

# Wu-Syndicate, Ask Son

(Intro)

Niggas, man  
F\*\*k up, trying to extort me nigga?  
F\*\*k man, what?  
Global thugs baby  
Crab niggas frontin for what?  
Pollyin shit  
Word, come on god  
What What What

(Chorus: Joe Mafia)

Crab niggas frontin for what? We gotta smash 'em  
Trick bitches lickin for vicks, we gotta splash 'em  
U.F.O.'s all on the dick, we gotta tax 'em  
Wu-Syndicate is the shit, you better ask son

(Joe Mafia)

I'm driving megaton bombs, armageddion  
Modern day babylon, we hell storm ex-cons  
Expressure with the swarm, mellow with the dram  
Mob with meladon, ghetto supastar status clappin Decepticons  
Stealth arm, I'mma welt dealt, f\*\*king with feltron  
We teflon, what you wan't huh? A lying arm spar  
Titan clash, thorough bergaham, shit on my wally pad  
Liftin skirts dash, run for your stash  
Dirt bags, serving just, I.C.E. whut?  
You heard of us, unheard of VA Cats and shag burglars  
Mafio Danadesty, copping blow, polly Ross Perot  
Treasury gold, the mapin glow

Chorus 2X

(Myalansky)

Classic tight, street main events get rich  
For crimin hands itch, kidnap or clap a niggas land with  
Myalansky, Wu-tang my mans got plans see  
Stacks and grands, who dem cats damn, extorting mad cream  
Settin' though I had to let them fags know for real yo  
Chill with the rap shit you clowns uplift your shields though  
Daddy-O, whatup, Pop left the G blew the spit out  
Apachi and P keep your shit locked  
Niggas must be stupid or something  
Vandalizin my man Shan with,  
Kidnappin my man little Steve  
And now the fans shifted  
All of my thugs eating from hell's kitchen  
Bitch ass niggas, stop snitching  
What

Chorus 2X

(Outro)

Haha  
Yo, Red Joe you better stop snitchin boy  
Word Up  
All you niggas snitchin, we callin you out  
You know what I'm sayin (echo)