
leapin tall buildings in a single bounce feelin ceiling lights
hear me this if I go I better go in style
but in Tennessee another bugged out nigga stunts
{B.G.}
fuckin with me huh? you fuckin with the wrong one
that fire spit from my K have your wig cooked when I'm done
{Lil Wayne}
now hold up be-Geezy, what seems to be the blood clot?
is it enough for me to go shoot up them drug spot?
{B.G.}
Lil killa Weezay, they drug spot is fuckin up a nigga cheezay
get em out and shut that bitch down
{Lil Wayne}
huh? well lets ride nigga
we gettin high realize they all die nigga
them Hot Boys started ridin
{B.G.}
we gonna fire nigga wet em real good
wave your hand rid-a-bye-bye-bye nigga
shut down they hood and shoot they streets on both sides nigga
{Lil Wayne}
we the Hot B. lighters
ridin at nighters in two red Vipers
{B.G.}

they gonna expect two snipers splittin heads like this
puttin they clique in a blender bustin gats like this

{Lil Wayne}

full of that danger in all black like this
and if a nigga want some more then we be back like this, what?

{Lord Infamous}

Sosate Lord cause the war competors come on irregular
intruders face these barracudas hunt you nigga predators
double barrel bust that warned them now they surely scared of us
seriously we party stay out the streets or face the territory
cowards of the hour sickened by my tower flower power
shower and devour face the boom boom boom power
Tear da Club up Thugs kickin it with the Hot Boys
cause our weapons weigh a ton and we came to bring the noise bitch

{Turk}

I'll wet a nigga block for anything me and my Hot Boy clique
quick to dress in all black and drop a nigga like shit
two time on a thug nigga, bout it since my younger days
been pullin triggers, been runnin through the hallways
playin it raw sparkin at anytime
any place any where with my fuckin 9

I got an army of niggas with automatic gats
bout splittin head ass niggas Craig, Ron, and Randy
Hot Boys and Three 6 they teamed up realer
want to start beef its a must we freeze it up realer

{Juvenile}

real clangly trigger, and you a nigga now who did it?
motherfucker no stomach they too scary to admit it
rearview mirror fucked up so I can't see when they coming
yesterday I got spooked out and drewed out on an old woman
I told the lady "Look I'm sorry Miss I knew I was wrong,
but you came so fuckin close to me I thought it was on."
that's why my partners is gone they done seen an evil approaching
and a nigga got em if it was me I would have smoked him
lets stop all this nonsense cause they couldn't catch Lil Duane
y'all motherfuckers think a syringe in this man
shit if hammers in tap-ons don't even worry bout it thugsta
left em in the garbage expectin they'll find an inner city youngsta
I'm an all around hustla get paid in many ways
knew a Dre to get played, had a connection with Yah
once before I went in a house and killed four
hit the nigga for dirty hoes that he kept under the floor
now I'm with the Three 6 mob pushin them Burbs
niggas done made a come up Hot Boys from the 3rd

{Juicy J}

its the Juice comin up out the dark from apart
North Memphis niggas always heart and we start
shit with these motherfuckin haters we ain't no traders
bustin hustlas and some G's chasers about that paper
pass that weed if you a friend of me
usually punk tricks kill a fifth of Hennesey
and get bucked wild in the club that's how we be
all you gang niggas throw them thangs and show them teeth
its on
{Baby}

niggas be sizin niggas ridin I'll sign on niggas
but I'll die for a few niggas:
Suga Slim, Manny, and my Hot Boy Clique,
never forget my B.G. cause I know he'll kill a nigga more for me bitch
but today I'm with Three 6 and I'm showin love
where these Tennessee hoe suck dick till they see blood
wearin my black glove, in case I gotta bust a niggas head 'cause
niggas buyin Bentlies on dubs, TV's with VC's is a must
automatic strap plus, and keep my soldiers on my feet no matter what
Juve got four and B.G. got ten, while my thirty-two golds nigga we all in
Turk got the red beam team, double are Rolls Royce showin love
went to Miami and bought a Lambergini on dubs
niggas ridin buttons to show these hoes we worth somethin
and my baby momma the bitch play too many games
said she was takin pills now she pregnant again
but its all gravy baby
and my children gonna be strapped if I'm blind deaf or crazy baby
playboy you can believe that
{B.G.}

How you luv it now playboy? Manny Fresh on the motherfuckin tracks boy.
{DJ Paul}

Yo yo yo Hypnotized motherfuckin Mindz productions up in here you heard me?
Hot Boys with Three motherfuckin 6 bitch {echoes}

Songwriters

RICKY DUNIGAN, PAUL BEAUREGARD, JORDAN HOUSTON Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>