Tear It Up

Soulja Boy

[Intro]Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Blast Gang in this muthafucka...
Money...Power...[Verse 1]You all ready know!
tell my fans that the wait is over!
Blast Gang, bitch we takin' over! (Bawo)
Lil Dre, a.k.a Soulja...so much money in my pockets, bitch I thought I told ya! (Blast!)
Now Blast Gang gone in Beast mode. (Beast mode)
Right pocket's on C-Notes (C-Notes)...Got it lock from the West to the East coast. (Bawo)
Swisher sweet in the kush that how we smoke. (Bawo)
I hit the mall, spent a G today (spent a G today)...cashed out like i'ne need the cake (i'ne need the cake)...
Niggas talkin like Beezy fake (beezy fake?)...tryna count my pockets like "what Beezy ate". (what Beezy ate?)
Its not a question if i'm strapped mayne (if i'm strapped mayne)...fifteen when I dove in the rap game (rap game).
Two straps cocked back like Max Payne...Niggas askin whats the word, bitch its Blast Gang![Chorus]Gone Tear It Up, yeah boy gone tear it up! yeah Boy gone tear it up! [x2]
Bitch we gone tear it up.
Yea boy we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up.
Yea we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up! yeah boy we gone tear it up![Verse 2]My snap back on some custom shit (Custom shit)...These other niggas on some Busta shit! (on some busta shit)
I swear, a broke nigga make me sick (make me sick)...Thats a why a nigga so arrogant.
And they couldn't find a residence (residence)...got a young nigga feelin like the president (i'm walkin).
Every time I drop them niggas copy me (copy me)...I swear to God them niggas watchin me (watchin me).
I ain't a door so why they knockin me? (why they knocking me?)
On every thing I love, ain't no stoppin me. (Ain' no stoppin me)
Yeah, Blast Gang gettin paid still (paid still)...I might chill, blow a L with young L...
4-G I done spent like one mill (Bawo!)...
My record label spent bout ten mill (Cash!)...
when the smoke clears the young nigga still here (Swag!)...
Blast Gang in ya damn ear![Chorus]Gone Tear It Up, yeah boy gone tear it up! yeah Boy gone tear it up! [x2]
Bitch we gone tear it up.
Yea boy we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up.
Yea we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up! yeah boy we gone tear it up![Verse 3]I hear him talkin, Soulja Boy; a young flashy nigga. (Flashy)
But keep ya mouth closed if ya talkin digits (talkin digits),
Multiple vehicles Bitch, just to match my fitteds (match my fitteds)...
And Blast Gang still blastin niggas! (still blastin niggas)
two-eighty; thats how fast the new Audi go (Audi go).
Wear them blue diamonds like Mario (like Mario)...
Homey, bitch chose i'ne want the hoe (i'ne want the hoe). The world is mine, bitch I want this hoe (want this

hoe).
Haters access get denied...on the red carpet, no quote required (soulja).
All these rappers make me laugh, lookin' hell-a tired (hell-a tired).
Then this mornin' I got hell-a fried (hell-a fried).
Said a prayer, then I got back to the dolla signs (Dolla signs)....
I got hell-a toughts in my mind (in my mind).
Like 40 million that I can't touch (can't touch)...Any place, any time, nigga an what.[Chorus]Gone Tear It Up, yeah boy gone tear it up! yeah Boy gone tear it up! [x2]
Bitch we gone tear it up.
Yea boy we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up.
Yea we gone tear it up, yeah boy we gone tear it up! yeah boy we gone tear it up!

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