

## **Wu-Syndicate "Golden Sands"**

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Intro: 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

Seein 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

Chorus

{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 anesthetics  
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

Chorus

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