

# Wu-Syndicate, Wings Of Life

Chorus:

Jump and scream for the wings of life  
Truth indeed, proceed to achieve in life  
Know what I mean?  
Succed finer things in life  
To the death coming through, believe the hype  
We was kings and the queens your wife  
The same king turned fiend and preceed to trife  
Get this dream, razor seed, intervine the heist  
As we blood, jump and scream wings of life

{Joe Mafia}

It's far beyond block don  
Scavangers with firearms spittin intellect  
Play your cards, we on the chess board  
Bloatin and according lead fam to first fatigue work  
Global network, kurupt thug with a blood thirst  
City cats quick to adapt turn up the thermostat  
Slot Time lock your front line get at me picture that  
Scape raider horizons, enterprising amongst the livest  
Cool inside in the lion's den  
Sharpness around the island, starving for fresh meat  
Put away the bloody red beaf that started in the street  
A harpoon, Actual life bullet's is cartoon  
Stay focused feed off my spoon, feed platoons  
Full of drug lords, struggling bums, sons and slum lords  
Die live and lies what for civilized a whole  
Wu-Syndici, Philly I, vintage rap presented at the best sign  
From D.A. to world wide

Chorus

{Myalansky}

Hot winds blow the Swarm, Killa Bees  
Project sting for cream, corporate world abduct the enemy  
For all the crime locked in the beast, receive the penalty  
Penetentary rap for cats who won't remember me  
With needle mixed with raw got it locked, observe the chemistry  
G Weathers, twenty million stop, you'll feelin me?  
Shorty Rock was young but observed well  
Down at Miss Sarah's spot, rest in peace boo, miss you though for real  
Babylon, as time repeat, let's do it once again  
And cut you men who don't give a fuck, and ask you what you said  
Slap box old school glocks, cop dem upside ya head  
Spittin some, grabbing my crotch, layin the upper hand

Chorus

{Joe Mafia}

Chest plate to chest plate, Syndicate way  
Off the wall, look at tall Joe dynasty formed we swarming y'all  
Sort of hype, never before performed with scorching mics  
Subbord sights, niggas lose stripes, sometime it cost life  
Jail cats, jiggy windpipe, niggas to snitch  
Still locked behind a thirty foot fence, lustin to dirty bitch  
I plan to stay free and stack chips  
VA to Cali flights, shiste flicks flinging a price  
Who playing shiste?

{Myalansky}

Spot rusher aim for the top, stop bluffing  
Mob rap, no turning back, fucking with live cats  
These are the those who live to give props  
Not surprised when Killa Bees on every block

So televise this

Chorus