

# Wu

## "Ghetto Syringe"

Visit "[Ghetto Syringe](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

featuring 12 O'Clock, Napoleon

[Intro: sampled]

Chaos struck nation-wide today as four suspects,  
including the

members of the rap group Wu-Syndicate and another  
suspect, 12 O'Clock

allegedly have infiltrated and taken over the industry.

We'll keep you updated as more news becomes  
available.

[Napoleon]

I pull heist like the Colombo's, mob price, traffic is  
closed

The Heiroglyphics, son, watch the money power

When I was 19 wrote the wheel, cherished the poker life

25 man's rack, kidnappin his thug wife

Glamorous, en-vi-vivangelist, fuck his fanatics

Just from Los Angeles, blowin like Alanis

Napoleon, vision of Malibu golden sands

Roll with J in a bubble outlet, you know the clan

[Joe Mafia]

Schemed out my mind

Ghetto syringes token with spy ninjas

Mafia with swiftness, conductin the sheist business

Probably win, minor gotti click, abduction

My peeps, extortion flame, the holo-tips corruptin this metropolis

It drain slow, over karets, see a vain hoe, maintain, oh

Ya flame thrower, UFO, niggaz is jakin at hoes

Playin the same tunes for Picollo's

A shy house, slangin Micollo's

Duckin the snot mineral

[12 O'Clock]

I put the hoe at risk, I make 'em carry my grip

In the whip with the extra clips

She could stick it up her pussy

Don't get scared, I'm real deep

They just put up the doofy

I think the po's 'bout to poo me

And if they do, you better say we goin' to the movie

If they ask my name, it be Benetton McClain

If shit gets serious, bitches soakin in fame

Now I change the name 12 O'Clock off into a white cop

Bitch cursin a lot, stop

This shit is creatin more situations

She gon' take it, 5 years probation

sittin at home waitin

For me to come home, lacin me up, boot

[Myalansky]

Yo, chill 12 O'Clock, the feds rushed my man spot

Pictures of the proda-blue land down in Suzanne's shop

Questionin this cat I knew named Dredd Scott

Polly yo cousin stashed half of a man inside his dread  
snot

Just before he made it back to Bedrock

He had testified against this cat from up to pushin a  
Benz drop

Trafficin coke back in a bread box, then I heard it  
wasn't coke

Shit was terron, raw eggs, stop

Should of clapped his ass, I seen a flash cop

Swarmin in the parkin lot, projects hot

Tropic is scorchin rock, hrad to try to cop a knot

Informer type faggots they snitch

Bitches, they talk a lot, stab 'em with dick

Beady overdosed, clockin syran, too many minerals

Pockets stay mad with no ears, this shit is petifull

Cheddar bring the jealousy, burners blaze over some  
beef

Dead in my industry, I can't lie

My head is defeat, pussy ain't nothin sweet

All my niggaz are locked in the beast

Who used to run with me, Daddy-O

Daddy you home, you livin comfortably

Respect due, but never is paid

Bitch comfort me, heroin, crack

Pagin each other, jump on a jack for fee

Hundred dollars, sell it, we took

Another way to eat, I can't lie

Shit that I write is like a legacy

...a legacy

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

---

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