

## J Lethal

### "Hit Em Up"

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Boom, I'ma go 'head kill it, mayne  
Niggas still hating, but you know I be the realist, mayne  
Eastside nigga, all day and tomorrow  
Still killing all these rappers but I feel no sorrow  
Bitch, I'm still an alien, get prepared for abduction  
About to kill this beat, no chorus, no interruption  
I'm a m-o-n-s-t-e-r, that choppa split his wig, and pull  
his head apart  
I'ma keep on stacking money 'til, 'til it's like the bus  
height  
Diamonds on my wrist be shining like bus lights  
Niggas talking all that shit, but they can't rhyme right  
Wanna have my style, well I call that a soundbite  
I take yo' beat and beat yo' beat and leave it comatose  
I'ma keep on sippin' syrup until I overdose  
I am sick with something they have yet to diagnose  
I take yo' bitch, then fuck yo' bitch then tell her adios  
Bitch ass nigga, what ya really wan' do  
Come up in ya spot like what ya pussy niggas gon' do  
I do not deal with the commotion  
I'm a chemist in the lab, and I got the special potent  
I keep more hoes, than a collage  
Bad yellow bitch, she give my dick a massage  
All my niggas got that weight just like a bodyguard  
I am the Human Torch and I leave these niggas  
charred  
See me on the streets, dressed like a skater  
I'm the best of the best, you won't find nobody greater  
Exuding all this energy like a generator  
I keep on rising up like a fucking escalator  
I hit your track, like a Freight Train  
Choppa on my lap will keep 'em ordained  
R.I.P to another track that was slain  
It's Jay F. Tae and the F is for Flame

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