

Wu-Syndicate "The Hit"

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[Intro][Joe Mafia]

Shit, pass the clubs it over here
Fuck, damn, yeah nigga thought it was soft
Get the fuck up nigga, no doubt
Niggas got Napoleon down
Gassed their whole scene

[Napolean]

Yo, trial of the century, nosy bitches came from 50
states
Fans walked in with ten video tapes
I'mma wipped out, scored with these cats for three
years
Ripped on em, now that fat cat livin in fear
Yo cream dun, grow into this dangerous hitman
Took both families out for a hundred grand
Right hand man, Curly haired kid from the alle
With bubbled eyed Benzes, diamond laced medallions
Murder plots, target it to what this fat cat from Miami,
Who flexed gold just on his Lex
But on one night, threw Rec Poison on his eye sight
Two hundred stitches required, for metal spikes
He survived though, but snitched like Sammy Grivana
Game info about this chick named Tiwana
Who test about killin and needle, shootin villains
Underground stash location with six million
To take, revail straight mafia shit
Phillipino chick licked coke right off his dick
He paid the judge off, but still got assassinated
Stretched out like pussy wounds that dialeted
Murder cases, some foul and some fixed
Wu-Syndicate, we never leave finger prints

Chorus- Myalansky

Tonight we gonna murder, can't leave no fingerprints
Twist the silencer off, Myalansky, Napolean
Call my man Joe Mafia, suit up we goin in
Shisty can't leave no traces and shit
We barkin here

[Joe Mafia]

We in the crime scenes, straight shoot out

Who thugged his back out? I can't see him
One of the cats shot the lights out
Bacup, pick the gat up, Myalansky
I can't see Gotti, cover me we gotta shut this shit down
dun
Turn around son, blow we bust one
So close it almost touched him
You aight son? I got this
He wanna jam son dun, you cop this?
They trying to leave a nigga rockless
When he came into the spot though
Watching Polio get dough
They flashed the fo-fo, heads barricaded the door
We made our way out, with the flame out
With X amount, and the crack house stayin on point
Who thugged his back out?

Chorus

[Myalansky]

Tonight nigga, then's when we gettin them, said to
Napolean
Meet with Joe Mafia first, and then we rollin in
Once again, same routine, twist on the silencers
Shh! There go them niggas, come on let's follow them
Pollyin, uppinn at Lex within the prodigy
You fuck with that rep with that theme, whole town
watchin him
Damn that bitch fed as shit yo, pass the binoculars
Now we gettin back in the car, forget we droppin them
Pull up on the side of his whip and starting sparkin him
Silencers on three fresh mats, no one was watchin kid
Though we never forget their ass
Stash the burners, no fingerprints
No rust say shit, routine, go head

Chorus

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