

## 2 Pac "Hit 'Em Up"

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Intro: Tupac

I ain't got no motherfuckin friend  
That's why I fucked yo' bitch, you fat motherfucker  
(take money) West side!!  
Bad Boy killers  
(take money) You know the realest is niggaz  
(take money) We bring it to you  
(take money)

Verse One: Tupac

First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim  
West side when we ride come equipped with game  
You claim to be a player but I fucked your wife  
We bust on Bad Boy niggaz fucked for life  
Plus Puffy tryin ta see me weak, hearts I rip  
Biggie Smallz and Junior M.A.F.I.A. some mark ass  
bitches  
We keep on comin' while we runnin for ya jewels  
steady gunnin, keep on bustin at the fools, you know  
the rules  
Little Ceaser, go ask ya homie how I leave ya  
cut your young ass up, leave you in pieces, now be  
deceased  
Lil Kim, don't fuck around with real G's  
Quick to snatch yo' ugly ass off tha street, so fuck  
peace  
I let them niggas know it's on for life  
So let the West side ride tonight hahahah  
Bad Boy murdered on wax, and killed  
Fuck wit' me and get ya cap spilt, you know ... see ...

Chorus:

Grab ya glocks, when you see Tupac  
Call the cops, when you see Tupac, uhh  
Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish  
Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace  
NIGGA, I hit em' up...

Interlude: Tupac

Check this out, you muthafuckas know what time it is  
I don't even know why I'm on this track  
ya'll niggaz ain't even on my level  
I'ma let my little homies ride on you  
bitch made-ass bad boy bitches, deal with it!

#### Verse Two: Fatal

Get out the way yo, get out the way yo  
Biggie Smallz just got dropped  
Little Moo, pass the Mac, and let me hit him in his back  
Frank White need to get spanked right, for settin tracks  
little accident murderer, and I ain't never heard-a ya  
Poisonous gats attack when I'm servin ya  
Spank the shank ya whole style when I dank  
Guard your rank, cause I'ma slam you ass in the  
pavement  
Puffy weaker that a fuckin rocka wanna do, nigga  
and, I'll smoke ya junior mafia in front of you, nigga  
With the ready power tuckin my Guess under my Eddie  
Bauer  
ya clout, pretty sour I get packages every hour  
and hit em up

#### Chorus

Grab ya glocks, when you see Tupac  
Call the cops, when you see Tupac, uhh  
Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish  
Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace  
NIGGA, I hit em' up...

#### Verse Three: Tupac

Peep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel  
this aint no freestyle battle, all you niggaz gettin  
killed with ya mouths open  
tryin to come up offa me, you in the clouds hoping  
smokin dope it's like a sherm high  
Niggaz think they learned to fly  
But they burned muthafucka, you deserve to die  
Talkin bout you gettin money, but its funny to me  
All you niggaz living bummy, why you're fuckin' with  
me  
I'm a self made milionare  
Thug Livin out a prison, pistols in the air, hahaha  
Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on my  
couch  
and beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house, ahh  
Now its all about Versacci, you copied my style  
Five shots couldn't drop me, I took it, and smiled

Now I'm bout to set the record straight, with my AK  
I'm still the thug that you love to hate  
Motherfucker, I hit em up

Verse Four: Kadafi

I'm from N-E-W Jerz, where plenty murders occur  
No points to be calmer, we bringin drama to all you  
herbs  
Knuckle check the scenario, Little Cease  
I bring you fake G's to your knees  
Coppin pleas cuz this ain't your area  
Lil Kim, is you coked up, or doped up?  
Get ya lil Junior Whopper click smoked up, what the  
fuck  
is you STUPID?!?! I take money, crash and mash  
through Brooklyn  
with my click lootin, shootin and pollutin ya block  
with 15 shots cock glock to your knot  
Outlaw mafia click movin up another notch  
And you bast stops squaws get mopped and dropped  
All your fake-ass east coast props brainstormed and  
locked

Verse Five: Idi Amin

Youse a, beat biter, a Pac style taker  
I'll tell you to ya face you aint shit but a faker  
Softer than Alizee with a chaser  
Bout to get murdered for the paper  
Idi Amin approach the scene  
Write a caper, like a loc, with little ceaser in a choke  
hold  
Totin smoke, we aint no muthafuckin joke  
Thug Life, niggaz betta be knowin, we approachin  
in the wide open, guns smokin  
no need for hopin its a battle lost, I got across  
Soon as the funk was poppin off  
Nigga I hit em up

Outro: Tupac

Now you tell me who won  
I see them, they run  
They don't wanna see us  
Whole Junior M.A.F.I.A. click dressin up tryin ta be us  
How the fuck they gonna be the mob when we always  
on our job  
We millionaires, killin ain't fair but somebody gotta do  
it  
Oh yeah, Mobb Deep, you wanna fuck with us?

You little young ass motherfuckers  
Don't one of you niggaz got sickle cell or somethin?  
You fuckin with me nigga you fuck around  
and have a seizure or a heart-attack  
You better back the fuck up, before you get smacked  
the fuck up  
That's how we do it on our side  
Any of you niggaz from New York that wanna bring it,  
bring it  
But we ain't singin, we bringin drama  
Fuck you and your motherfuckin mama  
We gonna kill all you motherfuckers  
Now when I came out I told you it was just about Biggie  
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a  
motherfuckin opinion  
Well this how we gonna do this  
Fuck Mobb Deep  
Fuck Biggie  
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff record label  
and as a motherfuckin crew  
And if you wanna be down with Bad Boy  
Then fuck you too  
Chino XL, fuck you too  
All you motherfuckers, fuck you too

(take money)  
(take money)  
Alla y'all motherfuckers, fuck you die slow  
motherfucker  
My fo'-fo' make sure all y'all kids don't grow  
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us  
We the motherfuckin Thug Life rides West side till we  
die!  
Out here in California we warn ya we'll bomb on you  
motherfuckers  
We do our job  
You think you mob, nigga we the motherfuckin mob  
Ain't nuttin but killers and the real niggaz  
All you motherfuckers feel us  
Our shit's going triple and four-quadruple  
(take money)  
You niggaz laugh coz our staff got guns at they  
motherfuckers belt, you know how it is  
When we drop records they feel it  
You niggaz can't feel it  
We the realest, FUCK EM, we Bad Boy killin \*echoes\*

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