

# Muzzle Toe

## Wu-Syndicate

Intro:

Keep your plans on the low  
Just another chamber, the swarm  
Roll dark and deep, Bobby Digital  
Wu-Syndicate, Wu-syndicate  
Be Born, Daddy-O, what up Math?  
Mickey Mirrors, true blessings  
For what, X Era  
Takin it to the clear this year{Myalansky}  
Faggots nervous but it's time to dance with night strangers  
Top rap don, 'cause Daddy-O got me the dice game  
It's reg or not, pockets love Trump Donald  
Pack your work, move your plans to VA  
Heat on the lock collar  
Bite your fingerprints, make the cops nog you  
98, wait, service appead, rated top dollar  
Escape jake fakin plot alot hotter  
Fake snakes smilin right in your face  
Play this a lot smarter{Joe Mafia}  
Low avalanche, wobblely stance, ask for rain dance  
We the same cats blazing your lab  
Wu-Capone with a love jones, watch me son  
Global with the local cats that's known trifled in the hell zone  
Politic, modern Gotti click,  
Just a matter of time before till Wu-Syndicate lock shit  
How you stoppin, mega popular, modern mobster  
Joe Mafia, Jay got me in bicoulars{Myalansky}  
Yo snatch run, shoot out, chicken nights how's nice  
Rule out, silk low valley, Mafia crew house  
Drink vine, moon shine wine, sip it, fool out  
Rollin wit a burner no doubt, shorty school out  
First of all, for the record, Scarface jail cats  
Cultured by stretch it but name it, rather socialize  
Eyes never lies, these guys tell me throwing forty Cali's stainless  
'cause these empty slugs spit pain, killer{Joe Mafia}  
Wylin on parole, so been on his rock  
And Donny race spot it's way hot  
Son of a spray lock  
Them mistress said it grazed his neck

Collapsing over bar rooms, holding his wounds  
Yo what the fuck can it take?  
Brokin glass fallin all on my head  
Head ringin like Cyrus from bitches screamin  
Blood on my leg {Myalansky}  
Let me catch my breath glock appraise me  
Feds chase me, toared my jabogs as I hopped the fence  
Blood on my tongue taste it, son I was big off Remi  
Even run to me, shorty run up in my spot, don't let  
the clown kill me  
High beam helicopter light flash through the blind  
Cousin what a cat gon do, drippin a man's eye  
Call down ya kids, smack the screamin bitch  
Yo relax Myalansky, word it's that teeny snitch {Joe Mafia}  
What's the purpose, allerkin this search, street merchandist  
Supeen service, here's dirt to cause the turbulence  
With lip service, scape jay, down rob handcuff plant to his hand  
The purchase of the yae yo, take a make though, it's blood money  
Keep my hands muddy, rakin a lake ice with low money  
Without a clue of what I wen't through  
Plus been through, stressing the issue  
Shell shocked, hidin the pistol {Myalansky}  
The next chapter from the Brooklyn Criminology  
Should of bought my life in the business, catchin ??  
We felony, keep tellin these cats get Bills like Bellamy  
Empires get hit for their chips, you just follow me  
Gravity, Myalansky, nigga fancy,  
how real this could get when you're broke  
Platinum down please, my fam scheme, fuck the po-po  
Sayin 'do, Daddy-O, Joe Mafia, T-Bone,  
Make Corleone rush like Phat Farm  
strong armin withmax chrome  
Cats know runnin the spot, claimin they clap though  
Kidnap though, thrown to the hostage, I know this cat knew  
Snap though, leavin them duct taped, glory was cancelled  
It's pinzo, eleven o channel cut off his leg slow  
He begged though, continued to throw it without info  
Waterd down niggas be frontin, obviously bitch missed since 6 grade  
Plottin on niggas, shinin their rich ways  
Get switch bladed, bodies found decomposed, throwed in the ditch grave  
Moms can't identify shit, was there for six weeks  
With blood money, frontin out stick's peed  
Quick way, fuck all the talkin this what my click say  
Them bitch ate, sweeter than sugar pussy your dick faced {Joe Mafia}  
I answer this, many late nights, puffin on cancer sticks

On hell with this shit, sometimes I feel but I'm trapped in it  
The x to the, amongst the projects with bang shooters  
Hard rocks, skippin school to get their brains buddha'd  
Lame chicks, filthy ass fiends to want the same vicks  
Stick up cats, robbin for name kicks  
Game flicks with low fooda  
I'm forced to blast on these street soldiers with cold shoulders  
It's hard god metafogics  
Rumbled in the concrete jungle to stay humble  
Make my brain tumble, rainin cocaine and rain bubbles  
Fucking jiggy, we doin it low  
Stay pissy, sippin g, straight henny gettin bussy with Wu-Synny  
In the small city, either walk straight, chop weight  
Heads talkin to much, sending my niggas upstate  
Ill fate, S U double F o to get shot alive what the F O  
f o, f o, nigga

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