

TQ, Tear This Bitch Up

(feat. Mike Jones)

Whoa, I've been drinking since I stepped in the club
When I hopped out my ride, I was smoking on bud
So my head kinda feeling like my rims (spinning)
Cutting up from the beginning
I buy a bottle for my DJ I'm in my jeans and my white tee
All the pretty girls should come to VIP
All you fucking haters in here that don't like me
Tonight is not the night G
Back to business, a nigga in the club
Waiting for my song to come on, to get bud'd
And we gone blow the roof off this mu'fucka
When the beat drop, we about to tear this bitch up

[Chorus:]

Mama, put your hands in the air
Shake it like ya just don't care
Let me see you catch that bow
I want all y'all to tear this bitch up
Nigga's represent you hood
We don't give a damn, its all to the good
Ain't nobody got no problems
Cos tonight we gonna tear this bitch up

Now they got a nigga hot and bothered
Drinking on cranberry juice and vodka
How do you want it, been playing for an hour
And Jimmy Bone feeling the power
They state's is dropping with every single bottle its popping
Well her face ain't really gotta be all that
Cos I ain't tripping, I just want that ass on my lap
I just wanna smack it, mama make it go clap
Tell the DJ to run that bitch back
And see how they react to
This is my party, smoke if you want to, drink if you want to
Do what you wanna do
But please don't, please don't start no shit tonight
Cos you believe I've got that thing aight
And plus my dawgs in this joint
And they so on point
They just lookin for a reason to tear this bitch up

[Chorus:]

Mama, put your hands in the air
Shake it like ya just don't care
Let me see you catch that bow
I want all y'all to tear this bitch up
Nigga's represent you hood
We don't give a damn, its all to the good
Ain't nobody got no problems
Cos tonight we gonna tear this bitch up

[Mike Jones:]

TQ
H-Town to LA Baby
Mike Jones
Mike Jones

Cadillac top down
Throwing up H-Town
I spit to a chicks, so the bitch will let me lay her down
You know I don't play around
I put it in and break her down

I like it from the back, but I love it when her face down
To the pillow over to the rear
Tell her what she wanna hear
And after I get in her ear
I fill her up with Belvedere
Chea, its TQ and Mike Jones
Flipping candy on chrome
About to take a hoe home
See I ain't got time to talk, nor say what's up
You either don't suck or fuck, or get in my truck
A lot of hoes call me pappy
Some call me daddy
They love to see the candy paint dripping from the caddy
I'm in the club deep, with my teeth so classy
I'm looking for a hoe that down to do the nasty
I'm in the club deep, with my teeth so classy
I'm looking for a hoe that'll (TQ) tear this bitch up

[Chorus:]

Mama, put your hands in the air
Shake it like ya just don't care
Let me see you catch that bow
I want all y'all to tear this bitch up
Nigga's represent you hood
We don't give a damn, its all to the good
Ain't nobody got no problems
Cos tonight we gonna tear this bitch up

[Chorus:]

Mama, put your hands in the air
Shake it like ya just don't care
Let me see you catch that bow
I want all y'all to tear this bitch up
Nigga's represent you hood
We don't give a damn, its all to the good
Ain't nobody got no problems
Cos tonight we gonna tear this bitch up