

**2Pac****"Hit 'em Up 2"**

Visit "[Hit 'em Up 2](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* Note: Song Not Completed \*

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 copied  
even 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 and 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(bad).B(boy) K(killer).  
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 weaker than fuckin' block  
I'm runnin through nigga  
And I'm smokin' Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
In front of you nigga  
With the ready power

tuckin' my gats  
Under my Eddie Bauer  
You clothes petty sour  
I push 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 'mergency visit to the hospital  
I can't wait  
Meet up with all you bitches  
In the streets  
So I can leave all you cowards  
leakin in your fukin seats  
When we hit 'em up

Verse 6

[Storm]

If you a big bad muthafucka

Come step to this  
I got points in the clip  
And ???? for the click  
Who wanna test this  
To the 1 2 3  
Bound to get they ass  
Put under  
Cause the Storm  
Is bringin' nothin' but thunder  
(thats riggght)  
Who's the bomb nigga  
Quick to feel that ichy finger  
Situation of my nine  
Who's the bigger trigger  
I approached a true G  
You though I was easy  
Now you beggin' on your knees  
Pleasey

Visit [2Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.