

Big Punisher F/ Noreaga

"Bust a Slug"

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* 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-Synidcate most ampitated 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 roly 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*

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