

Hollywood Undead "Tear It Up"

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Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Tear it up, tear it up yeah
Here we go now, here we go

[CHORUS]

So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up
But I got my hand on my gun
So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up
But I got my hand on my gun

[J-Dog]

I beat the pussy up like Ying-Yang
Put it right, third like Ching-Chang
You know I make her shit bang
You know I don't give a motherfuck about your first
name
I wanna lock that ass like a motherfucking chain-gang
Tear it up, stand up and throw it up
And tear up the floor like you don't give a fuck
I know you got heels on
I know what y'all feel on
They caught us ridin' dirtier than their bumpin'
Camillion
I got a bounty on my head,
Just for reppin' Undead
Because I'm freakin' on your sister
And I'm ramming her friend
And what the fuck you think?
I'm tryin' to make 'em sweat like a motherfuckin' track
meet
J-D-O-G, I got your girl on a leash
I got her veen and the whole crowd's screamin'
Shake it like a what?
Fuck you!
HU crew!
We don't give a fuck
What? What?

[CHORUS]

So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up
But I got my hand on my gun
So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up
But I got my hand on my gun

[J-Dog]

Shake it like a what? Fuck you!
Shake it like a what? Fuck you!
Shake it like a what? Fuck you!
Shake it like a what? Fuck you!

[Johnny 3 Tears]

No, I ain't a gangsta
Don't pack a pistol
Motherfuckers keep runnin' out
Motherfuckers catch a fistful
Guided like a missile from two bottles of Jack
That I drank in the back
Of an '88 Cadillac
It's Johnny Three
Johnny sees what Johnny needs
Johnny breathes weed
Still, Johnny don't see anything!
Johnny buys drink
Johnny winks and Johnny thinks
Johnny circles dance floor like roller rink
Jump up down down in the H-tag get down
To the sound that's bound
To make the motherfucking crowd loud
Wanna see you move, yeah move to the music
Wanna see you booze, yeah booze 'til you puke it
See bitch, grab ass
Get smacked to the mat (bitch!)
Slap back, get thrown out the back
Watch your back through the back door
Back to the dance floor
Gotta gotta get my, gotta gotta get more

So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up
But I got my hand on my gun
So don't make me tear it up
You know I don't give a fuck
And I ain't here to shake things up

But I got my hand on my gun

[Johnny 3 Tears]

Hell yeah motherfucker!

Turn it up

Turn it up, focus 3

Fuck you, Jeff Peters

Fuck you, Mike Reneau

Gangstas up in this bitch

You gotta write it down

Fuck yeah!

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