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## Wu

## "Thug War"

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featuring Napolean

[Chorus: Myalansky]

Thug war, fights in streets, open the drug store

Money is power, give me your's, we break laws

Faggot cats claiming their crooks

Soon I'ma smack him up, his mans and them too

Yo, bag him up, smack him up

Doing this do or die lifestyle for ransom

50 g's, need keys to free their grandson

Run but you can't hide, rich is what we long for

You get your wig split back, caught in this thug war

[Myalansky]

Peace to those men who do crimes ande never been arrested

Project cats with guns start to run shit

Coming from the streets, gum on long dick

Get strong-armed for baggage, it's tragic, some Vietnam shit

Flat-lining all you cats up in a long wiz

Out-of-towners, proper heavenly father, you know the song, bitch

Thug war, jet-black cats kick in your drug store

Cook off this table, the cheddar is what we came for

Aim for, lay down boy, this ain't no game war

Cause me to smack all faggots, taking your chains off

Thugs spending half of your cabbage on a Range Rov'

Change clothes, switch me description to de-stained blow

Chopping while we spread up you nosey niggaz

Kidnap and capture bums, we swindell

I'm saying, "Fuck the rapping", since I was a kid, I made it happen

On blocks packing, get them, jacking niggaz acting

Watch me snatch them up, \$100,00 ransom, no subtracting

Front doors, tell your mans, don't panic, open the drug stores

[Chorus]

[Napolean]

Heavenly words spoken, promises were never broken

As they blood-suck the sun, we manifest these platinum tokens

Hail enterprise, complete down and gritty wise guys

Ghetto wiz kids, prescribe them as philosophy baptizes

Look at snake eyes, wicked as a pastor's bubble eye

Imagine this, guns clapping, lamped like precussions of action

Why the sand in the hour glass elapsing

Camel-backed apostles get smacked with rusty masks

Preaching that God spook, Napolean remains hostile

Cast were burning nostrils, ruger barrels on your

## tonsils

A prophecy, blood currency, state of emergency I link with rich cats who's pockets stay dirty Like Diamond Back, mocassins that raid ancient jungles Stinging sensation, injected with 7 bundles Raw element, U.S./Russian coalition 15 for half a crest, them drug lord's sniffing Yo, back to the massacre, bloods courted in Alaska Anatomies get fractured, Sampson was captured By Philli-stinians, lesson's on in this millenium 80 cowards, 4 devils, hand them less Benjamins Peace to rich men, Jews with snowflakes spinning Rip camera sins, tropical winds blew my fellings in We're jungle chameleons, some be 9 milli' men Creep like centipedes, snatch stacks up from silly men Cursed by the wicked gin, keep peepers blue-fenced To my nested kin, I leave some Japanese yams What? What? What? [Chorus] [Joe Mafia] Innocent on some plead the 5th shit Criminal illegitiment lifestyle, Allah, the intrickit Rott like rocks from rocks, in state tots See Doc'ors starilize me, seeing poppy in a Casa Lopi Don't need to persue me, Soloman, the dominant

Straircases on dot, your man, Crime Syndicate Shine like white fine on fickel-plated razors Frequently cave us for selling dead birds in live cages So, I'm contagious sick, touch my caliber Cock, malice like Gallagher, crash your whole calender Fuck, who got stamina to last, I leave him dead-ass with lead in his ass, caught in the rash Sexy niggaz get sodomized, observe the wicked eyes Villains got my world baptized Mafioso, scenarios, the scar poser Foggy survivalists rott cats in Congo 38 convo, blow a 3rd on my torso When exposed, my snuff nose busts all foes So, what the fuck you suppose happened? For calling me out, fuck rapping We gun clapping, the sharp shooter It be the case with the stolen ruger And left the prosecuter puffing on the Thai ruler Son, my five exercised graphics, jiggy was drafted In thug war the shit gets drastic, you bastard [Chorus] [Outro: Myalansky] Thug was, thug war Visit <u>Wu</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.