## Wu-Syndicate "Ask Son"

Visit "Ask Son" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]
Niggas, man
Fuck up, trying to extort me nigga?
Fuck man, what?
Global thugs baby
Crab niggas frontin for what?
Pollyin shit
Word, come on god
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

I'm driving megaton bombs, armageddion

## [Joe Mafia]

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, fucking 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]

though

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

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)

Visit <u>Wu-Syndicate</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.