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 lifePlus, 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 peaceI'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 seeGrab 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 trapsLittle 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 pangPuffy 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 upPeep 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 dopeIt'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 meI'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 houseNow, 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 upI'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 theseLittle 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 blockWith 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 lockedYou'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' jokeThug 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

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