

Wu-Syndicate

"Bastards"

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[Ruthless Bastards]

Verse one:

Check it, these cold days got me in a physical rage
Walking through the dark path in this invisible maze
My individual is criminal but lyrical plays
A big part in my life in this critical state
Apocolypse, twist up the bamboo
Swine life I can't handle
Cock the mack candle, pop the Jack Daniels
Im a shine like candles in a blackout
Your guaranteed to fall before the last bout
Fuckin wit Ruthless you assed out
The size of these guns a make you pass out
Im like hollow tips the way I blast out
Its all revolving, too much problems, no solving
Ask me what Im involved in, Im a say robbin and
mobbin
Im runnin this shit nigga joggin
No thanks for livin on Thanksgiving Im still starvin

Verse two:

Yo, Im not new to this, Im true to this
What you gonna do to lips?
Man if I tell you one more time Ive been doin this,
mound u loopbp
Ruthless be wettin these clowns up
Yo partner turn that sound up
Reverse the crowd round up
And this one, new on the block just like a rookie
Frontin like he hard dunn he mustve ate some thug
cookies
No evidence plus I heard his clique be on that tellin shit
You let him sell a bit so bustin hims irrelevant
Just get these presidents, the realest thing man lust
Once the papers in my hand it's like I got a roush
Aint gainin trust, cause man I aint tryina get bust
Run for cover, pull a trigger, watch em all turn to dust
A ribbon in the sky, I watched his mom dukes cry
Too bad her son had to die for startin up the two four
five
Guns never lie, chains like slaves go but heavy

Down in my belly, attached to my waist is a celly
For plannin funerals and gettin niggas buried
I wanna lead this life but I can hear it callin me like R.
Kelly

Verse three:

Shoeless shine like sunny days
My style on the loose like runaways
Its crazed in the battle get you open like a bag of
purple haze
When hell get fucked up
Cant hang slow the fuck up, I represent Staten
Push my buttons you get stuck up
I love thick bitches so ooh keep your ass shakin
I be money makin, In nive seven I like em taken
Fuck fakin wilden and broken, in the club gettin my
groove on
The gat in my Tims just incase you wanna move on
Been off the Bacardi to Moe
Slayin this chick off that keeps sweatin my body so
(who can love you like
Me)

Verse four:

Sagoddi, swingin tux wit wallys
Yall niggas don't wanna try me
For them presidents by now I'll leave you dead
Filled up wit hot lead, hollow heads for you thug breds
Its the righteous, life is trifeless, challenges and
sacrifices (tell em
Son)
Ruthless cause we flip tracks, pack gats, and give
slices
A poor heistess, you think your nice now meet the
nicest
Son a actress, stick him like a cactus, bouce like a
matress
Teflon fatigues if you try to wack this
You aint know it was cold on these streets
Only time it's warm dunn when I got the heat
Drag my knicks and five eights, I need a gimick to
compete
Triggas, Im squeazin em at the crossroad Im leavin em
They got the guard locked I got knocked so I could be
wit them

Verse five:

Attack wit tactics, that's fantastic that for realah
Throw me cuts to chop the beat wit your five claws
Create tracks that blow the hinges off the doors
That's all I can stands and I can't stands no more

Whirlwind mind spins off Seagrams gin
Started all over and don't know where to begin
Extreme measures got my thoughts on gettin pleasure
These cats know that I clap holes through they leather
Statens sick and we can't get no better
Police trap, we get away too clever
Lyrics jotted down on paper causes terror-
Ism, now im gone hit em
Give em what we been givin em, that's the rythem
Staight up, all you crab niggas sleepin need to wake up
Im like peroxide cause I stay bubblin in the cut
Nigga please, Im thirsty for this cheese
I run up in your lab and make your anti freeze
Its like that, from the Stat where I live at
The bees are snakes and they just feed off the fuckin
rats

[All]
If im a bastard then your a bastard
Everybodys a bastard
Get the gats cause shit is drastic
(5x)

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