

# Hit 'Em Up (feat. Bun B & Paul Wall)

DJ Khaled

I'm comin' down, I'm actin' bad  
I'm chunkin' deuces and I'm choppin' up the slab  
I'm comin' through, I'm tippin' dime  
I'm show a naked and I'm straight actin' a clown I'm comin' down, I'm actin' bad  
I'm chunkin' deuces and I'm choppin' up the slab  
I'm comin' through, I'm tippin' dime  
I'm show a naked and I'm straight actin' a clown I'm a certified D-boy, a real big nutta  
A candy car strutta that be sittin' on butta  
Comin' straight up out the gutta with the cordless cutta  
Man, what is that? The Chinese choppa that likens Mr. Studda What a fucked up predicament  
(Damn)  
A scary scenario  
Automatics in ya face have you preparin' ya burial  
They tracin' tha weapon after you scratch off the serial  
Leaves you up like cereal, there it is and there we go Some bad Didos ridin' off in tha wind and  
Nigga we got all yo' soft in yo' hands so don't pretend  
Like this ain't what it was  
(Was)  
Or we ain't what you say  
(Say)  
I'll make a high cappa or court fraud light in tha day 'Cause in the middle of the street in height of tha traffic  
Watch what you say when we meet  
'Cause they know might get yo XXX kicked  
End up in a pickle like a Vlasic, UGK nigga  
We cost like a foreign but get respect like a classic muthafucka I'm comin' down, I'm actin' bad  
I'm chunkin' deuces and I'm choppin' up the slab  
I'm comin' through, I'm tippin' dime  
I'm show a naked and I'm straight actin' a clown This Paul Wall, baby, Swishahouse spokesperson  
Choppin' up tha slab, spokes turnin', bobbies searchin'  
Shoppers splergin', caked up 'cause my pockets swell  
I'm callin' plays, pullin' broads, I just think and roll I'm from that lone star, tippin' dime dat candy car  
Get it shined on 59, lean and tuck I'll cut some more  
Hoes wanna who we are, fathers wanna know what we get  
Hatas wanna talk down a knot, but they just mad 'cause they ain't hot They ain't got the cash that I got, they  
don't know what my hood 'bout  
They don't know about trunks that pop on Lambo's that blaze tha chop  
Countin' cash and stackin' not, South victory back to Scott  
Crawlin' like big crocodile, I'm diamond smile and Johnny watch I'm with my partner, box, you and you and  
not with 'cho

Rick boy, yeah, that's fo' sho', breakin' 'em off, you already know  
Drive slow like Kanye West and Branyan Wayans and Manny Mesh  
A Swishahouse chain on my chest, I keep it fresh, we are the best I'm comin' down, I'm actin' bad  
I'm chunkin' deuces and I'm choppin' up the slab  
I'm comin' through, I'm tippin' dime  
I'm show a naked and I'm straight actin' a clown

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