

Global Politics

Wu-Syndicate

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 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
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 filithy 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 specticles
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 lyn, 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
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

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