

Wu

"Global Politics"

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featuring 12 O'Clock, Napoleon

[Chorus (x2): Joe Mafia]

Global thug politics, every man in his argument

We form as one, who can abolish it?

Projects the heart of this

Catch heat, but 4 novelists

The pain is deep, try and swallow this

[12 O'Clock - Brooklyn Zu]

Niggaz know my steez, I jet to D.C.

Chromed-down M3, nigga that play B.E.T.

Joe Clair, why these faggot-ass niggaz stare?

Don't they know my man carry big bear and don't care?

They say he hold a nigga fruit like pear

Pussy, come here, let me whisper in your ear

I make your clit disappear

I play the wizard, bring blizzard

4-4 heavy when I left it, Puffy shit I dis it

For them locks, I bring Vietnam shots

If you dare beatbox down my block

Pussy-ass niggaz gotta hire cops

Remember one thing, Wu niggaz don't stop

[Joe Mafia]

It's like sortin out down a fresh bundle

Drain my pain on your brain muscle

The custle, 2 cats to die hustlin

Fiend creamin men, lavish establishment

Ghetto Politics, Syndicate benifit, die filithy rich

Kille the benidict, chicks get the rented dick

Tossin heads off, the venomous sunnin the latest

My whole team roll to blow steam

Put you in a smash, nickel gleam

tied to your ass, roll out the welcome mat

The red carpet war onslaught, you the target

I'm black market when the NARC's hiss, spittin the sharp shit

Mafi-ay, V.A., Playstation, R.C.A

Sippin on cabosi-ay, who could take a lose a day?

Jizzed them heads, I shitted, my style shifted

Them out-of-town niggaz tried to quiz it, cockin the biscuit

Shattered thugs is ice mugs, the tied to nose

Long-dickin in and out of hoes without the specticles

[Chorus (x2)]

[Myalansky]

Cut you at the side of your face, keep my dart bent

Benz wagon limo tint, play me, my flick

Marlon Brando, Lucky Lou-ando gamble with large chips

Project scandles I handle, still on some calm shit
Darts spit, Mr. Corleone's orders for cross water
Myalansky, As astatsian type, pearl torture
Street cat burn your empire, your sin of course sourcer
Arm-leg-head, duct tape, now torcher
Vet kid responsible, word is his mouth leaked
Claimin peace, cousin he lyin, hit him on south street
Hit him once we dead him, forget him, losin no sleep
Chain brand, bottle of perfume found in the back seat
Little Mickey start from right hand, J.Jeep
Teflon, King of New York, stupid you mad meef
Wu cat, Syndicate rap, raisin my babies
Global thug politics, black, Raigan was crazy
[Napolean]
We rob ambulances, mid-seller like Mid Los Angeles
Thoughts is spannin like boleta and co-plots of bandits
Natural advantage, you take life for granted
Livin savage, even moose know how it is to manage
Wicked as nimrod, flower bands with black hands
Run with cats who cop Porsches, flee from their fans
Blowin colossal, ghetto apostles, some die with coke in
their nostrils
and burnin fossils, on death beds in cold hospitals
It's logical, don't think it's impossible
Rip tracks with Rae' and Ghost possible
Blessed with insisted stroll insite

to attract Goddesses with tropics rays of sunlight
Get to right, nigga, snakes slither
in the form of the Amazon River
Kidnappin parrots, if they snitch, I deliver
their tongue, bandits stress to where the seed dress
who confess, I possess the men-tal of an Aztec
Get your ass wettened while you peep this
Mystery God is what the 10% preaches, broke niggaz
be leeches
When feds come, they never speechless
Wu-Syndicate left the whole state in secret
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