

## **Tear Da Club up Thugs**

### **"The Center Bullet"**

Visit "[The Center Bullet](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Dead shot through the temple  
In the temple heard the preacher screech  
I bored you full of holes Lucretia  
Saw you crease up in a ball  
As if you swallowed your own poison  
Followed as you crawled up to the altar  
I watched the tabernacle choir  
Bawling in a bath of sacramental wine  
You laced it but it tastes just fine to me  
Yes '89's a good year  
Let's hear it now for bittersweet  
Let's hear it now for good old '89  
Let's hear it now for good old '89  
We took our seats  
We watched them stringing up a chicken  
Kept on kicking  
As they kicked away the chair  
They fed it strychnine  
We kept on staring sickened sordid  
As you pulled another bullet  
From my belt and fired  
Count to nine  
Count to nine  
Count to nine  
I caught it in my teeth  
I licked it clean  
I chewed it  
I chewed it struck a match  
I flew a dozen stories to my stool behind a widow  
Sure I'm small but big enough  
But I'm big enough to send a bullet through your head  
A bullet through the center of your head  
I'll send a bullet through the center of your head  
Center bullet  
Rent a bullet  
A bullet through the center of your head  
A bullet through the center of your head  
Center bullet  
Rent a bullet

