

Wu-Syndicate "Young Brothas"

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Intro: Myalansky [Joe Mafia]

Young brotha, take a look around [All ya young niggas]
At the starvation, legal murder [watch yourself blood]
Abortion, as the death rate increases [I feel for you
son]
Life the ghetto, my peoples [word up, what up all ya
niggas]
Wu-Syndicate, rest in peace
all those who didn't make it all these years [Stop]
Hold your head, grap your umbrellas [Word]

[Myalansky]

UFO swarm your city, older cats retire
Shorty fantasizing "When I grow up, I'll be the livest"
Well known threw the high school
Little knucklehead, gettin high too
Fightin in class, rockin Levi shoes
Short ass suit, swing valleys
Sayin one day, he'll be paid lavage
Bangin fly Canadian chick named Tamia
Saint Gria, fine wine, don doddy, why?
Corporate blindsides, the frontlines survive
It be down little shorties watching they don't give a fuck
Locked up, now your love caught a lee, now what?

Chorus: Myalansky

Everything in life, ain't always what it seems
Keep it real with reality, stop the illusion, chasing the
dream
Many lives lost through the struggle, children cry
Look at the stressed mother, family losed a love
Young Brotha

For all of my young niggas, take this true baby

[Joe Mafia]

Project long knights move

You bitter sweet killers with murder fleets
The slaughter hold heat

So many drugs, my thugs O.D.
Knockin O.D.'s to give at this
Wildin out, who's the livest?
Stayin the flyest
Ya name ring, iced chain swing
Shorties wan't too much expose to the game of drug
sling
Not knowin who to trust
Lost your mind a long time ago
Fuck a nine to five, but yo don't waste time to blow the
fast life
Got you livin on the edge, speedballin nigga note the
ledge
Why you wastin your time, shinin for egg head
Night cat, see ya life flash, and get a thrill thuggin
Stop frontin, rockin Slot Time caught in the cross bustin

Chorus

Outro
Shit is real, all my young brothas
East the West coast, Los Angelese, N.Y.C.
Much respect to nigga Tony Alfred from Brownsville
My man Shawn Harper, all my cats
Young Brothas
Brown
Keep Focus
All my niggas that got put through the ground
Locked down
See where you headin shorty
I used to be you

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