

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud "Tear Da Club Up"

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Chorus x12

Tear the club up, nigga tear the club up

This for all the playas who be talkin' that shit
The 3-6 show no love
We quick to murder a trick
You could be a friend or foe
Kinda down or not
I'm rollin' wit that fool Crunchy and we got them glocks
Backed up, bout' a 4-5 and a 38
You wanna take this click
Don't won't fool it'll be a mistake
Chris bring the mosperd with the slugs n' shit
We got some graves for your body
Already dug n' shit
Ingamous grab the cali with a hundred rounds
Koopsta load the tank
And blow the bastards down
Juice with the 2 nines like the nigga Nashay
On the move shoot em' up
So so they feel the pain
I thought you knew
That I'm from Memphis where this shit is so thick
When at the club we gets some bud
We try to tear up some shit
Gangsta Boo the gangsta bitch with the 3-57
The main goal in life
Is a opposite heaven
Triple 6 bitch

Chorus x8

Deadly
We should begin
And come close to the killer dimensions
Niggas gettin' mentions
From the Triple 6 acting christians
May I mention
Thugstas I said (??) are merceful
I'm a step on the enemy
Niggas see death is unreversable

Hard decision
Afraid to see death is not fiction
On you bitches
Fuck around and find you want to be kiss as with the
mortition
Executorial style buck in your head
While your beggin' on your knees, uh
Better you bustas flip to the morgue
And the chillin' in the cold freezers
(??) His deadly punishment
Then me and my Triple 6
We go and blow a house up
Do that trick
I can give a fuck
Unless bitch I'm glad that you dead and gone
Three 6 Mafia signed out
So make us fuckin' tombstones
Memphis is fuckin' city
Where Lord Infamous loves to ball
And just like I said before
Bitch some with me to hell
Everybody in this house
You niggas know wussup
Let me see can you motherfuckin' tear this club up

Chorus x8

Tear the club up
Nigga tear the club up
All these playa hata in the club
Got us fucked up
I'm that nigga with them two nines
Ready to blast
When I pull a mag
You motherfuckers better haul ass
Paul throwin' chest in the air
Koopsta locin' up
Fly take the cash from your ass
Mr. stick em' up
Fuck the def security
Fuck a motherfuckin' cop
If they take me out the club
I buck em' in the parking lot
Grab the club
On the quick the wrist bitch
In the trunk
Take him out and take his money
Then I spit on the punk
Now I'm crunk
Break em' bottles up against the fuckin' wall
Shoe tones

Leather fools to them jealous (??)
Fuck these niggas
Test that pimp
And we gon' bury all you hoes
Lacin' bitches right in half
Started em' straight
Through the floor
Niggas talkin' plenty shit
But they ain' buck enough
We gon' get some dinamite
And blow this motherfucker up

Chorus x8
Yeah

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