

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

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

Intro: zeb

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

Verse One: Tupac

First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim  
WESTSIDE when we ride come equipped with game  
You claim to be a player but I fucked your wife  
We bust on Bad Boy niggas fuck for life  
Plus Puffy tryna 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 them fools, you know  
the rules  
Little Caesar, go ask ya homie how I leave ya  
cut your young ass up, see you in pieces, now be  
deceased  
Lil Kim, don't fuck around with real G's  
Quick to snatch yo' ugly ass off tha streetz, so fuck  
peace  
I let them niggas know it's on for life  
Don't let the West side ride the night (haha)  
Bad Boys murdered on wax, and killed  
Fuck wit' me and get ya caps peeled, 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, we 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 lil 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 traps  
little accident murderer, and I ain't never heard-a ya  
Poiseless gats attack when I'm servin ya  
spank the shank ya whole style when I gank  
Guard your rank, cause I'ma slam ya ass in the pang  
Puffy weaker than a fuckin block i'm running through  
nigga  
and, I'll smoking junior mafia in front of you, nigga  
With the ready power tuckin my Gats under my Eddie  
Bauer  
ya clout, petty sour I push packages every hour  
I hit em up

#### Chorus

#### Verse Three: Tupac

Peep to 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 shermine  
Niggaz think they learned to fly  
But they burn muthafucka, you deserve to die  
Talkin bout you gettin money but its funny to me  
all you niggaz livin bummy why you fuckin with me  
I'm a self-made millionaire  
Thug Livin outta prison, pistols in the air,(hahaha)  
Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on the  
couch  
and beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house,(ha)  
Now its all about Versace, 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 occurz  
No point to come, we bringin drama to all you heardz  
Local check the scenario, Little Caes'  
I bring you fake G's to your knees  
Coppin pleas to 'De Janeiro'

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 your pop stars mopped and dropped  
All your fake-ass east coast props brainstormed and  
locked

Verse Five: Edi

Youse a, beat biter, a Pac style taker  
I'll tell it to ya face u aint shit but a faker  
Softer than Aliz-A with a chaser  
Bout to get murdered for the paper  
E.D.I. Mean approach the scene of the 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 approchin  
in the wide open, guns smokin  
no need for hopin its a battle lost, I got across  
Soon as the funk was bobbin off  
Nigga I hit em up

Outro: Tupac ("take money" background riff")

Now you tell me who won  
I see them, they run (haha)  
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, fore you get smacked the  
fuck up  
Tha'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  
motherfucking opinion

Well this how we gonna do dis  
Fuck Mobb Deep  
Fuck Biggie  
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff record, 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 4-4 make sure all y'all kids don't grow  
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us  
We the motherfuckin Thug Life ridahs  
WEESSSSSSTSIIIIIDE till we die!  
Out here in California Nigga 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 go triple and four-quadruple  
(take money)  
You niggaz laugh coz our staff got guns under their  
motherfucking belts, you know how it is  
When we drop records they felt  
You niggaz can't feel it  
We the realest, FUCK EM, we Bad Boy killaz! (we killin)

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