Big Business

Tear Da Club Up Thugs

You got thugs on ya spot
Fresh out the box
The crowd so live
They comin in flocks'Cause its big business, it big business bitch
Its big business, it big business bitch
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Its big business, it big business bitchAs I cut guts poor, blood washes from the shore
To da sand, as a thousand veins, center through my hand
Can I whip, stand a man from the under land of pain
As his brains, hit the grains and I bury the remains, from my facePissin' through a bitches [unverified]
Infamous bring out the sack of the serial killas
Triple six murderers, now leave it enough, whenever you come
They be ready to cook, now rev up the hoodAnd these niggas could to be these infamous could
And the mafia villains would fuck up a rookie
Drop him to his knees 'wit a nine slugs, get done
And bloody up your mugBecause we really love to make a stand
Its the high capitol make me touch a man
I got the scope and not the kind that kills bad breath
I got the kind that like to fuck up ya good health
Everybody in this bitch let's tear some shit up
Tear da club up thugs on ya spot, put 'em up'Cause its big business, it big business bitch
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Its big business, it big business bitch'Cause its big business, it big business bitch
Its big business, it big business bitch
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Its big business, it big business bitchI kill, kill, kill, I murder, murder, murder
Haters in my face, watch a nigga hurt a 40, 40, cal
I pull out my back pocket, I grab you by your neck
I pull it out a socket, range, range, rangeRover, rover, rover, blow this fuckin task
Police pull me over but I blast on these hoes
'Cause Im too fuckin' dangerous prophet the posse
I doubt you hoes could hang 'wit usKillin' all you niggas is a easy task you fools that last
I bullet proof a maze on dat ass, I dash to yo muthafuckin' crib
Soon as I find out where you live flashlights see yo face
Mario a murder caseRoamin' through the muthafuckin' black haven area
Prophet is my posse, I doubt you see something scarer
Plenty talk shit but they aint nothing but characters
Dollars100,000 cars now how you gone laugh at us'Cause its big business, it big business bitch

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Its big business, it big business bitchFirst I wanna grab a nigga by his neck drag him to my fuckin' set
Take a nigga blow and his cheese and dem cigarettes
Put the gun up to his nose tie him up from head to toe
Strap his body in a bag throw him in a fireCall my niggas dee and blue, project pat, yall know what to do
Creep through dem streets, 'wit dem thangs, blast on any fools
Tear da club up thugs, in this muthafucker runnin shit
If you want to playa hate the click, then your done withKnown we aint going bitch, makin fakers dig a ditch
Scare family's in the night, make em pull the panic switch
Comin' like titanic trick, holocaust wit a grip
[Unverified] have a fuckin' fitHold me back dont let me go Im high as hell and on the road
Nigga I break off in ya house and boot yo baby 'wit a pole
Lunatic superstitious, on the corner like Im pimpin'
If I see ya on the block, Im fuckin', fuckin' 'wit the quicknessYou got the thugs on ya spot

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