

# Hit Em Up - Tupac Shakur Lyrics

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## "Hit Em Up"

Yeah

Ayo

I think y'all gonna like this next song

When this song drops, I want all the West coast people to give up some love  
when this song come up

Y'all about to go crazy

They try to ban this song

They don't wanna play my song

But they want to play Fat Boy all goddamn day

Come on, come on (take money)

Come on, come on (take money)

What's up niggas

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, we hit em' up  
Yes, yo, Outlaw to this mutherfucker (take money)  
West Coast, what's up? (take money)  
What's up

Get out the way yo, get out the way yo

Biggie Smalls just got shot

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

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 tuckin' my Guess under my Eddie Bauer

Ya clout petty sour, I get packages every hour to hit 'em up

Oh

Call the cops, when you see Tupac

Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish

Now ya 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 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 A.K. I'm still the thug that you love to hate

Motherfucker, I hit 'em up

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  
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 locked

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 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

nigga, better be known

We 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

Oh oh

Hah

yeah

We hit 'em up

Grab ya glocks, when you see Tupac

Come on with the next shit

Who shot me, but ya punks didn't finish

Now ya bout to feel the wrath of a menace

Nigga, we hit em' up

That's right

Go

Yo

Y'all gotta keep this shit real

**For any correction please mail us at [showthelyrics1@gmail.com](mailto:showthelyrics1@gmail.com)**

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