

# The Hit

## Wu-Syndicate

[Intro][Joe Mafia]

Shit, pass the clubs it over here  
Fuck, damn, yeah nigga thought it was soft  
Get the fuck up nigga, no doubt  
Niggas got Napoleon down  
Gassed their whole scene[Napolean]  
Yo, trial of the century, nosy bitches came from 50 states  
Fans walked in with ten video tapes  
I'mma whipped out, scored with these cats for three years  
Ripped on em, now that fat cat livin in fear  
Yo cream dun, grow into this dangerous hitman  
Took both families out for a hundred grand  
Right hand man, Curly haired kid from the alle  
With bubbled eyed Benzes, diamond laced medallions  
Murder plots, target it to what this fat cat from Miami,  
Who flexed gold just on his Lex  
But on one night, threw Rec Poison on his eye sight  
Two hundred stitches required, for metal spikes  
He survived though, but snitched like Sammy Grivana  
Game info about this chick named Tiwanna  
Who test about killin and needle, shootin villains  
Underground stash location with six million  
To take, revail straight mafia shit  
Phillipino chick licked coke right off his dick  
He paid the judge off, but still got assassinated  
Stretched out like pussy wounds that dialeted  
Murder cases, some foul and some fixed  
Wu-Syndicate, we never leave finger printsChorus- Myalansky  
Tonight we gonna murder, can't leave no fingerprints  
Twist the silencer off, Myalansky, Napoleon  
Call my man Joe Mafia, suit up we goin in  
Shisty can't leave no traces and shit  
We barkin here[Joe Mafia]  
We in the crime scenes, straight shoot out  
Who thugged his back out? I can't see him  
One of the cats shot the lights out  
Bacup, pick the gat up, Myalansky  
I can't see Gotti, cover me we gotta shut this shit down dun  
Turn around son, blow we bust one

So close it almost touched him  
You aight son? I got this  
He wanna jam son dun, you cop this?  
They trying to leave a nigga rockless  
When he came into the spot though  
Watching Polio get dough  
They flashed the fo-fo, heads barricaded the door  
We made our way out, with the flame out  
With X amount, and the crack house stayin on point  
Who thugged his back out?Chorus[Myalansky]  
Tonight nigga, then's when we gettin them, said to Napoleon  
Meet with Joe Mafia first, and then we rollin in  
Once again, same routine, twist on the silencers  
Shh! There go them niggas, come on let's follow them  
Pollyin, uppin at Lex within the prodigy  
You fuck with that rep with that theme, whole town watchin him  
Damn that bitch fed as shit yo, pass the binoculars  
Now we gettin back in the car, forget we droppin them  
Pull up on the side of his whip and starting sparkin him  
Silencers on three fresh mats, no one was watchin kid  
Though we never forget their ass  
Stash the burners, no fingerprints  
No rust say shit, routine, go headChorus

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