

Wu-Syndicate, Ask Son

(Intro)

Niggas, man
F**k up, trying to extort me nigga?
F**k man, what?
Global thugs baby
Crab niggas frontin for what?
Pollyin shit
Word, come on god
What What What

(Chorus: Joe Mafia)

Crab niggas frontin for what? We gotta smash 'em
Trick bitches lickin for vicks, we gotta splash 'em
U.F.O.'s all on the dick, we gotta tax 'em
Wu-Syndicate is the shit, you better ask son

(Joe Mafia)

I'm driving megaton bombs, armageddion
Modern day babylon, we hell storm ex-cons
Expressure with the swarm, mellow with the dram
Mob with meladon, ghetto supastar status clappin Decepticons
Stealth arm, I'mma welt dealt, f**king with feltron
We teflon, what you wan't huh? A lying arm spar
Titan clash, thorough bergaham, shit on my wally pad
Liftin skirts dash, run for your stash
Dirt bags, serving just, I.C.E. whut?
You heard of us, unheard of VA Cats and shag burglars
Mafio Danadesty, copping blow, polly Ross Perot
Treasury gold, the mapin glow

Chorus 2X

(Myalansky)

Classic tight, street main events get rich
For crimin hands itch, kidnap or clap a niggas land with
Myalansky, Wu-tang my mans got plans see
Stacks and grands, who dem cats damn, extorting mad cream
Settin' though I had to let them fags know for real yo
Chill with the rap shit you clowns uplift your shields though
Daddy-O, whatup, Pop left the G blew the spit out
Apachi and P keep your shit locked
Niggas must be stupid or something
Vandalizin my man Shan with,
Kidnappin my man little Steve
And now the fans shifted
All of my thugs eating from hell's kitchen
Bitch ass niggas, stop snitching
What

Chorus 2X

(Outro)

Haha
Yo, Red Joe you better stop snitchin boy
Word Up
All you niggas snitchin, we callin you out
You know what I'm sayin (echo)