

Wu-Tang Clan, America

[Intro: Killah Priest, Raekwon]

"Continuous"

"Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'"

"Wu-Tang"

"Ayyo ayyo, come on yo yo yo I'ma shoot over here"

"On that AIDS thing"

"You know what I'm sayin' I'm gonna just slide in the studio quick"

"Yo, yo"

"And get this done"

[Verse One: Killah Priest]

When you're sexually frustrated, plus waiting for a long time

You both had strong minds

Combined with feelings, she seems appealing

for each other, discreet lover, no longer keeps brothers

Smothered under deep covers

Erotic programs, Moet and slow jams

Enough to make you hold hands

And plus you a bold man

You fall in a manhole, where the forbidden tree grow

And bullshit ego, of fly negro

Whole garden sour, polluted with a dead flower

Months later, he's layin on a respirator

Depending on a generator, to keep his heart moving

And start losing sight in his right eye

In weeks he might die

[Verse Two: Raekwon]

Yeah, uh-huh

I know this dope-fiend cat, word up, his name is Javier

Part-time shooter sharing needles in the stairs

Wise guys disguised as a fly guy

you gettin high right? Weeded up with red shit in your right eye

Youse a menace, your brain cells finished

Begging forgiveness, calling that up top shit syphilis

You know what you was gettin into

Try to guess on what I've been through

Fuck shorty raw then she scared you

[Chorus: Raekwon]

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from the Wu, it's real

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from my crew, it's real

[Verse Three: RZA]

My nigga Chuck, he loved to fuck

Everything exotic bitches down to ugly ducks

Like Nancy, who liked the fancy tickles

so he put popsicles on her nipples to make her sex passion

triple quadruple, until she bust

Overcome with passion, big ass want lust upon him

But nigga he forsake to grab the condom

Fuck it, he said AIDS, was government made

to keep niggaz afraid so they won't get laid no babies be made

And the black population will decrease within a decade

German warfare product against the dark shade

[Chorus:]

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from my crew, it's real

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from the Wu, it's real

[Verse Four: Master Killer, Inspector Deck]

Caught by the gravitation earth rotation

Six in the sex is deep, when you can't see clear

through the sheer brassiere, toke back

Smoking a spliff, sippin cognac, God

you know my two love songs, Bobby Womack tracks

Got her fat ass layin flat on her back
Yo, as she lay, she wore a silk gray neglige
Alehze pours, the radio play, Marvin Gaye
What's Going On? As she screams Sexual Healing
Couldn't fight the feeling her legs hit the ceiling
Hittin all positions dipped in for quick love
She's professional she does this shit in strip clubs
Flied in June until she Acquired Immune Deficiency
Now misery is the Syndrome
[Outro: Raekwon and others]
Oh shit, God that's wild
Damn, that's some cherry flavor shit going on though kid
For real, knowwhatl'msayin?
What about the exotic type
Caskets is waitin for brothers
Word up slide on the joints baby
Before you go to sex take protection
Word up
AIDS kills, word up respect this
America Is Dying Slowly (4x)
Yeah, word yo, sliding up in this store right here
I ain't even playing that man, for real
Dig it
Respect how I'm living kid
Here forever, word up
Lubricated joints, ribbed joints is bangin
But they still playing the hotel door man
Word, you know how that be though, you know how that be
Yo, just gettin to be too old
Chick over there lookin like Sonny and Cher
Over there
Yeah
America Is Dying Slowly
Surely
America Is Dying Slowly
America Is Dying Slowly
remember that! Syndrome, be the resident
America Is Dying Slowly
Wu-Tang, Syndrome, be the resident
Noodles, Bobby Steels, Lou Diamonds, Killer Priest
Rolly Rollie Fingers, Johnathan Blaze, Maximillion
Prodigal Sons, Anthony Starks, Hellrazor
Prodigal Son, and in the place, Sixty Second
Sunz of Man, Gambinos, forever...
Keep it safe!
Ol Dirt Schultz, word up baby
Protect yourself!
Keep it safe