

## Square One

### "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 who 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  
Westside 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 Smalls and Junior M.A.F.I.A. some mark-ass  
bitches  
We keep on comin while we runnin for yo' jewels  
Steady gunnin, keep on bustin at them fools, you know  
the rules  
Lil' 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 the streets, so fuck  
peace  
I let them niggaz know it's on for life  
So let the Westside ride tonight - hahahah  
Bad Boy murdered on wax and killed  
Fuck wit' me and get yo' 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 motherfuckers know what time it is

I don't even know why I'm on this track  
Y'all niggaz 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: Hussein Fatal]

Get out the way yo, get out the way yo  
Biggie Smalls 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 traps  
Little accident murderers, and I ain't never heard-a ya  
Poisonous gats attack when I'm servin ya  
Spank ya shank ya whole style when I gank  
Guard your rank, cause I'ma slam your ass in the paint  
Puffy weaker than the fuckin block I'm runnin through  
nigga  
And I'm smokin Junior M.A.F.I.A. in front of you nigga  
With the ready power tuckin my Guess under my Eddie  
Bauer  
Ya clout petty sour, I get packages every hour to hit 'em  
up

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Tupac]

Peep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel  
this ain't no freestyle battle, all you niggaz gettin killed  
with ya mouths open  
Tryin to come up offa me, you in the clouds hopin  
Smokin dope it's like a sherm high niggaz think they  
learned to fly  
But they burn motherfucker, you deserve to die  
Talkin bout you gettin money but it's funny to me  
All you niggaz livin bummy why you fuckin with me?  
I'm a self made millionaire  
Thug Livin out a prison, pistols in the air, haha  
Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on the  
couch  
and beg a bitch to let you sleep in the house, hah  
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 that you love to hate  
Motherfucker, I hit 'em up

[Verse Four: Khadafi]

I'm from N-E-W Jerz, where plenty murders occurs  
No points in common, we bringin drama to all you  
herbs  
Knuckle check the scenario, Lil' Cease  
I bring you fake G's to your knees, coppin pleas you

Degenario

Lil Kim, is you coked up, or doped up?  
Get ya lil' Jr. 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 your box top spots get mopped and dropped  
and all your fake-ass East coast props brainstormed  
and locked

[Verse Five: E.D.I. Amin]

Youse a, beat biter, a 'Pac style taker  
I'll tell you to ya face you ain't shit but a faker  
Softer than Alize with a chaser  
Bout to get murdered for the paper  
Edi Amin approach the scene of the caper, like a loc  
With Lil' Ceaser in a choke, huh totin smoke  
We ain't no motherfuckin joke Thug Life niggaz better  
be knowin  
We approachin, in the wide open, guns smokin  
No need for hopin it's a battle lost, I got 'em crossed  
As 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  
Hehehehe, they don't wanna see us  
Whole Junior M.A.F.I.A. click dressin up tryin to be us  
How the fuck they gon' 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 gon' kill all you motherfuckers  
Now when I came out I told you it was just about Biggie  
Then everybody had to open they mouth with a  
motherfuckin opinion  
Well this how we gon' 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 Westside till we  
die!  
Out here in California nigga 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 goin triple and four-quadruple  
(take money)

You niggaz laugh cause our staff got, guns in they  
motherfuckers belts  
You know how it is when we drop records they felt  
You niggaz can't feel it, we the realest  
FUCK 'EM, we Bad Boy killin \*echoes\*

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