

Big Business

Tear da Club Up Thugs

(Lord Infamous)
You got thugs on ya spot,
Fresh out the box,
The crowd so live,
They comin' in flocks
(All)
'cause, it's big business, it big business bitch
It's big business, it big business bitch (X2)
(Lord Infamous)
As 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 underland of pain
As his brains, hit the grains
And I bury the remains, from my face
Pissin through a bitches ???,
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 hood
And these niggas could to be these Infamous could
And the Mafia villains would fuck up a rookie
Drop him to his knees wit a N-I-N-E slugs, get done
And bloody up your mug
Because we really love to make a stand
It's 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 lets tear some shit up
Tear da club up thugs
On ya spot, put'm up
(Repeat chorus 2x)
(D. J. Paul)
I kill, kill, kill
I murder, murder, murder
Hater's in my face,
Watch a nigga hurta
40, 40, cal,
I pull out my back pocket
I grab you by your neck,
I pull it out a socket
Range, Range, Range,
Rover, Rover, Rover,
Blow this fuckin' task
Police pull me over
But I blast on these hoes
Cause I'm too fuckin dangerous
Prophet the Posse,
I doubt you hoes could hang wit us
Killin all you nigga's is a easy task
You fools that last,
I bullet proof a mazz on dat ass, I dash
To yo muthafuckin crib,
Soon as I find out where you live

Flashlights see yo face
Mario a murder case
Roamin through the muthafuckin Black Haven area
Prophet is my Posse, I doubt you see something scarer
Plenty talk shit, but they ain't nothing but
characters
\$100,000 cars now how you gon laugh at us
(Repeat chorus 2x)
(Juicy J)
First I want to 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 fire
Call my nigga's Dee and Blue
Project Pat, ya'll 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 with
Know'n we ain't going bitch
Makin' fakers dig a ditch
Scare familys in the night
Make'm pull the panic switch
Comin like Titanic trick
Holycaust wit a grip
Crazyndalazdaz I'm bout to have a fuckin fit
Hold me back don't let me go
I'm 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 I'm pimpin
If I see ya on the block, I'm fuckin,
Fuckin wit the quickness
(Lord Infamous)
You got the thugs on ya spot