

# Tear da Club Up

Three 6 Mafia

Tear da club up, nigga tear da club up

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 wanna 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!

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Deadly  
We should begin to come close to da killa dimentions  
Niggas get lynchin' from the Triple 6 anti-christians  
May I mention  
The slugs I steadily blast cause im 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 im 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

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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 aint buck enough  
We gon' get some dynamite and blow this muthafucka up  
  
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