

# Wu-Syndicate, Global Politics

(Chorus (x2): Joe Mafia)

Global thug politics, every man in his argument  
We form as one, who can abolish it?  
Projects the heart of this  
Catch heat, but 4 novelists  
The pain is deep, try and swallow this

(12 O'Clock - Brooklyn Zu)

Niggaz know my steez, I jet to D.C.  
Chromed-down M3, nigga that play B.E.T.  
Joe Clair, why these faggot-ass niggaz stare?  
Don't they know my man carry big bear and don't care?  
They say he hold a nigga fruit like pear  
Pussy, come here, let me whisper in your ear  
I make your clit disappear  
I play the wizard, bring blizzard  
4-4 heavy when I left it, Puffy shit I dis it  
For them locks, I bring Vietnam shots  
If you dare beatbox down my block  
Pussy-ass niggaz gotta hire cops  
Remember one thing, Wu niggaz don't stop

(Joe Mafia)

It's like sortin out down a fresh bundle  
Drain my pain on your brain muscle  
The custle, 2 cats to die hustlin  
Fiend creamin men, lavish establishment  
Ghetto Politics, Syndicate benifit, die filthy rich  
Kille the benidict, chicks get the rented dick  
Tossin heads off, the venomous sunnin the latest  
My whole team roll to blow steam  
Put you in a smash, nickel gleam  
tied to your ass, roll out the welcome mat  
The red carpet war onslaught, you the target  
I'm black market when the NARC's hiss, spittin the sharp shit  
Mafi-ay, V.A., Playstation, R.C.A  
Sippin on cabosi-ay, who could take a lose a day?  
Jizzed them heads, I shitted, my style shifted  
Them out-of-town niggaz tried to quiz it, cockin the biscuit  
Shattered thugs is ice mugs, the tied to nose  
Long-dickin in and out of hoes without the spectacles

(Chorus (x2))

(Myalansky)

Cut you at the side of your face, keep my dart bent  
Benz wagon limo tint, play me, my flick  
Marlon Brando, Lucky Lou-ando gamble with large chips  
Project scandles I handle, still on some calm shit  
Darts spit, Mr. Corleone's orders for cross water  
Myalansky, As astatsian type, pearl torture  
Street cat burn your empire, your sin of course sourcer  
Arm-leg-head, duct tape, now torcher  
Vet kid responsible, word is his mouth leaked  
Claimin peace, cousin he lyin, hit him on south street  
Hit him once we dead him, forget him, losin no sleep  
Chain brand, bottle of perfume found in the back seat  
Little Mickey start from right hand, J.Jeep  
Teflon, King of New York, stupid you mad meef  
Wu cat, Syndicate rap, raisin my babies  
Global thug politics, black, Raigan was crazy

(Napolean)

We rob ambulances, mid-seller like Mid Los Angeles

Thoughts is spannin like boleta and co-plots of bandits  
Natural advantage, you take life for granted  
Livin savage, even moose know how it is to manage  
Wicked as nimrod, flower bands with black hands  
Run with cats who cop Porsches, flee from their fans  
Blowin colossal, ghetto apostles, some die with coke in their nostrils  
and burnin fossils, on death beds in cold hospitals  
It's logical, don't think it's impossible  
Rip tracks with Rae' and Ghost possible  
Blessed with insisted stroll insite  
to attract Goddesses with tropics rays of sunlight  
Get to right, nigga, snakes slither  
in the form of the Amazon River  
Kidnappin parrots, if they snitch, I deliver  
their tongue, bandits stress to where the seed dress  
who confess, I possess the men-tal of an Aztec  
Get your ass wettened while you peep this  
Mystery God is what the 10% preaches, broke niggaz be leeches  
When feds come, they never speechless  
Wu-Syndicate left the whole state in secret