

2Pac "Hit Em Up Part 2"

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Well, come on, come on, take money
Come on, come on, take money
Come on, come on, wassup nigga?

First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim
West side when we ride, come equipped with game
You claim to be a playa but, I fucked your wife
We bust on bad boys, niggas fuck for life

Plus, Puffy tryin' to see me weak, hearts I rip
Biggie smalls and junior mafia, some mark ass bitches
We keep on coming while we running for yah jewels
Steady gunning keep on busting at them fools

You know the rules, Little Ceasar go ask you homie how
I'll leave yah
Cut your young ass up, see yah in pieces, now be
deceased
Little Kim, don't fuck with real ass G's
Quick to snatch your ugly ass off the streets, so fuck
peace

I'll let them niggas know it's on for life
Don't let the west side ride the night
Bad boys murdered on wax and kill
Fuck with me and get your caps peeled
You know what you see

Grab your glocks when you see 2Pac
Call the cops when you see 2Pac
Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit 'em up

[Incomprehensible]

Get out the way yo, get out the way, yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pacs the mac and let me hit 'em in his back
Frank White needs to get spanked right for setting up
traps

Little accident murderers and I ain't never heard of yah
Poise less gats attack when I'm serving yah
Spank the shank, your whole style when I gank
Guard your rank, 'cause, I'ma slam your ass in a pang

Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block, I'm running through
nigga
And I'm smoking junior mafia in front of yah nigga
With the ready power tucked in my guess
Under my EddieBower, tour clout petty sour
I push packages every hour, I hit 'em up

[Incomprehensible]
Call the cops when you see 2Pac
Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit 'em up

Peep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle, all you niggas getting
killed
With your mouths open, tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping smoking dope

It's like a Shermine, niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn muthafucka you deserve to die
Talking about you getting money, but it's funny to me
All you niggas living bummy, while you fucking with me

I'm a self made millionaire thug, livin' out of prison,
pistols in the air
Biggie, remember when I use to let you sleep on the
couch
And beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house

Now, it's all about Versace, you copied my style
Five shots couldn't drop me, I took it and smiled
Now, I'm back to set the record straight with my AK
I'm still the thug that you love to hate, muthafucka, I'll
hit 'em up

I'm from New Jers, where plenty of murder occurs
No points to come, we bring drama to all you herds
Now go check the scenerio, Little Ceas'
I'll bring you fake G's to yah knees copin' pleas with
these

Little Kim is yah, choked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck? Is you stupid? Take money
Crash and mash through Brooklyn

With my click looting, shooting, and polluting your
block

With fifteen shot, cocked glock to your knot
Outlaw mafia click moving up another notch
And your pop stars popped and get mopped and
dropped
And all your fake ass East Coast props, brainstormed
and locked

You're a B writer, Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker
So fill the alazhay with a chaser
'Bout to get murdered for the paper
E D I, I mean post the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke
Toting smoke, we ain't no muthafuckin' joke

Thug life, niggas better be known, be approaching
In the wide open, gun smoking, no need for hoping
It's a battle lost, I got 'em crossed
As soon as the funk is bopping off, nigga, I hit 'em up

[Incomprehensible]
Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit 'em up

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