

Wu-Syndicate

"America"

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Intro: Killah Priest, Raekwon

Continous

Yeah, youknowwhatl'msayin?

Wu-Tang

Aiyyo aiyyo, come on yo yo yo I'ma shoot over here

On that AIDS thing

Youknowwhatl'msayin? 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
Flies 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

