

## Puddle Of Mudd

### "Tear it Up"

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(\*talking\*)

Sick with it nigga, yeah  
9th Ward, should of never woke me up  
Bad nigga, can't stop  
Can't fuck with me, look here

[Magic]

Popping pistols at random  
When the smoke clears, I'll be the only nigga standing  
I won't leave a witness, I'm a thug what you don't see  
the killa in my eyes  
With this fire arm, sitting on my side  
Been patiently waiting, for a victim to step out of the  
crowd  
So I could prove, why they label me wild  
I'm sick and psychotic I got a problem, I'm addicted to  
thugging  
Fuck what you say, cause I ain't wanting for nothing  
look here

[Hook]

This for my gangsta ass niggaz, in the club  
Throw up your set, if you a mo'fucking thug  
You got a thug nigga wit ya, I'm hoping you get the  
picture  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up  
This for my niggaz that's, still on the grind  
Nothing but pussy, and money up on your mind  
You got a thug nigga wit ya, I'm hoping you get the  
picture  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up

[Magic]

I'm sick with mine, you could feel the heat in the flow  
You see the crowd start to bucking, when I walk in the  
do'  
I'm real with mine, nigga I ain't the one you should beef  
with  
I keep's my bitch and, that ain't the one that I sleep with  
Am I still a soldier, na you could keep it  
I'm a 9th Ward nigga, and that ain't no secret

Want me, to cross over  
Understand, I still lay that I'm over  
I'm use to capping the hood, on my shoulders  
Ghetto representative, here's nothing colder here's  
nothing boulder  
I was kept in the shade, didn't want me to shine  
But I done broke the chains, and I'm back for what's  
mine  
I done ditched the tank, and replaced it with a 9  
If I die I'ma die, amongst my own kind  
Nigga I'm from the Crescent, I'm bout whatever you  
thought  
Make a move, and I'm blasting with no question

[Hook]

This for my gangsta ass niggaz, in the club  
Throw up your set, if you a mo'fucking thug  
You got a thug nigga wit ya, I'm hoping you get the  
picture  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up  
This for my niggaz that's, still on the grind  
Nothing but pussy, and money up on your mind  
You got a thug nigga wit ya, I'm hoping you get the  
picture  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up  
This for my niggaz that's, still on the block  
Fuck safety, keep the mo'fucker cocked  
You got a thug nigga wit ya, I'm hoping you get the  
picture  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up

[Magic]

And to my niggaz locked down, Mac-A-Don and C  
I can't wait for the day, that they tell me you free  
So until your lawyers tell me, that your cases are won  
I'ma keep the fire burning, like it's 'spose to be done  
Fuck my past, you better keep a eye on my future  
Bringing the competition, that these rappers ain't use  
to  
Making the type of statement, that these rappers'll  
work from  
If you think I'm scared, you don't know where I come  
from  
I'm use to getting packages, by the lump some  
I ain't hard to find, I'm in the 9 if you want some  
Teflon Don, pistol grip pump  
Crazy glued to my palm, better sound the alarms

[Hook]

Tear it up (come on, tear it up nigga)

Tear it up (come on, tear it up nigga)  
Tear it up (come on, tear it up nigga)  
We could tear this mo'fucking club up - 2x

(\*talking\*)

Look here, who gon keep you rocking like I do  
Who gon keep you bobbing like I do  
Who gon keep it real like I do m-m, ain't nobody gon do  
what I do  
Wha-wha-wha-wha-what you wan' do, m-m  
Ain't nobody gon do what I do, ain't nobody gon do  
what I do

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