

2Pac

"Hit Em' Up II"

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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 bountable 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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