

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