

2Pac % Outlawz

"Hit 'Em Up"

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Intro: Tupac

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

Verse One: Tupac

First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim
West side when we ride come equipped with game
You claim to be a player but I fucked your wife
We bust on Bad Boy niggaz fucked for life
Plus Puffy tryin ta 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 the fools, you know
the rules
Little Ceaser, go ask ya homie how I leave ya
cut your young ass up, leave you in pieces, now be
deceased
Lil Kim, don't fuck around with real G's
Quick to snatch yo' ugly ass off tha street, so fuck
peace
I let them niggas know it's on for life
So let the West side ride tonight hahahah
Bad Boy 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, I 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 nigguz ain't even on my level
I'ma let my little homies ride on you
bitch made-ass bad boy bitches -- deal with it!!

Verse Two:

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 tracks
little accident murderer, and I ain't never heard-a ya
Poisinous gats attack when I'm servin ya
Spank the shank ya whole style when I dank
Guard your rank, cause I'ma slam you in the pavement
Puffy weaker that a fuckin rocka wanna do, nigga
and, I'll smoke ya junior mafia in front of you, nigga
With the ready power tuckin my Guess under my Eddie
Bauer
ya clout, pretty sour I get packages every hour
and hit em up

Chorus

Verse Three: Tupac

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 sherm high
Niggaz think they learned to fly
But they burned muthafucka, you deserve to die
Talkin bout you gettin money but its funny to me
all you niggaz live in worry while you're fuckin with me
I'm a self made milionare
Thug Livin out a prison, pistols in the air, hahaha
Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on my
couch
and beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house, ahh
Now its all about Versacci, 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 you love to hate
Motherfucker, I hit em up

Verse Four:

I'm from N-E-W Jerz, where plenty murders occur
No points to be calmer, we bringin drama to all you
herbs
Knuckle check the scenario, Little Cease
I bring you fake G's to your knees
Coppin pleas cuz this ain't your area
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 you bast stops squaws get mopped and dropped
All your fake-ass east coast props brainstormed and
locked

Verse Four:

Youse a, beat biter, a Pac style taker
I'll tell you to ya face you aint shit but a faker
Softer than Alize with a chaser
Bout to get murdered for the paper
Idi Amin approach the scene
Write a 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 poppin off
Nigga I hit em up

Outro: Tupac

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run
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

That'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
motherfuckin opinion
Well this how we gonna do this
Fuck Mobb Deep
Fuck Biggie
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff 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 fo'-fo' make sure all y'all kids don't grow
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us
We the motherfuckin Thug Life ridahs West side till we
die!
Out here in California 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 going triple and four-quadruple
(take money)
You niggaz blast as our staff got guns at they
motherfuckers back, you know how it is
When we drop records they feel it
You niggaz can't feel it
We the realest, FUCK EM, we Bad Boy killin *echoes*

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