

## **Wu-Syndicate "Bust A Slug"**

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[Chorus: Trigga - Money Makin' Operation]

We famous decorators  
Outlaws with the force with the Money Makers  
Wu-Tang when we bang we be regulators  
Player haters can't play us 'cause the thugs obey us  
Bust a slug to save us

[Joe Mafia]

Straight missile, spit false gristle, snapper time  
Pop the tops off of Anaheims, tropic refined  
Extortin air time, imported from the Mason-Dixon Line  
Look at my frigid eyes, fake fucks describe  
Slap 'em paralyzed, analyze the lies  
Kinetic, my word is all I have, slaughter trash  
Monster mash, half ass on the war path  
Suffer land, give a fuck, grand crashin the Pan Am  
My squad Van Damme, the shit was suntan  
VA so tanned, without the beanie rap, who?  
Hoodini rap, Mussolini stack, Lambourghini crash  
Kiss the genie lamp, henny big, excellency  
No fake shit, wrong recipe, war speciality  
Meet the headless heat

[Trigga - Money Makin' Operation]

Recognize, direct from them cats that fantasize  
It's that nigga Trigga, Medallion Isle drug dealer  
I slaughter pace on the reels, no more dough waste  
This paper chase got me in the eyes of snakes  
Brutalize projects, caught up with the fake  
True villain, when I vacate I'm Cold Chillin  
Niggaz spillin, picture the man, ice grillin  
Gats with the muffle, groove on with my hustle  
For 25 years of tears and no fears  
Money Makers, Wu-Syndicate takin it, yeah  
Let it be clear, Medallion Isle, we foul  
Klik Ga Bow move man, woman and child  
It's the swarm, Russ Prez smokin a storm  
Far from norm, life legacy live long  
Represent, I reside in eternal torment  
Often survivors of abortion, lampin in coffins  
Forcin, yea, wrap your tear in extortions  
Yea, big before I return hit the porcellain

[Ill Knob - K.G.B.]

The K, the G, the B, Ill Knob bring the ruckus  
'cause I don't got time for these faggots, they frontin  
But I'm about to break em out the havoc with the fire  
I battle water, what you order?  
You would run far from the slaughter  
I'm gunnin out whoevers in the order  
the hitch out, no bitch out  
I'm cold bloody, nigga, get your rich out  
A nigga ditch out for yourself and your family  
'cause I don't want nobody layin, handin me  
I'm livin life, profanity, insanity

Because I'm not sane, insane  
When I rockin on the block I gots to push my cane  
Got to live in this life, baby, times is trife  
Have to be on my side if you playin my wife  
No knife come between us, married to my Syndicate  
Niggaz see this, playa hate and try to be this  
It's hard to beat us and you don't wanna be this  
When you warmin up ya fist, you don't wanna be  
missed  
Buck! Buck! Bust a slug back, what the fuck?

[Myalansky]

This is yea, three burners, made Tina Turner dance  
Probably you kidin me, only my man bust outta me  
I was gotta slicin the pot by about a three  
Dicks for them niggaz that snitch, whoever shot at me?  
All up on my shit, pussies plottin three days to 'bout a  
week  
Wu-Syndicate, most hypnitated 'cross the E-N-T  
Entire, niggaz collapse and raid the empire  
Where the stash at? Cryin, he broke, a damn liar  
Yolk for the smoke, back room, medallion man croke  
Now kneal, no jokes, get back, take it, no damn moat  
Joke, lock the dough, pussy, stay down, lay down  
Slow Napoleon, get the duct tape, cave it for cash flow  
Biography, million of my fans get painted robbery  
A to Z encyclopeda, color photography  
Penitentiary rhyme, soft get they ass took  
Street turn, patiently speakin, you know the math  
Make bitch niggaz ballerina, pull up they tu-tu  
Smacked up in front of your bra, what his man do?  
Eyes gluded to my right hand  
Don't rush me, what that bitch nigga scream?  
Runnin through traffic like lightnin  
My loud boss screamin, yellin for wifin  
You see that shit, another hit, Wu-Syndicate  
Myalansky, Joe Mafia, Napoleon, collie on

Marlon Brando rap, your rolie on  
'97 bar, tighten storm door, war was on  
'98, a twisted rate, kidnap and solemnly swore  
to my pa', give my last call, pass the shoe horn  
Don't shoot guys, calmly move on, totally we groove on  
We above your valley cleaner, who clapped, Sally seen  
her  
Black '97 beamer, bitch niggaz ballerina  
Niggaz dance

[Chorus (x3)]

[Outro: Trigga]  
Famous decorators, yea, yea  
Poison Clan... \*echo\*

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