

Wu-Syndicate

"Fatal Sting"

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Verse 1:

In the battle fields mics collide like sword fights
Get stabbed up by the swift technique of a Black Knight
Who pierce strikes like vicious snakes, rhymes elevate
Niggaz get sniped watch me annihilate
The Gods got me eating off a fine dinner plates
With this rap shit told me don't procrastinate
West Coast lyricist, Killa Bee clique we swarm thick
Spit the written like scripts
No but fully loaded throw darts and make it hit, the
target
Pardon, me as I keep on starting, mo' shit
Feel the wrath with these raw hits from Math
You don't stand a chance, you can't top it we too
advance

Verse 2:

Sharp shooter with the greatest accuracy
Blast it rapidly, If those attacking me are after me
You never capture me, it's sad to see niggaz testing
me
You meet your destiny can't get next to me
The best of me you know the recipe
The cut-throat making blood soak from the gun-smoke
Have you gasping for oxygen
Then pops you with the glocks again
Drop 'em in with the street life, the street type
We snipe, artificial niggaz under street lights
Street fights transform into wars with firearms
Bullets storm niggaz start to swarm like rise on
Dying on the same blocks when they exchange rocks
And hand cops flamed rocks
Year after year up in the same spot
Total madness synergy in city streets
Battle many fleets as they walk by the gates of the
darkside

Black Knights

Yo,yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Verse 3:

The microphone magnificent
Burning hot like syphilis
Hit your dish drink from distances
Bombin' leave no witnesses
The street division kid from the,
Home of the wasteland
Styles bionic, sounds blow holes through your
basement
Face it for the Black Knights there's no replacement
You're basic, kid put this in your mouth so you can taste
it
These ancient rhymes are lethal
When manifested bring wrath of bloody vengeance
To suckers that second guessed it
Confess it I got the type flows that'll make you stagger
Came out my mother's womb with a blunt and bloody
dagger
>From day one I knew that I'll be on some ol' lye shit
Do or die shit, ready to ride slug slide shit

Verse 4:

The audity prodigy,
The cosmos commodity, knowledge guides equality
A whiff while I myth and a sniff off a E&J fifth
And a spliff, the proton neutron,
Sally with the crouton dipping in the Yucon,
Supernova yoga, dosia, ambrosia crane and cobra
The yolk for help and the stealth with the knowledge of
self
Like no one else, the code of yoba
>From the noble none of my niggaz local

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