

## Wu

# "Bust a Slug"

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featuring Ill Knob, Trigga

[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 cuz 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 beenie 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

Cuz 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  
Cuz 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 encyclopedia, 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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