

Wu-Syndicate "Muzzle Toe"

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Intro:

Keep your plans on the low
Just another chamber, the swarm
Roll dark and deep, Bobby Digital
Wu-Syndicate, Wu-syndicate
Be Born, Daddy-O, what up Math?
Mickey Mirrors, true blessings
For what, X Era
Takin it to the clear this year

{Myalansky}

Faggots nervous but it's time to dance with night
strangers
Top rap don, 'cause Daddy-O got me the dice game
It's reg or not, pockets love Trump Donald
Pack your work, move your plans to VA
Heat on the lock collar
Bite your fingerprints, make the cops nog you
98, wait, service appead, rated top dollar
Escape jake fakin plot alot hotter
Fake snakes smilin right in your face
Play this a lot smarter

{Joe Mafia}

Low avalanche, wobblely stance, ask for rain dance
We the same cats blazing your lab
Wu-Capone with a love jones, watch me son
Global with the local cats that's known trifted in the hell
zone
Politic, modern Gotti click,
Just a matter of time before till Wu-Syndicate lock shit
How you stoppin, mega popular, modern mobster
Joe Mafia, Jay got me in bicolulars

{Myalansky}

Yo snatch run, shoot out, chicken nights how's nice
Rule out, silk low valley, Mafia crew house
Drink vine, moon shine wine, sip it, fool out
Rollin wit a burner no doubt, shorty school out
First of all, for the record, Scarface jail cats
Cultured by stretch it but name it, rather socialize
Eyes never lies, these guys tell me throwing forty Cali's

stainless

'cause these empty slugs spit pain, killer

{Joe Mafia}

Wylin on parole, so been on his rock

And Donny race spot it's way hot

Son of a spray lock

Them mistress said it grazed his neck

Collapsing over bar rooms, holding his wounds

Yo what the fuck can it take?

Brokin glass fallin all on my head

Head ringin like Cyrus from bitches screamin

Blood on my leg

{Myalansky}

Let me catch my breath glock appraise me

Feds chase me, toared my jabogs as I hopped the fence

Blood on my tongue taste it, son I was big off Remi

Even run to me, shorty run up in my spot, don't let the clown kill me

High beam helicopter light flash through the blind

Cousin what a cat gon do, drippin a man's eye

Call down ya kids, smack the screamin bitch

Yo relax Myalansky, word it's that teeny snitch

{Joe Mafia}

What's the purpose, allerkin this search, street merchandist

Supeen service, here's dirt to cause the turbulence

With lip service, scape jay, down rob handcuff plant to his hand

The purchase of the yae yo, take a make though, it's blood money

Keep my hands muddy, rakin a lake ice with low money

Without a clue of what I wen't through

Plus been through, stressing the issue

Shell shocked, hidin the pistol

{Myalansky}

The next chapter from the Brooklyn Criminology

Should of bought my life in the business, catchin ??

We felony, keep tellin these cats get Bills like Bellamy

Empires get hit for their chips, you just follow me

Gravity, Myalansky, nigga fancy,

how real this could get when you're broke

Platinum down please, my fam scheme, fuck the po-po

Sayin 'do, Daddy-O, Joe Mafia, T-Bone,

Make Corleone rush like Phat Farm

strong armin withmax chrome

Cats know runnin the spot, claimin they clap though
Kidnap though, thrown to the hostage, I know this cat
knew
Snap though, leavin them duct taped, glory was
cancelled
It's pinzo, eleven o channel cut off his leg slow
He begged though, continued to throw it without info
Waterd down niggas be frontin, obviously bitch missed
since 6 grade
Plottin on niggas, shinin their rich ways
Get switch bladed, bodies found decomposed,
thrown in the ditch grave
Moms can't identify shit, was there for six weeks
With blood money, frontin out stick's peed
Quick way, fuck all the talkin this what my click say
Them bitch ate, sweeter than sugar pussy your dick
faced

{Joe Mafia}

I answer this, many late nights, puffin on cancer sticks
On hell with this shit, sometimes I feel but I'm trapped
in it
The x to the, amongst the projects with bang shooters
Hard rocks, skippin school to get their brains buddha'd
Lame chicks, filthy ass fiends to want the same vicks
Stick up cats, robbin for name kicks
Game flicks with low fooda
I'm forced to blast on these street soldiers with cold
shoulders
It's hard god metafogics
Rumbled in the concrete jungle to stay humble
Make my brain tumble, rainin cocaine and rain bubbles
Fucking jiggy, we doin it low
Stay pissy, sippin g, straight henny gettin bussy with
Wu-Synny
In the small city, either walk straight, chop weight
Heads talkin to much, sending my niggas upstate
Ill fate, S U double F o to get shot alive what the F O
f o, f o, nigga

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