Hit 'em Up

2pac

Well, come on, come on, take money Come on, come on, take money Come on, come on, wassup nigga? First off, fuck your bitch and the click you claim West side when we ride, come equipped with game You claim to be a playa but, I fucked your wife We bust on bad boys, niggas fuck for life Plus, Puffy tryin' to see me weak, hearts I rip Biggie smalls and junior mafia, some mark ass bitches 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 ass up, see yah in pieces, now be deceased Little Kim, don't fuck with real ass G's Quick to snatch your ugly ass off the streets, so fuck peace I'll let them niggas know it's on for life Don't let the west side ride the night Bad boys murdered on wax and kill Fuck with me and get your caps peeled You know what you see Grab your glocks when you see 2Pac Call the cops when you see 2Pac Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace Nigga, I hit 'em up [Incomprehensible]Get out the way yo, get out the way, yo Biggie Smalls just got dropped Little move pacs the mac and let me hit 'em in his back Frank White needs to get spanked right for setting up traps Little accident murderers and I ain't never heard of yah Poise less gats attack when I'm serving yah Spank the shank, your whole style when I gank Guard your rank, 'cause, I'ma slam your ass in a pang Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block, I'm running through nigga And I'm smoking junior mafia in front of yah nigga With the ready power tucked in my guess Under my EddieBower, tour clout petty sour I push packages every hour, I hit 'em up [Incomprehensible] Call the cops when you see 2Pac

Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace Nigga, I hit 'em up

Peep how we do it, keep it real, it's penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle, all you niggas getting killed
With your mouths open, tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping smoking dope
It's like a Shermine, niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn muthafucka you deserve to die
Talking about you getting money, but it's funny to me
All you niggas living bummy, while you fucking with me
I'm a self made millionaire thug, livin' out of prison, pistols in the air

Biggie, remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch And beg the 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 back to set the record straight with my AK
I'm still the thug that you love to hate, muthafucka, I'll hit 'em up
I'm from New Jers, where plenty of murder occurs

No points 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, choked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck? Is you stupid? 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 mopped and dropped
And all your fake ass East Coast props, brainstormed and locked

You'se a B writer, Pac style taker

I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit 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 Toting smoke, we ain't no muthafuckin' 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 [Incomprehensible] Who shot me, but your punks didn't finish Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace

Nigga, I hit 'em up

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/