

## Wu

### "Bust a Slug Remix"

Visit "[Bust a Slug Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Ghostface Killah, Ill Knob, Superb, Trigga

\* skit for 30 seconds before beat drops \*

[Chorus: Trigga of M.M.O.]

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, pulse gristle, snapper crime

Poppin tops off of Anaheims, tropic refined

Extorton air time, imported from the Mason-Dixon Line

Look at my frigid eyes, fake fucks describe

Slap em paralyze, 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 Dammed, this shit was sun tanned, VA  
so tanned

without the Beanie rap, who? Hoodini rap

Musolini stack, Lamborghini crash, kiss the Genie lamp

Henney big, excellency, no fake shit, wrong recipe

War speciality, meet the headless heat

[Superb of American Cream Team]

Yo, we made an oath for this self, fuck every black  
bitch raw

Make a nation of culture teens, we takin culture back

Takin books and read it, quote the right words

Take your language back, black man it's your's

If you read the way she smoke crack, she be the most  
high

She settle for the most drunk and most fly

Spendin 300 on cristal or pistol

Fuckin dummy, you could've took ya bitch out

[Ghostface Killah]

Bottles goin off in the church, we broke the wine

Slapped the pastor, didn't know pops had asthma

Pulled out his blue bible, chains fell out his coat

3 condoms, 2 dice and 1 bag of dope

Ooh, Rev. ain't right, his church ain't right

Decon is a pimp, you could tell by his ice

Mother Parks said, "Brother Starks, meet you at the  
number spot

Heard you got red tops out, and I want a lot"

Girlie fainted dead on the spot

2 ushers slipped \$80 right out the pot

Oh shit...

[Ill Knob of K.G.B.]

The K, the G, the B, Ill Knob bring the ruckus

cuz I don't got no time for these faggots

They frontin, but I'm about to break them out the havoc  
with the fire

I battle water, what you order?

You would run far from the slaughter

I'm gunnin out whoever's in the order

The hitch out, no bitch out

I'm good and plenty, nigga get ya rich out

or nigga ditch out, for ya self and ya family

cuz I don't want nobody layin handin me

I'm livin life, profanity, insanity

because of my fame, insane

When I'm rockin on the block, I've got to push my cane

Got to live in this life, baby times is trife

Have to be on my side if you claim 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 be this and you don't want to get dissed

When you ballin up ya fist, you don't wanted to be  
missed

Buck! Buck! Back! Fuck! What the fuck?

[Myalansky]

This is jail, 3 burners made Tina Turner dance

Probably, you kidin me? Only my man bust side to me

I was gotta be slicin the pot, if I divide it by 3

Dicks for them niggaz that snitch, whoever shot at me

All up in my shit, pussies plottin 3 days to about a week  
Wu-Syndicate most amputated across the E-N-T  
Entire, niggaz collapse and raid the empire  
Where his stash at? Cryin, he broke, a dame liar  
Yolk for the smoke, back room, Medallion man croke  
Now yo, no joke, take it, no damn moat  
Joe lock the door, pussy stay down, lay down  
Yo, Napoleon get the duct tape, cave him for cash flow  
Biography, million my peers get painted robbery  
A to Z encyclopedia, color photography  
Penitentiary rhymes, salt get they ass took  
Street turn, patiently speakin, you know the math  
Make bitch niggaz ballerina, pull up they too-too  
Smacked up in front of ya bra', what his man do?  
Eyes glued to my right hand, don't rush me  
What that bitch scream, runnin thru traffic like lightnin?  
Fell, loud boss screamin, yellin for wifie  
You see that shit, another hit, Wu-Syndicate  
Myalansky, Joe Mafia and Napoleon  
Colie on, Marlon Brando rap, ya rely on  
'97 bar, tighten storm door, war is on  
'98, a twisted rate, kidnap and solemnly swore  
to my boy, give my last call, pass the shoe horn  
Don't shoe guys, come, we move on, told you must  
prove on  
3 on ya bally cleaner, who clapped? Sally seen her

Black '97 beamer, bitch niggaz ballerina

They just dance

[Chorus x3]

[Outro: Trigga of M.M.O.]

We famous decorators, yea, yea

Posion Clan... \*echo

Visit [Wu](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.