

# Ghetto Syringe

## Wu-Syndicate

Chaos struck nation-wide today as four suspects, including the members of the rap group Wu-Syndicate and another suspect, 12 O'Clock allegedly have infiltrated and taken over the industry.  
We'll keep you updated as more news becomes available. I pull heist like the Colombo's, mob price, traffic is closed  
The Heiroglyphics, son, watch the money power  
When I was 19 wrote the wheel, cherished the poker life  
25 man's rack, kidnappin his thug wife  
Glamorous, en-vi-vivangelist, fuck his fanatics  
Just from Los Angeles, blowin like Alanis  
Napolean, vision of Malibu golden sands  
Roll with J in a bubble outlet, you know the clan  
Schemed out my mind  
Ghetto syringes taken with spy ninjas  
Mafia with swiftness, conductin the sheist business  
Probably win, minor gotti click, abduction  
My peeps, extortion flame, the holo-tips corruptin this metropolis  
It drain slow, over karets, see a vain hoe, maintain, oh  
Ya flame thrower, UFO, niggaz is jakin at hoes  
Playin the same tunes for Picollo's  
A shy house, slangin Micollo's  
Duckin the snot mineral  
I put the hoe at risk, I make 'em carry my grip  
In the whip with the extra clips  
She could stick it up her pussy  
Don't get scared, I'm real deep  
They just put up the doofy  
I think the po's 'bout to poo me  
And if they do, you better say we goin' to the movie  
If they ask my name, it be Benetton McClain  
If shit gets serious, bitches soakin in fame  
Now I change the name 12 O'Clock off into a white cop  
Bitch cursin a lot, stop  
This shit is creatin more situations  
She gon' take it, 5 years probation  
sittin at home waitin  
For me to come home, lacin me up, bootYo, chill 12 O'Clock, the feds rushed my man spot  
Pictures of the proda-blue land down in Suzanne's shop  
Questionin this cat I knew named Dredd Scott  
Polly yo cousin stashed half of a man inside his dread snot  
Just before he made it back to Bedrock  
He had testified against this cat from up to pushin a Benz drop

Trafficin coke back in a bread box, then I heard it wasn't coke  
Shit was terron, raw eggs, stop  
Should of clapped his ass, I seen a flash cop  
Swarmin in the parkin lot, projects hot  
Tropic is scorchin rock, hrad to try to cop a knot  
Informer type faggots they snitch  
Bitches, they talk a lot, stab 'em with dick  
Beady overdosed, clockin syran, too many minerals  
Pockets stay mad with no ears, this shit is petifull  
Cheddar bring the jealousy, burners blaze over some beef  
Dead in my industry, I can't lie  
My head is defeat, pussy ain't nothin sweet  
All my niggaz are locked in the beast  
Who used to run with me, Daddy-O  
Daddy you home, you livin comfortably  
Respect due, but never is paid  
Bitch comfort me, heroin, crack  
Pagin each other, jump on a jack for fee  
Hundred dollars, sell it, we took  
Another way to eat, I can't lie  
Shit that I write is like a legacy  
...a legacy

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>