

# Hit Em Up

Master P

I got nu-thin to lose (ungh!)  
Pass me a ski mask, a glock, and my tennis shoes  
I got nu-thin to lose  
Pass me a ski mask a glock, and my tennis shoes (ungh!)

You need to get, your life together  
(hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
South money and hustlin, don't last forever  
(Hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
Some say that G's make the world go round  
(hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
You say you got nothin to lose, but who got a back when ya down?  
(Hit em up, get em up, stick em up)

Man, I'm bout it, bout to get rowdy  
I ain't even trippin if y'all fools doubt me  
Penetentiary chances, I done danced with it  
Died and went Hell, came back, down to do whatever  
Hit em up (hit em up) stick em up, pick em up  
I hope ya got insurance on ya brand new truck  
Mama need food in the icebox  
And I need some new Jordan with some white sock  
Bout to rob Peter, to pay Paul  
The ghetto got me crazy, but I won't fall  
On my way to Arizona, got it sewed up  
down South with the task all on it \*sirens\*  
Bout to put five in the stash box  
Called the C-Murder up for them plastic glocks  
Beeper ringin, Silkk forgot the neck on some chicken  
Cristal, parlay with Beck, gettin riches  
No longer, livin in condos  
It's mansions and fifty inch windows  
Marble floors, tailor made suits  
Lex Luthor, Ferraris, windows be bulletproof  
Me work a nine to five, fool I like the good life  
Seen mama so much, she slapped my face cause I ain't livin right  
Me give it up, I get rowdy  
Grabbed the gat, hit the street and the highway, I'm bout it, bout it

I gots, nuthin to lose, I'm on the run like The Fugitive  
My spot kinda hot, so I can't go where I used to live  
Me and P ridin dirty, in the Yukon  
Bout to get caught in due time, different place every state a new crime  
Grab a ski mask and two nines, say money make the world go round  
from out between the knocks I lets em in  
Can't lose, gotta win, false move, end up in the pen  
How many I kill goin for the cash  
Dude, I gotta do it for the stash  
Fill the getaway car up with gas, with the smash  
Whatever we make, P, we goin in half  
A nigga sex money and greed, costs of livin lavish  
Hey I'ma get ya for what you got  
If you ain't got it, act like you don't have it  
I grab my gun before I grab my shoes  
Everything on the line, so I can't lose  
Man, look, you know Silkk, you know I'm bout to act a fool  
So I'm a be gon away like a breeze

Run through like, all type of trees  
I ain't gon stop til the cops say freeze, I can't lose

I got nuthin to lose  
Pass me a ski mask, a glock, and my tennis shoes

We're in it deep, and we're in it to win it  
(hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
In other words, there ain't no stoppin No Limit  
(hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
Master P, Mercedes, T-R-U  
(hit em up, get em up, stick em up)  
After them, dead presidents, cause we have nuthin to lose  
(Hit em up, get em up, stick em up)

Little bro (Whattup?) Check this out (Whoa)  
I ain't walk around with that fool (Why, what happened to that youngsta?)  
Man but Will had it comin, ya heard me? (no) He had it comin, bro (no)  
You know what I'm sayin, what happenin? (Holla at ya people)  
I wasn't even high, though, I wasn't high (no)  
Some kinda way, knowwhatI'msayin? I'ma get mine (I'm fo sho gon get it)  
Gotta pay the bills, bro (Huh, bro?)  
I gotta get them meals, you know what I'm sayin? Fo' scheeze (Whoa, now)  
I ain't got nuthin to lose (Huh, bro?)  
Got what? Everything to gain, you know what I'm sayin?  
(Oh, gots to have that there)  
Bro, ghetto got me crazy (I feed them children)  
Dead, I'm on the run (Huh, bro?) nut I gotta gun  
Man, me and Dead Joe, down here actin a donkey (Huh, bro?)  
Actin bad, hit three licks today, Third Ward style (uh-huh)  
Like P say, I gotta get my cornbread (ohh)  
cabbage, and my greens (Oh... oh we gots to get that there)  
Yeah you know I'm Tru to this, I mean really, in other words  
I ain't got nuttin to lose, ya heard me? (Say that then)