

2 Pac "Hit Em' Up II [Part Two][dtf]"

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Intro

[2Pac]

I ain't got no muthafuckin' friends

What y'all niggas talkin' about

Hell yeah

I'm a do this muthafuckin' track

(Right)

And they know exactly

Who I'm talkin' about too

You old bitch made niggas

Verse 1

[2Pac]

Cause

Uh

Niggas talk plenty shit

So many tricks

I fucked your bitch

Cause I'm true to this

Witness the hit

You talk bad about a nigga

When I got blasted

Hope you made a little money

While the funk lasted

Heard they call you Big Poppa

Nigga how you figure

Cause to me

You'll always be a phoney fat nigga

I can't be copy these

And wearin' Versachi

Nigga you run or buck

Scared as fuck

If the guns would bust

Now niggas talk

I got a list

Of player haters the fakes

You bitch niggas

Gettin' blown away

You cross-eyed

Down syndrome

Crack baby

So you and Puffy are tough

Now that's crazy

I got your ass in my sight
Niggas dyin' tonight
We screamin'
West Side for life
And I can't wait
To see you niggas in traffic
Cause we gonna get 'em up
(Ha ha ha)
When you see me
You better bust
Cause I'm a hit 'em up
Chorus
[Tupac]
Grab your glocks
When you see Tupac
(Uh)
Call the cops
When you see Tupac
(Uh)
Who shot me
But you punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath
Of a menace
Nigga we hit 'em up
Verse 2
[Napolean]
It's hard to explain
This wasn't my thang
When I was younger
Before my shit
I swear to God
I'll make you stick
Just to make a come up
Niggas run up
Cause more murder
For the money
Got caught up
Tryin' to make a harder record
Should have been on checked
Cause I bet you
And it's for life
You'll never gonna see a nigga like me
Wantin' a battle up on T.V.
I'd rather release
Some of these
And put a slug
To you buster ass niggas
That continue to squeeze
I got some niggas
Back in Jersey
That would rather be jackin' cars

And robbin' bitch niggas
Like y'all for emergency
Let's take it back
To the West Side
Them niggas
Sure gonna be ridahs
And plus we Thug Life niggas
So call us multiply
Finger on the trigger
Bitches stand and rise
But we don't trust 'em
They might be the first
That we gonna bust up
Just label me a Bad Boy Killer
You Mobb Deep bitches
Gonna feel us
When we turn into killers
Hit 'em up

Verse 3

[E.D.I]

Now this is me

B. K.

All day

Ain't no frontin'

Ain't no quicker

Strictly Bad Boy killin'

Shoot that ass like a squealer

Now let this muthafucka

Top down

I'm fittin' to drop rounds

Lettin' these sounds

Pop and then I'm hot bound

Seein' them shatter

Shootin' my shit

To work a lease go

What's up to the ridahs

In L.A.

Don't preach on up

To the East O.

Shootin' that so

See low

Circle

That shit don't hurt you

Made to turn you purple

Wanna take a plane

But we enemies

To the game

Well get that ass tamed

Simple and plain

Y'all know the name

Drama

Ridahs

Through the whole night

Niggas get taught

Then we bobbin' through

They hits slow

No need for runnin'

Cause we don't give a fuck

Beside the funky man

We got to hit they ass

On up

Verse 4

[Hussein Fatal]

Get out the way

Yo

Get out the way

Yo

Biggie Smalls just got shot

And I'm a true eagle

Stormin'

Nigga don't need your fat ass

In California

I catch you

On any East Coast corner

And your ass is a goner

Puffy hit the fuckin' block

I'll run at you nigga

And I'll smoke the Junior M.A.F.I.A.

In front of you nigga

With the ready power

Ducked in my guess

Under my Eddie Bower

You clothes petty sour

I push bomb packages

Every hour

My sons past

When slappin' nickels

On glass forties

So hurry the cash

You made on that F

Without your ass shorty

I got a team

Of simple boutable souls

With my ears like Yoda

Quick as a cobra

And never sober

Verse 5

[Khadafi]

I'm on a twelve o' clock

Cruise to Brooklyn

And I'm lookin'

For the thirl in your barrel

Ready to get his life tookin'
So where your killers at
You fake trick
E.D.I. will leave your coward ass
Stripped
And a full clip
In your stomach
You been all year nigga
Runnin'
Poppin' every coward
And every nigga behind you
I made it about impossible
For you niggas to escape
Another murder
Or visit to the hospital
I can't wait
Meet up with all you bitches
In the streets
So I can leave all you cowards
Covered in white sheets
When we hit 'em up
Verse 6
[Storm]
If you a big bad muthafucka
Come step to this
I got your life in the hit
And one hidden in the clip
Who wanna test this
To the 1 2 3
Bound to get they ass
Put under
Cause the Storm
Is bringin' nothin' but thunder
Who's the bomb nigga
Quick to feel that
Kill that sorry nigga
Situation
Naw
Naw
Who's the bigger trigger
I approached the two g's
You though I was easy
Now you beggin' on your knees
Pleasey

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