

Ask Son

Wu-Syndicate

[Intro]

Niggas, man

Fuck up, trying to extort me nigga?

Fuck 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, fucking 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 glowChorus 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

WhatChorus 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)

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