

Hit 'Em Up

2Pac

[Intro: 2Pac]

I ain't got no motherfuckin' friends
That's why I fucked yo' bitch, you fat motherfucker!
(Take money) West Side, Bad Boy killas
(Take money) You know who the realest is
(Take money) We bring it too
(Take money)

[Verse 1: 2Pac]

First off, fuck yo' bitch and the clique 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 Boys, niggas fucked for life
Plus, Puffy tryna 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 your jewels
Steady gunnin', keep on bustin' at them fools, you know the rules
Lil' Caesar, go ask your homie how I'll 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'll let them niggas know it's on for life
Don't let the Westside ride tonight (Ha ha)
Bad Boy murdered on wax and killed
Fuck with me and get yo' caps peeled, you know

[Chorus: 2Pac]

See, grab your Glocks when you see 2Pac
Call the cops when you see 2Pac, uh
Who shot me? But you punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, I hit 'em up!

[Interlude: 2Pac]

Check this out, you motherfuckers know what time it is
I don't even know why I'm on this track
Y'all niggas ain't even on my level
I'ma let my little homies ride
On you bitch-made ass Bad Boy bitches, feel it!

[Verse 2: Hussein Fatal]

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 needs to get spanked right for settin' traps
Little accident murderer, and I ain't never heard of ya
Poisonous 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 tucked in my Guess under my Eddie Bauer
Your clout petty/sour, I push packages every hour; I hit 'em up!

[Chorus: 2Pac]

Grab your Glocks when you see 2Pac
Call the cops when you see 2Pac, uh
Who shot me? But you punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
Nigga, we hit 'em up!

[Verse 3: 2Pac]

Peep how we do it, keep it real as penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle
All you niggas gettin' killed with your mouths open
Tryna come up off of me, you in the clouds hopin'
Smokin' dope, it's like a sherm high
Niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn, motherfucker, you deserve to die
Talkin' about you gettin' money, but it's funny to me
All you niggas livin' bummy while you fuckin' with me
I'm a self-made millionaire
Thug livin', out of prison, pistols in the air (ha ha)
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 back to set the record straight
With my AK, I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Motherfucker, I hit 'em up!

[Verse 4: Kadafi]

I'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: Lil' Cease
I'll bring you fake G's to your knees, coppin' 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 lootin', shootin' and pollutin' your block
With a 15-shot cocked Glock to your knot
Outlaw MAFIA clique movin' up another notch
And your pop stars popped and get mopped and dropped
All your fake-ass East Coast props brainstormed and locked

[Verse 5: E.D.I. Mean]

You's a beat biter, a Pac style taker
I'll tell you to your face you ain't shit but a faker
Softer than AlizÃ© with a chaser
About to get murdered for the paper
E.D.I. Mean approach the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with Little Ceas' in a choke
Gun totin' smoke, we ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Thug Life, niggas better be knowin'
We approachin' in the wide open, gun smokin'
No need for hopin', it's a battle lost
I got 'em crossed as soon as the funk is boppin' off
Nigga, I hit 'em up!

[Outro: 2Pac]

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run, ha ha
They don't wanna see us
Whole Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique dressin' up tryna be us
How the fuck they gonna be the mob
When we always on our job?
We millionaires
Killin' ain't fair, but somebody gotta do it
Oh yeah, Mobb Deep, you wanna fuck with us?
You little young-ass motherfuckers
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or somethin'?
You're fuckin' with me, nigga
You fuck around and have a seizure or a heart attack
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 wanna bring it, bring it!
But we ain't singin', we bringin' drama
Fuck you and yo' motherfuckin' mama!
We gon' 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 motherfuckin' 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 motherfuckin' crew!
And if you wanna 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 motherfuckers, fuck you, die slow!
Motherfucker, my .44 make sho' all y'all kids don't grow!
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us
We motherfuckin' Thug Life ridas
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 nothin' but killas
And the real niggas, all you motherfuckers feel us
Our shit goes triple and 4-quadruple
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got guns under their 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 killas!

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