

# Tear It Down - Quando Rondo Lyrics

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## "Tear It Down "

Ayy, Pab, pass me a pack of Newport right quick (QRN)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm a little stressed out right now

Pass a couple hundred grand, two hundred somethin' on the dash

I came up from the bottom if that's the question you wanna ask

I bet you don't, ridin' on a Xan', I just pray that I don't crash

Your brother thuggin', raise your hand if you got get-back for your mans  
(okay, let's go)

Hoes go Audemars for certain (they Audemars)

Fifty thousand, timin' perfect

Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a Verzuz (whoa,  
oh-oh)

Fuck that, let me pop a Perky

Spin that shit again, I wish that Pablo made it out the surgery (grrah)

Spin that shit again, I swear to God that that shit really hurt me

Oh man, yeah, the cops comin' (whoop-whoop)

It's 3AM in the streets, we really hotter than lava

All these snakes in my front yard, they knockin' our door down

That shit be fake, be the same ones that claim that they love y'all

Things ain't the same, they got me traumatized

That shit a gang, gon' be a homicide

They say I changed, that's 'cause I'm goin' through this pain, I watched my  
cousin die

Codeine, I still can't put down this drank, that's even though I tried

Colgate, that's the code name for cocaine, we serve it through the night

Okay, that shit y'all seen on that camera was a savage boy

Okay, with the Christmas, I'ma buy lil' boy his favorite blunt (no, no, no)

Ray Allen, really out the grind, I clap from out the mud

No fade, I done had to switch my Hellcat just to dodge a charge

Fuck 'em 'cause we livin' large

Who done got the toughest tuck game with that .30 rod

Up that fan, a thirty shots

Ain't dyin' 'bout a gun but livin' by it, that's the art of war

Finally, I'm the one who really got it in a foreign car (skrrt, skrrt)

Hoes go Audemars for certain (they Audemars)

Fifty thousand, timin' perfect

Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a Verzuz (whoa,  
oh-oh)

Fuck that, let me pop a Perky

Spin that shit again, I wish that Pablo made it out the surgery (grrah)

Spin that shit again, I swear to God that that shit really hurt me

Oh man, here the cops come (whoop-whoop)

It's 3AM in the streets, we really hotter than lava

All these snakes in my front yard, they knockin' our door down

That shit be fake, be the same ones that claim that they love y'all

I'm number one, I went two for two

My niggas out, they free, throw up the four

For my niggas jumpin' out that SRT

Number five and another five, standin' on our ten

Fuck the eleven, we be dodgin' twelve with this F&N

Thirteen, I was spittin', writin' rhymes without a pen

Fourteen, I was on my grind, fresh from out the pen'

Fifteen, fucked up in the molly, all I know is step

Forever sixteen 'til the day I die, we catch and you gon' get

This shit is not no competition (this shit ain't no competition), on my own  
pace, and I'm winnin'

These foreign cars yellin', pink slippin', I know that you thought they rented  
(mm-hmm)

That's 'cause you all in my business

Fuck it, go get some Benjis

I know that these niggas envy, yellow bitch look like Rainey (whoa-whoa)

Kitchen Peezy, a chemist, there's a lot of shit I invented (whoa-whoa)

But fuck it, let 'em pretend it

We slangin' iron, can't prevent it (whoa-whoa)

I'll leave Lil' D, my lil' brother  
I'll leave all these bitches (whoa-whoa)  
And all I know is the hustle, and flip it 'til it's a mil'  
Hoes go Audemars for certain (they Audemars)  
Fifty thousand, timin' perfect  
Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a Verzuz (whoa,  
oh-oh)  
Fuck that, let me pop a Perky  
Spin that shit again, I wish that Pablo made it out the surgery (grrah)  
Spin that shit again, I swear to God that that shit really hurt me  
Oh man, here the cops come (whoop-whoop)  
It's 3AM in the streets, we really hotter than lava  
All these snakes in my front yard, they knockin' our door down  
That shit be fake, be the same ones that claim that they love y'all  
Everybody in the club, tear it down  
(Dabi, you'll make 'em proud)  
Everybody in the club, tear it down

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