

# Lil Wayne

## "Hit Em Up"

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

Yea, I tried to talk to him

Quit talkin', I'ma hang ya by your tongue, yea  
Any motormouth could get hung high  
We don't fuck wit niggaz like fungi  
We don't even hear ya  
Hollerin' bullshit, nigga, quit the diarrhea

Pistol lie inside of the armrest, um, yes  
Lay a nigga down in his own mess, don't mess  
Playa, fuck around wit the homeless, charmless  
You can leave out here armless, no homies

Honest, you niggaz is harmless  
I'm calm as a Don is supposed to be  
Costa Nostra, don't ever approach him  
Don't get close to him  
Shootouts ain't none but rock n roll to him

Leave your blood on the dash, call it rosewood  
'Nother murder, 'nother page out the notebook  
It ain't nothin', it don't make it if you no good  
I tried to talk to him but then a nigga had to

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, really, I was tryna be calm  
But uh, that chopper rot put his head in his arms  
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, fuck it, make a nigga get  
loose  
He had too much talkin' and not enough deuce  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em but I hit em up  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Y'all take them shoes off your teeth  
Stop runnin' your mouth

No shoes, no feet, I'll run in your mouth  
I'll come to your house, me an' my goons  
Loadin' up bangers, ridin' under the moon

Throwin' up fingers sayin', "My side rule"  
If a nigga disagree, ask him, "Must I prove?"  
That Maybach coupe a cock-eyed fool  
An' I'm in it like Bennett, hoe, aren't I cool?

But if that thermostat switch an' that needle move  
Then the attitude switch an' the heat'll move  
I got that, Chiquita banana, clip for the tool  
Me, the disaster, pity the fool

Eat a catastrophe, swallow the truth, belch reality  
How does it taste? Pie to your face, you a bitch, nigga  
All pussy, stop comin' out your lips, nigga  
I tried to talk him but then a nigga had to

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, really, I was tryna be calm  
But uh, that chopper rot put his head in his arms  
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, fuck it, make a nigga get  
loose  
He had too much talkin' and not enough deuce  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em but I hit em up  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Real talk, boy, chill wit the talk, boy  
That Tommy gun'll tear your neighborhood apart, boy  
Yeah, leave your feelings in your heart, boy  
Start with the wrong boy, you end wit a stone, boy

Wit your friends to carry you alone  
To a concrete mattress an' a fluffy tombstone  
Fuck discussion, I ain't into it, boy  
I just get to it, let's do it, rip through a boy

Big Uzi, just shoot the boy  
I'm inside lookin' out, you just an intruder, boy  
You need sutures on your smooches, boy  
But I tried to talk to him but then a nigga had to

Hit em up, hit em up

I ain't even wanna hit em up, really, I was tryna be calm  
But uh, that chopper rot put his head in his arms  
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, fuck it, make a nigga get  
loose  
He had too much talkin' and not enough deuce  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em up, hit em up  
I ain't even wanna hit em but I hit em up  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.