

# 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, Bad Boy killers (take money)  
You know who the realest is niggaz we bring it to you (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, see  
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' up  
Check this out, you motherfuckers know what time it is (take money)  
I don't even know why I'm on this track (take money)  
Y'all niggaz ain't even on my level  
I'ma let my little homies ride on you (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 up  
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' upPeep 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  
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 AK 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' 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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