

# Tear It Up

## Young Jeezy

[Intro]

[Girl] Jeezy?...

[Jeezy] What up.

[Girl] Where you at?

[Jeezy] Shit I?m in tha hood where you think I?m at man ya kno, shit?

[Girl] Still commin ova?

[Jeezy] Eh man what I tell ya earlier man I?ll be through there man.

[Girl] Uhh, I?ve been watin for ya since you left me?

[Jeezy] Sss, that?s how you feel?

[Girl] Hum hum hum, Yea?[Chorus ? Lloyd][Verse 1]

Got one baby mama, no bitch, no wife

Like pac, ya need a thug in your life (yea?)

A young nigga to straight come through and beat it up

Let ya man be the freak, he can eat it up (ha haa)

Shorty got that fire she ain?t let me down yet (nope)

Got a Aquafina flow, call it well wet (damnn)

Baby good with her mouth, says the right things

Got a head on her shoulders, she does the right things (ha haa)

She a bad bitch, ya?ll ready know

Face like Trina, and an ass like Jacki-o (ohh)

Got a gangsta on a mission (mission)

Best believe I know all the right positions (that?s right..)

She like it slow from the front, fast from the back (back)

Put the pound game on her, hit her from the back (Jeahh)

I?m young and thuggin, I don?t give a fuck

He can make love to you, I?ma beat it up?[Chorus][Verse 2]

Me & shawty in the coop, lord knows she?s a star (star)

For some strange reason she likes to do it in the car (damnn)

She ain?t the type that be running her mouth (nope)

So I keep it gangsta with her, let her come to the house (eyy)

Let her play matter wit slick, when we in the bedroom she like to play with the stick (yea?)

Know just how to handle her (how?)

No amateur baby, I got stamina (jeah)

Jeezy in the deck, now she grindin to the beat (beat)

Legs vibratin, now she messin up my sheets (ha haa)

Got a fistful of hair, and a fistful of ass (ass)

She came first, I came last, roll tha grass?(eyy)[Chorus][Verse 3 "Slick Pulla"]

We pull bad hoes, rip them, push them to the side

'cause real players, keep reserves when its clinch time

Matter fact, my bottom bitch love to ride pine  
She know when daddy leave the block, that its cut time  
I'm in the trenches, getting riches wit my comrades  
We 4 hoes up, like slacks in the player path  
Pretty skin, silky hair, plus that ass fat (uh huh)  
Fresh kicks on your feet, ya I?m diggin that  
Slick consako, ya boys slingin wood bitch  
You want that straight drop dick  
Come to the hood bitch  
I like scout them ghetto hoes up in 20 grand  
'cause them the ones be wit that freaky shit man  
2 drinks, 3 beans, now she rollin man  
The tool in her throat, I?m just tonsil patrollin man  
True pro's with this shit, we ain?t new jacks  
We drill hoes and switch ?em up like fitted caps[Chorus]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Sewell, T / Whitman, RenaldoPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,  
Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>