

Wu-Syndicate, Weary Eyes

{{Joe Mafia}}

I spark an L to a sunset meditating
Ill thoughts got my heart racing, chest with a mason
Same blocks, ATF rush spots cats bubble humbly
I'm hungry, Killa Bee Trilogy triumphantly
Hammer head, dart alignment, work is sonic
Keep your ears open for new assignments
Ride with the livest, frontline rhyme that's
interchangeable
Mastermind, blaze in the range, it's unexplainable
Against The Grain, crown prince of the purple rain
No games dunn, running the same, bickering the lane
Ice drain shoot the rest of the pain, I'm reckless
Crossing the flame, addressing the strange
It's Wu-Tang

Chorus: {Sampled Singer}

Close your weary eyes and drift away, It's alright
Close your weary eyes and drift away, It's alright

{{Napolean}}

When I got the news, my heart dropped down to my dick
Timin was fucked up, right around the time we'd all be rich
New with tricks, we went through Wu-Syndicate, Wu ventelists
Cop a mansion on these other land where war's parentless
Anyway, this is clear, Michaelangelo destined to blow
And a trio with Myalan' and Joe M
I'm at your gravesite, midnight ritual, candlelight
Heard she set you up with spite, she cop the ninja your bike
I'm having flashbacks of Henney, jetskis blasting semi's together
We possessed the chemistry, make history eventually
They thought we'd break the penitentiary
Made his mom break down at the wake mentally
Right now it's chilly and cloudy days
Man I'm chillin with Shaq in LA
I make sure D, make a sake in princeway
Yo it's war states bein breded through the streets of V.A.
Close your eyes mom your legacy will never fade away
Drift away..

(Chorus)

{{Myalansky}}

Eh yo son your Jack ringin, "What up? Who this?"
&"Jakes just knocked your bitch", "Word up no shit"
Now my first thoughts is the feds had my phone tapped
Toted on talk in the Range with the pipe rack
Chips might be up under the whip
Oh shit forgot to toke the hero'n right under her chin
What if she asked about the ice that I put on her wrist?
Thought my chick Earth lesson, nah son she won't snitch
But times I went to war and she brought extra clips
Jack said no cell, need to tal' up the chip
Hit me back at the lab, gotta handle this quick

(Chorus x0.5)

{{Napolean}}

I roll with mob cats who bubble outlets
Legacy live 500 years like Vinnie's nest
Evil scientist, now I manifest with golden plaques
Felony paragraphs, dead on polygraph, vision a bloodpath
Black guillotines, banded like King Luis the 16th
Before you blink, Napolean, lock to your wife and tie her man

Executioner, poetic conspiracy of Lucifer
Beef come for real, there's no tellin what I do to ya
Might wrap you in plastic, ship you off the Jupiter
Boys, I roll with Wu-Syndicate sharpshooters
who smuggle coke in parachuters
Polit'ic in silence like J Edgar Hoover
To leave to Switzerland, type maneuvers

{{Myalansky}}

Through the eyes of an everyday, street veteran
Chased for Presidents, throw up the hands, blood on my Timbs
Modern lights got your frame bent
Myalansky, fantasy, crash route, the certified member
Ask permission before you kill 'em, you're nameless
UFO's, domes, the strangest invasion
The project block locked by pavement
Nikki Bond, Donna Her'on, courageous, the payment
Many attempts but couldn't save 'im
Blood got my shirt stainin, fuck these pussy-ass rap cats
Can't hang with this shit, Wu-Syndicate, we livin this
Fuck the judge, the president, never show no love for my residence
My niggaz deal embezzlement

{{Joe Mafia}}

D's and IV's, unlimited CC's, roll up your long sleeves
We in it to win it, Wu-Syndicate snatch penants
Label cats menace, work cats in, fuck with the mercelis
Stash mills, the pack impact, we back slap cats to windmills
Fully loaded clips, crunch time, kings of VA
Bust twin nines, we go for pollyin
World reknowned, thunder pound bound
The shells bounce off the Wally moccasins
You chessbox with a marksman, high states crossin
Fuck the law man, it's arson, straight up arson
What? Flamin y'all niggaz, fuck that

(Chorus to fade)