

Golden Sands

Wu-Syndicate

Myalansky (Joe Mafia)
Damn, VA Hot as a bitch yo (word up)
Common will state though (son, that shit is fucked up)
Was in the court room the other day,
they try to give a nigga a hundred years (Word)
They can't do all that time man, some common will shit
I know they trying to do though
They trying to snatch us up the street
So they can reproduce their seeds through are women
Shit is hot, it's the golden sands
{Myalansky}
Indicted on counts of conspiracy investigation
Lookin at drug rene crops to stop the organization
Big heads fled the country, bags of lucci
Rags of gucci, down at Carantang, true see
They got no proof from daddy type manuevers
Down so low, operations moves through the sewers
Fuck the three crops, Busy saleet shit is stock
Making cheese, run and flew the scene, Megatrees a pot
Locked in storage, steady moving forward
Seen flash of lights, no paranoia fright
It's trife, sending mom through kites from natural life
Son of a traitor, trails lead you to outta state-a
Calculators, adding your digits, numbers blow your pager
Handeling business, mind bogling, split decisions
Johnny Coc a lawyer, you get him to a stated prison
Then informers, follow you state cuttin corners
Hotel lobbies, they swarm and try to creep up on you
Greesy moves under alias names
You catching no sleep, it's hot in these streets
The Golden Sands
{Joe Mafia}
In the golden sands, shiste cats we wan't grands
Eight fifties, drop tops and Lex lands
We throwing darts, what? And got some big plans
Living life in the golden sands
{Myalansky}
In the project, all big willie cats oh yeah
We see you shining pushing GX Lex with girls
Niggas get shook up, time weather get out of hand
Living life in the golden sand {Joe Mafia}
Peep the picasso, mafioso, hold the cargo

Foranardo, suit the neck drive passtol
Suit the hand sand, Fly genie bitches with fans
Arabian bang, diamond cut chandelier fame
Out with bass glanded nice god bliss ice vintage
Catch to clap you if you ask Emmitt
Only act vivid, and precide the dynasty, underseas
Supreme god in the treasure chest, drug with the best
I bomb heads with the suit a fedic, head naw for medics
And cut on 101 and then put you out on anestetics
Rhyme infested, white collar, ice coller, rottweiler
Criminologist, top scholar, minus what dollar?
I execute ambassadors, clapping
Hammers as Thor, sparking eight east wars
So far we, survivalist, regardless, how live it gets
Camouflage squad banded arms with, banana clips
Savage, invading palaces for democratics, the war tactic
Ill crafted, to spread malice
My team max it, legacies for milleniums
Wu-Syndicate, emblems more feared then Benjamins

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