

# 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