## **Quando Rondo - Tear It Down**

{intro}
Ayy, pab, pass me a pack of newport right quick (qrn)
(dabi, you'll make 'em proud)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm a little stressed out right now
Pass a couple hundred grand, two hundred somethin' on the {?}
I came up from the bottom if that's the question you wanna ask
{?} i just pray that i don't crash
Your brother thuggin', raise your hand if you got get-back for your mans (o
kay, let's go)
{chorus}

Hoes go audemars for certain (they audemars)

Fifty thousand, timin' perfect

Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a verzuz (woah, 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)

In the streets, we really harder than {?}

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 {verse 1}

They 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 jump gang with that .30 rod Up that fan, a thirty shots Ain't dyin' 'bout the gun but livin' by it, that's the {?} Finally, i'm one who really got it in a stolen car (skrrt, skrrt)

{chorus} Hoes go audemars for certain (they audemars) Fifty thousand, timin' perfect Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a verzuz (woah, 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) In the streets, we really harder than {?} 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 {verse 2} I'm number one, i went two for two My niggas out, they free, throw up the four For my niggas {?} 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 16 'til the day i die, we catch and you gon' get This shit is not a 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 ren ted (mmm-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 {?} (woah-woah) Kitchen peezy, a chemist, there's a lot of shit i invented (woah-woah) But fuck it, let 'em pretend it We slangin' iron, can't prevent it (woah-woah) I'll leave lil d, my lil' brother I'll leave all these bitches (woah-woah) And all i know is the hustle, and slippin' 'til it's a {?}

{chorus}
Hoes go audemars for certain (they audemars)
Fifty thousand, timin' perfect
Project housin', blood on top the street, too deep to do a verzuz (woah, 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)
In the streets, we really harder than {?}
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
{outro}
Everybody in the club, tear it down
(dabi, you'll make 'em proud)

Everybody in the club, tear it down