

# Tear It Up

## Hollywood Undead

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!

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.  
I beat the pussy up like Yin-Yang,  
Put it right through like Ching-Chang,  
You know I make our 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 you're feeling.  
They caught us riding dirtier,  
Than their bumping Chameleon.  
I got a bounty on my head,  
Just for repping Undead.

Because I'm freaking on your sister, And I'm grinding her friend. And what the fuck you  
think? I'm trying to make them sweat,  
Like a motherfucking track meet. J-D-O-G,  
I got your girl on a leash.  
I got her fiending,  
The whole crowd's screaming.  
Shake it like a what?

FUCK YOU!  
HU CREW!

WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK!

WHAT?

WHAT?

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. 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! No I ain't a gangster, Don't pack a pistol.

Motherfuckers keep running mouth,

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 3,

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-Town, 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 till you puke it.

See bitch, grab ass,

Get smacked to the mat.

Get up slapped back,

Get thrown out the back.

But you're back through the backdoor,

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.  
Hell yeah motherfucker, turn it up!  
Turn it up, Focus 3!  
Fuck you Jeff Peters!  
Fuck you Mike Reneau!  
Gangsters up in this bitch!  
You gotta write it down!  
Fuck yeah!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>