

# Wu-Syndicate, Pointin' Fingers

(Joe Mafia)

My mic sabre track-slashin', rhythmic navigator  
Quasar dart flamin', Mediterranean  
Catastrophic with the block logic mafia cat  
Maneuver' swift, O.G. got some projects  
Got the raw deal on the war field  
Sixty trillion ton guns on timin' of your shield  
We on it like angry hornet-types on your perimeter  
Sinister, car crash impact invehicular  
Crime Syndicate just aserted this raw dosage  
Blow your mind focus, mastermind links in 3 voltage  
Love is love amongst us, you cause pass  
Receive penalties unjust is how my team rush  
Magnetic attracts stacks, repels cosmetic  
Cats would jack shorty watch, mimic  
Anacondas die spottin' bombers that's sky high  
Fully traumatized, wonderin' why, why

(Chorus: Myalansky)

Fake rap thugs, gun slingers, no need for names  
We don't point fingers, title you claim  
Go here, start swingin', leave, die stingin'  
Stop the mirage, get scarred dreamin'  
Now that he gone, driven his mom screamin'

(Myalansky)

Just a seven from this rap doses, cats is bogus  
Keep your eyes open, shakin' the dice, stay alive, focus  
Myalansky cold as ice, don't lose your life  
City red, sheist, bubble all night, lower the price  
I improved, dock and move units, fiends who shoted  
Younger cats tooted, faggot you blew it  
Give me the gat, do him  
Dime art rap, perhaps lungs collapse, let me back track  
Slapped for talkin', snitchin', get clapped at  
Projects, actual facts, slingin' some crack  
We'll come back, pure garbage, yo, you dumb, black?  
Blow his fuckin' head off Joe, call Napoleon  
The only man, Wu-Syndicate, what? Rollin' in  
Bring me modern chokes to the cocktail Colombian, hungry men  
Sniper from your rooftop, right, aimin' for Uncle Ben  
Feathers and brims, leathers and Timbs  
Jean Paul Gauthier wear, bitches let it begin

(Chorus)

(Joe Mafia)

Saint Valentino, 'bino, ghetto Tarentino  
Conceal weapons, brought adolecence, insert to your project fabuloso  
Holdin' a stolen tre-ochó, maneuver thru old foes  
Who old? Fold the bitch in choke hold  
Propositions, fuck ass kickin', it's Math', listen  
Mad figures, courted, extorted, auto craft, switch it  
Get it right, shifty and shiest, city insite  
I'm busy trife, hididin' flights, premeditated heist  
More fiend fiend lusted CREAM, busted the precusions  
My ears ring, never seen, before cats were lovin' 'steen  
Mother tote, it ain't what you got, it's what you know  
Supreme schemes, trustin' hoes, safe but large cargos  
Get remmy bent, probably my posse be holdin' heavy shit  
Syndicate, benevolent flinch, who blocks split the sound of trumpets  
Inside the mercury, temperature thirty degrees  
D.A. and the V.A., the worensy, dunn

(Chorus)

(Myalansky)

Lame hands, front the trophy, he don't deserve that  
Herb frontin' hard with the gat, screamin' he splurged that  
Most of these cats frontin', look gorilla poke tax  
Runnin', look, tote, spit all up on wax  
Myalansky, projects, original concept, take the wrong step  
Caught in the zone for those who life froze  
From Poke-nose to Venice Beach, locked up in the street  
Hit rock, damn, I feel good, lay back, feel the breeze  
Slide like jet-ski's, flee, smokin' some nestles  
Streets-free, test these three, Napolean, Joe Mafia, my comrades  
Saigon, 'nam without the dome tag, have you whole block in inferno  
But for the most of it, me unposted,  
careful your throws, Syndicate never fold  
Sunshine, rhyme or crime, my team lock the show  
Frontline, deaf, dumb and blind, uncivilized  
Recognize, yo, fake rap thugs

(Chorus)