

Tupac "Hit 'em Up"

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[Tupac]

I ain't got no mutha fuckin friends
That's why I fucked your bitch
You fat mutha-fucka {Take Money}
West Side
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}
You know who the realist is
Niggas we bring it to {Take Money}
(ha ha, that's alright)

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 around with real 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 (ha ha)
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill

Fuck with me
And get your caps peeled
You know, See

[Chorus]

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

Check this out
You mutha-fuckas know what time it is
I don't know why I'm even on this track
Y'all niggas ain't even on my level
I'm going to let my little homies
Ride on yah
Bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches
{ahh yo, yo, hold the fuck up}

Get out the way yo
Get out the way yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pa*s 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'm a 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 Eddie Bower
Your clout petty sour
I push packages ever hour
I hit 'em up

[Chorus]

Grab your glocks when you see 2pac
Call the cops when you see 2pac, Uhh

Who shot me,
But, your punks didn't finish
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, We hit 'em up

Peep how we do it
Keep it real
Its 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 mutha-fucka 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 {Air} (Ha Ha)
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 A-K
I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Mutha-fucka I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N E W 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
Coked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck?
Is you stupid?
I 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 dropped and
mopped
And all your fake ass east coast props
Brainstormed and locked

You're a beat biter
Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker
So fill the Alize 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 (uhh)
Toting smoke, we ain't no mutha-fuckin' 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 gottem crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off
Nigga, I hit 'em up

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run (ha ha)
They don't wanna see us
Whole Junior Mafia click
Dressing up to be us
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?
When we always on out job
We millionaire's
Killing ain't fair
But somebody got to do it

Oh yah Mobb Deep (uhh)
You wanna fuck with us
You Little young ass mutha-fuckas
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something
You fucking with me, nigga ?
You fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack
You better back the fuck up
Before you get smacked the fuck up
This is how we do it on our side
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it,
Bring it.
But we ain't singing,
We bringing drama
Fuck you and your mother fucking mama.

We gonna kill all you mother fuckers.
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about
biggie.
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother
fuckin opinion
Well this is how we gon' do this:
Fuck Mobb Deep,
Fuck Biggie,
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother
fuckin crew.
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,
Then fuck you too.
Chino XL, fuck you too.
All you mother fuckers,
Fuck you too.
(take money, take money)
All of y'all mother fuckers,
Fuck you, die slow mother fucker.
My fo' fo' (.44 magnum) make sure all yo' kids don't
grow.
You mother fuckers can't be us or see us.
We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.
West Side till' we die.
Out here in California, nigga
We warned ya'
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.
We do our job.
You think you the mob, nigga, we the mother fuckin'
mob
Ain't nuttin' but killers
And the real niggas, all you mother fuckers feel us.
Our shit goes triple and four quadruple
You niggas laugh cuz our staff got guns under they
mother fuckin' belts
You know how it is and we drop records they felt
You niggas can't feel it
We the realist
Fuck 'em.
We Bad Boy killas.

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