

# Wu-Syndicate, Thug War

(Chorus: Myalansky)

Thug war, fights in streets, open the drug store  
Money is power, give me your's, we break laws  
Faggot cats claiming their crooks  
Soon I'ma smack him up, his mans and them too  
Yo, bag him up, smack him up  
Doing this do or die lifestyle for ransom  
50 g's, need keys to free their grandson  
Run but you can't hide, rich is what we long for  
You get your wig split back, caught in this thug war

(Myalansky)

Peace to those men who do crimes ande never been arrested  
Project cats with guns start to run shit  
Coming from the streets, gum on long dick  
Get strong-armed for baggage, it's tragic, some Vietnam shit  
Flat-lining all you cats up in a long wiz  
Out-of-towners, proper heavenly father, you know the song, bitch  
Thug war, jet-black cats kick in your drug store  
Cook off this table, the cheddar is what we came for  
Aim for, lay down boy, this ain't no game war  
Cause me to smack all faggots, taking your chains off  
Thugs spending half of your cabbage on a Range Rov'  
Change clothes, switch me description to de-stained blow  
Chopping while we spread up you nosey niggaz  
Kidnap and capture bums, we swindell  
I'm saying, &quot;Fuck the rapping&quot;, since I was a kid, I made it happen  
On blocks packing, get them, jacking niggaz acting  
Watch me snatch them up, \$100,00 ransom, no subtracting  
Front doors, tell your mans, don't panic, open the drug stores

(Chorus)

(Napolean)

Heavenly words spoken, promises were never broken  
As they blood-suck the sun, we manifest these platinum tokens  
Hail enterprise, complete down and gritty wise guys  
Ghetto wiz kids, prescribe them as philosophy baptizes  
Look at snake eyes, wicked as a pastor's bubble eye  
Imagine this, guns clapping, lamped like percussions of action  
Why the sand in the hour glass elapsing  
Camel-backed apostles get smacked with rusty masks  
Preaching that God spook, Napolean remains hostile  
Cast were burning nostrils, ruger barrels on your tonsils  
A prophecy, blood currency, state of emergency  
I link with rich cats who's pockets stay dirty  
Like Diamond Back, mocassins that raid ancient jungles  
Stinging sensation, injected with 7 bundles  
Raw element, U.S./Russian coalition  
15 for half a crest, them drug lord's sniffing  
Yo, back to the massacre, bloods courted in Alaska  
Anatomies get fractured, Sampson was captured  
By Philli-stinians, lesson's on in this millenium  
80 cowards, 4 devils, hand them less Benjamins  
Peace to rich men, Jews with snowflakes spinning  
Rip camera sins, tropical winds blew my fellings in  
We're jungle chameleons, some be 9 milli' men  
Creep like centipedes, snatch stacks up from silly men  
Cursed by the wicked gin, keep peepers blue-fenced  
To my nested kin, I leave some Japanese yams  
What? What? What?

(Chorus)

(Joe Mafia)

Innocent on some plead the 5th shit  
Criminal illegitimate lifestyle, Allah, the intricikit  
Rott like rocks from rocks, in state tots  
See Doc'ors starilize me, seeing poppy in a Casa Lopi  
Don't need to persue me, Soloman, the dominant  
Straircases on dot, your man, Crime Syndicate  
Shine like white fine on fickel-plated razors  
Frequently cave us for selling dead birds in live cages  
So, I'm contagious sick, touch my caliber  
Cock, malice like Gallagher, crash your whole calender  
Fuck, who got stamina to last, I leave him dead-ass  
with lead in his ass, caught in the rash  
Sexy niggaz get sodomized, observe the wicked eyes  
Villains got my world baptized  
Mafioso, scenarios, the scar poser  
Foggy survivalists rott cats in Congo  
38 convo, blow a 3rd on my torso  
When exposed, my snuff nose busts all foes  
So, what the fuck you suppose happened?  
For calling me out, fuck rapping  
We gun clapping, the sharp shooter  
It be the case with the stolen ruger  
And left the prosecuter puffing on the Thai ruler  
Son, my five exercised graphics, jiggy was drafted  
In thug war the shit gets drastic, you bastard

(Chorus)

(Outro: Myalansky)

Thug was, thug war...