

Tupac Shakur "Hit 'Em Up"

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[Tupac]

That's why I f**ked your bi**h
You fat mutha-f**ka {Take Money}
West Side
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}
You know who the realist is
ni**as we bring it to {Take Money}
(ha ha, that's alright)

First off, f**k your bi**h
And the click you claim
West side when we ride
Come equipped with game
You claim to be a playa
But, I f**ked your wife
We bust on Bad Boys
ni**as f**k for Life
Plus Puffy tryin' to see me weak
Hearts I rip
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia
Some mark a*s bi**hes
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 a*s up
See yah in pieces
Now be deceased
Little Kim,
Don't f**k around with real G's
Quick to snatch your ugly a*s, off the streets
So f**k peace
I'll let them ni**as know
It's on for Life
Don't let the west side
Ride the night (ha ha)
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill
f**k 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
ni**a, I hit 'em up

Check this out
You mutha-f**kas know what time it is
I don't know why I'm even on this track
Y'all ni**as ain't even on my level
I'm going to let my little homies
Ride on yah
bi**h made a*s Bad Boys bi**hes
{ahh yo, yo, hold the f**k up}

Get out the way yo
Get out the way yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pass the mac
And let me hit 'em in his back
Frank White needs to get spanked right
For setting up traps
Little accident murderer
And I ain't never heard of yah
Posionus 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 a*s in a paint
Puffy weaker than a f**kin' block
I'm running through ni**a
And I'm smoking Junior Mafia
In front of yah ni**a
With the ready power
Tucking 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
ni**a, We hit 'em up

Peep how we do it
Keep it real
Its penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle
All you ni**as getting killed
With your mouths open
Tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping
Smoking dope
It's like a Sherm high
ni**as think they learned to fly
But they burn mutha-f**ka you deserve to die
Talking about you Getting Money
But its funny to me
All you ni**as living bummy
While you f**king 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 bi**h to let you sleep in the house
Now its 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-f**ka I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N.E.W. Jers.
Where plenty of murder occurs
No point 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 f**k?
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 a*s east coast props
Brainstormed and locked

You're a B-writer
Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing s**t but a faker
So fill the Alazhay 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-f**kin' joke
Thug Life, ni**as 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
ni**a, 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 f**k 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 f**k with us
You Little young a*s mutha-f**kas
Don't one of you ni**as got sickle-cell or something
You f**king with me, ni**a ?
You f**k around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack
You better back the f**k up
Before you get smacked the f**k up
This is how we do it on our side
Any of you ni**as from New York that want to bring it,
Bring it.
But we ain't singing,
We bringing drama
f**k you and your mother f**king mama.

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

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