

Wu-Syndicate "Ice Age"

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[Intro: Myalansky, (Joe Mafia)]

Yo, son gimme some play on this release of Slot Time,
son

(Aight, son, it's all Wu)

Gimme some play, man, it's cold world right now

(It's real out here man, word up)

Wu-Syndicate

Icy, (ice, ice, ice

It's fridget out here God)

Grab your coat! (Word)

[Chorus: Napoleon]

It's the modern day Ice Age

The world's frozen, turned front page

Cats with icy bloodstreams in the rage

Thirty-two degrees below poverty, feds drug raid

and lock you in a cage where it's cold, the Ice Age

[Myalansky]

Peace to freed jail cats come home, now they cop
ranges

Hand to hand shoot outs with mack, new on the block
stranger

Caught up in VA, New York language

Miami niggas had these projects locked till the Knox
raided

Holdin ball, paint job, the top flavor

What up my nigga? Rock the gold teeth grill, bally
some dark suede gear

Twenty dollar bill mixed with speed ball

Teen team burn, finger firey red, makin the king fall

Incarceration, as an incarconsist is your education

150 gats with clip, arsonists in the makins

Slight back your moon roof, gimme some liquer

straight no prune juice

wildin' all night, who let the goons loose?

[Chorus (x2)]

[Joe Mafia]

City serpent, street merchant, networkin

Oakwood suburban, dirty swervin, poppin Germans

Mindor way now, shorties want style that's foul,
flagrant

ya laced shit

Case can't face it, house arrest, I shake the gates
and give up for flesh, money long, Sonny singin funny
songs

The street songs, faggot at arms, retire firearms
Lamb skin, master craftsman, just stay flashin
Mashin, chest burnin from a thug passion
I tilt bottles up in the club, fuckin with dick models
Dick throbbin, Haley's comet, 2G will ever aristotle
Extort cream near the Fort Green, Cali palm trees
Clam stee, Vietnam fleet, ya scream 'fore I bomb thee

[Chorus]

[Napoleon]

That's icy medallions with a icy bloodstream
Rip shit with platinum niggaz, that blew off Ice Cream
Peace to ice that got them things
that you measure with triple beams
Some are words, turn to ice, turned my moms into
fiend
P rocked some much ice, we called him iceberg
He touched an iceberg, how did that benz waggin hit
that iceberg?
Now the word's out about Wu-Syndicate, ice heist a
lease
On pyramids, ice men gave dominicans ice keys
I see quality, bitches suckin' dick with icys for ice rings
Now them theme cats are Romanian
Ice bracelets crown fiends, that's a chilly willy thing
I need an igloo in Alaska to escape Lucifer's sting

[Chorus (x2)]

[various talk to fade]

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