

Master P & Tru "Hit 'Em Up"

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I got nothin' to lose, pass me a ski mask
A glock and my tennis shoes
I got nothin' to lose, pass me a ski mask
A glock and my tennis shoes

You need to get your life together
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)
South money and hustlin', don't last forever
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)

Some say that G's make the world go round
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)
You say you got nothin' to lose but who got a back when
ya down?
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)

Man, I'm 'bout it, 'bout to get rowdy
I ain't even trippin' if y'all fools doubt me
Penitentiary chances, I done danced with it
Died and went hell, came back down to do whatever

Hit 'em up, stick 'em up, pick 'em up
(Hit 'em up)
I hope ya got insurance on ya brand new truck
Mama need food in the icebox
And I need some new Jordan with some white sock

'Bout to rob Peter to pay Paul
The ghetto got me crazy but I won't fall
On my way to Arizona, got it sewed up
Down South with the task all on it

'Bout to put five in the stash box
Called the C-Murder up for them plastic glocks
Beeper ringin', Silkk forgot the neck on some chicken
Cristal, parlay with Beck, gettin' riches

No longer, livin' in condos
It's mansions and fifty inch windows
Marble floors, tailor made suits
Lex Luthor, Ferraris, windows be bulletproof

Me work a nine to five, fool I like the good life
Seen mama so much, she slapped my face
'Cause I ain't livin' right, me give it up, I get rowdy
Grabbed the gat, hit the street and the highway, I'm
'bout it, 'bout it

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I gots, nothin' to lose, I'm on the run like The Fugitive
My spot kinda hot, so I can't go where I used to live
Me and P ridin' dirty in the Yukon, 'bout to get caught in
due time
Different place every state a new crime

Grab a ski mask and two nines
Say money make the world go round
From out between the knocks I lets 'em in
Can't lose, gotta win, false move, end up in the pen

How many I kill goin' for the cash
Dude, I gotta do it for the stash
Fill the getaway car up with gas, with the smash
Whatever we make, P, we goin' in half

A nigga sex money and greed, costs of livin' lavish
Hey, I'ma get ya for what you got
If you ain't got it, act like you don't have it
I grab my gun before I grab my shoes

Everything on the line, so I can't lose
Man, look, you know Silkk, you know I'm bout to act a
fool
So I'm a be gon' away like a breeze
Run through like, all type of trees

I ain't gon' stop 'til the cops say freeze
I can't lose, I got nothin' to lose
Pass me a ski mask, a glock
And my tennis shoes

You need to get your life together
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ya down?
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)

We're in it deep and we're in it to win it
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)
In other words, there ain't no stoppin' No Limit
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)

Master P, Mercedes, T R U
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)
After them dead presidents 'cause we have nothin' to
lose
(Hit 'em up, get 'em up, stick 'em up)

Little bro, check this out
(Whattup?)
I ain't walk around with that fool
(Why, what happened to that youngsta?)
Man, but Will had it comin', ya heard me?
(No)
He had it comin', bro
(No)

You know what I'm sayin', what happenin'?
(Holla at ya people)
I wasn't even high, though I wasn't high
(No)
Some kinda way, know what I'm sayin?
I'ma get mine
(I'm fo' sho' gon' get it)

Gotta pay the bills, bro
(Huh, bro?)
I gotta get th'em meals
You know what I'm sayin? Fo' scheeze
(Whoa, now)
I ain't got nothin' to lose
(Huh, bro?)

Got what? Everything to gain
You know what I'm sayin?
(Oh, gots to have that there)
Bro, ghetto got me crazy
(I feed them children)

Dead, I'm on the run, nut I gotta gun
(Huh, bro?)
Man, me and Dead Joe down here actin' a donkey
(Huh, bro?)
Actin' bad, hit three licks today, Third Ward style

Like P say, I gotta get my cornbread cabbage and my
greens
(Ohh, oh, oh we gots to get that there)
Yeah, you know I'm Tru to this, I mean really in other
words
I ain't got nothin' to lose, ya heard me?
(Say that then)

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