

Tear The Club Up

Icewear Vezzo

You took the autotune off?
Real shit, need the autotune off, though (Drank God)
Just like this, keep it goin', don't even cut it off, nigga (Damn, Max)
(Iced Up Records)

Tear the club up, tear the club up (Tear the club up)
Aight, yeah, one more time, ayy
Tear the club up, tear the club up (Tear the club up)
Nah, they ain't hear you, keep it goin', fuck it, let's go, alright
Tear the mo'- tear the motherfuckin' club up (Woo)

Yeah, hit a titty bar and throw the hunds up (Throw the hunds up)
AK-47, better not run up (Better not run up)
Yeah, them 7.62's look like lug nuts
I be high up off the lean, that's why my words slurring (My words slurring)
Pop a flat and now I'm rollin' like my hmm-hmm (Hol' up)
Pop a flat and now I'm rollin', I can't turn a curb (Skrtrt)
Rollie blown and it's Audemars, this cost me thirty birds (Cost me thirty birds)
Told my chick to suck my dick, bitch, I'm a gang member (On God)
Put that AR on my shoulder, make me aim different (Hmm)
Mix that raw inside that dog and now my chain glitter
Fuck your racks, bitch, I want a bricky for a paid feature (For a paid verse)
Yeah, fuck I'm doin' shows and I get paid for features? (For real)
My young nigga do my hits, yeah, he get paid to reaper (I'm gone)
I got rich and I get married, I could pay to keep her (Nah)
The F&N ringin' on my hip just like a pager beeper (Beep)
Shoot my gun up in the air, I'm tryna clear the club
Take his chain, throw him a party like I'm Mister Rugs (Uh-huh)
Two pints of KiKi, that's six thousand, yeah, that's sixty hunds
Hit your party, fuck a nigga section, it's all Crips and Bloods

Tear the club up, tear the club up (What?)
Tear the club up, tear the club up, nigga (What?)
Tear the club up, tear the club up (Drank God)
Tear the club up, tear the motherfuckin' club up, uh
Tear the club up
Tear the club up, tear the plug up
Yeah, tear the plug up, tear the plug up (Got a hunnid shooters in this bitch, nigga)
Yeah, back and forth, nigga, tear the plug up (Ray-Ray)

Yeah, yeah, cut the mud up, cut the mud up, yeah, yeah
Tear the plug up, tear the club up, yeah, yeah
Big rings on my finger, cost me 'bout a house, nigga
I be countin' my money, my dick all in her mouth, nigga
So much cocaine in my crew, we like the Ku Klux
I'm so up, I put designer on my sluts, nigga
Put a cooler on that bitch, it shoot a whole hundun
Paid my tithes in these streets, they call me Pluto reverend
Got that type of check, I might go snatch up Angela, nigga
Hangin' with some savages, some drug dealers and gamblers, yeah
Got the devil with me ridin' passenger, nigga
Walk a nigga down, diamonds come from Africa, nigga
Took the plug off and then I made myself a plug
I'm on Adderall, but Pluto take a lot of drugs

My ghetto bitch start speakin' bilingual, I threw her hand baguettes
Throw these hundreds up like singles, I can still fuck on my ex
Pulled up with these demons, they take a hit, these niggas think they blessed
I can't-, I can't turn the curb in this Demon, I've been on this X
Leave a-, leave a nigga on the curb with his head cut off, holes in his chest
All these diamonds on my wrist cost a couple Corvettes
It be hard to turn down 'cause I know these rappers so goofy
If the police calling, I promise I'll never tell the truth

Tear the club up, tear the, tear the club up, ayy
Tear the club up, tear the, tear the club up
Tear the club up, tear the, tear the club up, ayy
Take the plug off, and then go fuck the club up

Tear the club up, tear the, tear the club up
Tear the club up, tear the, tear the club up