

Wu-Syndicate "Ghetto Syringe"

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[Intro: sampled]

Chaos struck nation-wide today as four suspects,
including the
members of the rap group Wu-Syndicate and another
suspect, 12 O'Clock
allegedly have infiltrated and taken over the industry.
We'll keep you updated as more news becomes
available.

[Napolean]

I pull heist like the Colombo's, mob price, traffic is
closed
The Heiroglyphics, son, watch the money power
When I was 19 wrote the wheel, cherished the poker life
25 man's rack, kidnappin his thug wife
Glamorous, en-vi-vivangelist, fuck his fanatics
Just from Los Angeles, blowin like Alanis
Napolean, vision of Malibu golden sands
Roll with J in a bubble outlet, you know the clan

[Joe Mafia]

Schemed out my mind
Ghetto syringes taken with spy ninjas
Mafia with swiftness, conductin the sheist business
Probably win, minor gotti click, abduction
My peeps, extortion flame, the holo-tips corruptin this
metropolis
It drain slow, over karets, see a vain hoe, maintain, oh
Ya flame thrower, UFO, niggaz is jakin at hoes
Playin the same tunes for Picollo's
A shy house, slangin Micollo's
Duckin the snot mineral

[12 O'Clock]

I put the hoe at risk, I make 'em carry my grip
In the whip with the extra clips
She could stick it up her pussy
Don't get scared, I'm real deep
They just put up the doofy
I think the po's 'bout to poo me
And if they do, you better say we goin' to the movie
If they ask my name, it be Benetton McClain

If shit gets serious, bitches soakin in fame
Now I change the name 12 O'Clock off into a white cop
Bitch cursin a lot, stop

This shit is creatin more situations
She gon' take it, 5 years probation
sittin at home waitin
For me to come home, lacin me up, boot

[Myalansky]

Yo, chill 12 O'Clock, the feds rushed my man spot
Pictures of the proda-blue land down in Suzanne's shop
Questionin this cat I knew named Dredd Scott
Polly yo cousin stashed half of a man inside his dread
snot
Just before he made it back to Bedrock
He had testified against this cat from up to pushin a
Benz drop
Trafficin coke back in a bread box, then I heard it
wasn't coke
Shit was terron, raw eggs, stop
Should of clapped his ass, I seen a flash cop
Swarmin in the parkin lot, projects hot
Tropic is scorchin rock, hrad to try to cop a knot
Informer type faggots they snitch
Bitches, they talk a lot, stab 'em with dick
Beady overdosed, clockin syran, too many minerals
Pockets stay mad with no ears, this shit is petifull
Cheddar bring the jealousy, burners blaze over some
beef
Dead in my industry, I can't lie
My head is defeat, pussy ain't nothin sweet
All my niggaz are locked in the beast
Who used to run with me, Daddy-O
Daddy you home, you livin comfortably
Respect due, but never is paid
Bitch comfort me, heroin, crack
Pagin each other, jump on a jack for fee
Hundred dollars, sell it, we took
Another way to eat, I can't lie
Shit that I write is like a legacy
...a legacy

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