

# 2Pac, Hit'em up

So I fucked your bitch  
You fat mutha-fucka {Take Money}  
West Side  
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}  
You know who the realist is  
Niggas we bring it to {Take Money}  
{ha ha, that's alright}  
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 {ha ha}  
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill  
Fuck with me  
And get your caps peeled  
You know, See  
Grab your glocks when you see 2pac  
Call the cops when you see 2pac, Uhh  
Who shot me,  
But, your punks didn't finish  
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace  
Nigga, I hit 'em up  
Check this out  
You mutha-fuckas know what time it is  
I don't know why I'm even on this track  
Y'all niggas ain't even on my level  
I'm going to let my little homies  
Ride on yah  
Bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches  
{ahh yo, yo, hold the fuck up}  
Get out the way yo  
Get out the way yo  
Biggie Smalls just got dropped  
Little move pass 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  
Gaurd your rank  
Cause I'm a 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 Eddie Bower  
Your clout petty sour  
I push packages ever hour  
I hit 'em up  
Grab your glocks when you see 2pac  
Call the cops when you see 2pac, Uhh  
Who shot me,  
But, your punks didn't finish  
Now, you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace  
Nigga, We hit 'em up  
Peep how we do it  
Keep it real  
Its 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 mutha-fucka you deserve to die  
Talking about you Getting Money  
But its funny to me  
All you niggas living bummy  
While you fucking with me?  
I'm a self made Millioniare  
Thug livin', out of prison  
Pistols in the Air {Air} {Ha Ha}  
Biggie remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch  
And beg the bitch to let you sleep on the house  
Now its 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 A-K  
I'm still the thug that you love to hate  
Mutha-fucka I'll Hit 'Em Up  
I'm from N E W jers.  
Where plenty of murders 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  
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 fifteen shot,  
Cocked glock to your knot  
Outlaw Mafia click moving up another knotch  
And your {"Pop stars"; pops?} and get dropped and mopped  
And all your fake ass east coast props  
Brainstormed and locked  
You's a B-writer  
Pac style taker  
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker  
Soften the Alize with a chaser  
Bout to get murdered for the paper  
Idi Amin approach the scene of the caper  
Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke {uhh}  
Toting smoke, we ain't no mutha-fuckin' 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 gottem crossed as soon as the funk is boping off  
Nigga, I hit 'em up  
Now you tell me who won  
I see them, they run {ha ha}  
They don't wanna see us  
Whole Junior Mafia click  
Dressing up to be us  
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?  
When we always on out job  
We millionaire's  
Killing ain't fair  
But somebody got to do it  
Oh yah Mobb Deep {uhh}  
You wanna fuck with us  
You Little young ass mutha-fuckas  
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something  
You fucking with me, nigga ?  
You fuck around and catch a siezure 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 want to bring it,  
Bring it.  
But we ain't singing,  
We bringing drama  
Fuck you and your mother fucking mama.  
We gonna kill all you mother fuckers.  
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about biggie.  
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother fuckin opinion  
Well this is how we gon' do this:  
Fuck Mobb Deep,  
Fuck Biggie,  
Fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother fuckin crew.  
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,  
Then fuck you too.  
Chino XL, fuck you too.  
All you mother fuckers,  
Fuck you too.  
(take money, take money)  
All of y'all mother fuckers,  
Fuck you, die slow mother fucker.  
My fo' fo' (.44 magnum) make sure all yo' kids don't grow.  
You mother fuckers can't be us or see us.  
We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.  
West Side till' we die.

Out here in California, nigga  
We warned ya'  
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.  
We do our job.  
You think you the mob, nigga, we the mother fuckin' mob  
Ain't nuttin' but killers  
And the real niggas, all you mother fuckers feel us.  
Our shit goes tripple and four quadruple  
You niggas laugh cuz our staff got guns under they mother fuckin' belts  
You know how it is and we drop records they felt  
You niggas can't feel it  
We the realist  
Fuck 'em.  
We Bad Boy killas.