

Hit 'Em Up

2Pac

I ain't got no motherfuckin friends
That's why I fucked yo' bitch, you fat motherfucker
(Take money) West side,Â Bad Boy killersÂ (take money)
You know who the realest is niggaz we bring it to youÂ (take money)
(Take money)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
Bad Boy murdered on wax and killed
Fuck wit' me and get yo' caps peeled, you know, seeÂ Grab ya glocks, when you see Tupac
Call the cops, when you see Tupac, uh
Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish
Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit em' upCheck this out, you motherfuckers know what time it isÂ (take money)
I don't even know why I'm on this trackÂ (take money)
Y'all niggaz ain't even on my levelÂ
I'ma let my little homies ride on youÂ (take money)
Bitch made-ass bad boy bitches deal with it!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
Poisinous 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 upGrab ya glocks, when you see Tupac

Call the cops, when you see Tupac, uh
Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish
Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit em' upPeep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battleÂ
All you niggaz gettin killedÂ 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
Biggie, remember when I used to let you sleep on the couch
And beg a 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 bout to set the record straight
With my AKÂ I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Motherfucker, I hit 'em upI'm from N-E-W Jers'
Where plenty of murders occurs
No points or commas, we bring drama to all you herbs
Now go check the scenario
Little Ceas'Â I'll bring you fake G's to your knees
Copping pleas in de Janeiro
Little Kim, is you 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 a 15-shot cocked Glock to your knot
Outlaw MAFIA clique moving up another notch
And your pop stars popped and get mopped and dropped
And all your fake ass East coast props
Brainstormed and lockedYou's a, beat biter
A Pac style taker
I'll tell you to your face you ain't shit but a faker
Softer than Alize with a chaser
About to get murdered for the paper
E.D.I Amin approach the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with Little Ceas' in a choke
Gun totin' smoke. We ain't no motherfucking 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 got em 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
They don't wanna see us (take money)
Whole Junior M.A.F.I.A. Clique
Dressing up trying to be us (take money)
How the fuck they gonna be the mob when we always on our job? (Take money)
We millionaires
Killing ain't fair but somebody got to do it (take money)
Oh yeah, Mobb Deep (take money) you wanna fuck with us
You little young-ass motherfuckers (take money)
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something (take money)
You're fucking with me, nigga you fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart attack (take money)
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 motherfucking mama
We're 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 motherfucking opinion
Well this is how we gonna do this
Fuck Mobb Deep, fuck Biggie
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label and as a motherfucking crew
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy, then fuck you too
Chino XL, fuck you too
All you motherfuckers, fuck you too (take money, take money)
All of y'all mother fuckers, fuck you, die slow, motherfucker
My .44 make sure all y'all kids don't grow
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us
We motherfuckin' Thug Life-riders, Westside 'til we die
Out here in California, nigga, we warned ya
We'll bomb on you motherfuckers. We do our job
You think you mob? Nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob
Ain't nothing but killers and the real niggas
All you motherfuckers feel us
Our shit goes triple and 4-quadruple
(Take money)
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got
Guns under they motherfuckin' belts
You know how it is, when we drop records they felt
You niggas can't feel it, we the realest
Fuck 'em, we Bad Boy-killers

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