

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, "Fuck the rapping", 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...