

Tear da Club Up

Three 6 Mafia

Chorus

Tear da club up, nigga tear da club up(DJ Paul)
This for all the playa haters who be talkin' that shit
The Three 6 show no love we quick to murder a trick
You could be a friend or foe
Kinda down or not
I'm rollin with tha fool Crunchy and we got them glocks
Backed up by da 4-5 and the 38
You want to take this click to war
Fool it'll be a mistake
Chris bring the mossberg with the slugs and shit
We got some graves for ya body already dug and shit
Infamous grab the cali with a 100 rounds
Koopsta load da tech and blow dem bastards down
Juice wit the two 9's like a nigga name Shae
On the move we shoot 'em up so hard they feel the pain
I thought you knew that I'm from Memphis where the shit is so thick
When at the club we got so bucked we try to tear up sum shit
Gangsta Boo da gangsta bitch wit the 357
Our main goal in life is an opposite heaven
Triple 6 bitch!Chorus(Lord Infamous)

Deadly

We should begin to come close to da killa dimensions
Niggas get lynchin' from the Triple 6 anti-christians
May I mention
The slugs I steadily blast cause I'm unmerciful
Bullets that bombin' an enemy nigga
See death is unreversable
Hardness is your fantasy
Death is not fiction on you bitches
Fuck around and find you wannabe ass out with the morticians
Executions style buck in yo head while ya beg on yo knees
Await till you bustas lay deadin' the mourg and chillin' in cold freezers
Teflon and the tradin' an the penalties that leave punishment
Then me and my Triple 6 are gonna blow an ounce of blue hair trick
I could give a fuck less bitch I'm glad that you dead and gone
Three 6 Mafia sign out names on niggas fuckin' tombstones
Memphis is the fuckin city where Lord Infamous loves to bail
And just like I said before

Bitch come with Me to Hell
Everybody in this you niggas know what's up
Lemme see can all you muthafuckas tear dis club up Chorus(Juicy "J")
Tear da club up nigga tear da club up
All these playa hatas in the club got us fucked up
Yes
I'm the nigga with them two 9's ready to blast
When I pull em out ya muthafuckas betta haul ass
Paul thowin' chairs in tha air
Koopsta locin' up
Fly takin' cash from yo ass
Mr. Stick em up
Fuck da damn security
Fuck a muthafuckin cop
If they kick me out da club
I'll buck 'em in tha parkin' lot
Grab the club on 'em put the rich bitch
In the trunk
Take 'em out and take his money then I spit on da punk
Now I'm crunk
Breakin bottles up against da fuckin' wall
Shootin tones at them fools
Till them jealous bustas fall
Fuck these niggas testin' pimpin'
We gon' burry all you hoes
Slicin' bitches right in half
Stompin 'em straight through tha floor
Niggas talkin plenty shit
But they ain't buck enough
We gon' get some dynamite and blow this muthafucka up Chorus

Songwriters

RICKY DUNIGAN, PAUL BEAUREGARD, JORDAN HOUSTON, ROBERT PHILLIPS, DARNELL
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