

Ferrat Jean

"Worldwide Syndicates"

Visit "[Worldwide Syndicates](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Maxim]

Yo, international hits goin' on
Yo, digital....satelite uplink
We ain't talking about no lifestyle, gold cufflinks
Whatever, yo, yo, yo

[Hook - Maxim]

I know the link between Wideworld Sydicates
We touch the borders, the borders so delicate
I know the link between Wideworld Syndicates
We touch the borders, the borders so intricate
I know the link between Wideworld Sydicates
We touch the borders, the borders so delicate
I know the link between Wideworld Sydicates
Syndicates, syndicates!

[Chris Corner]

Arrrghaaa! Gaseous attack, I broadcast these facts
so the masses react
'Cos we're trapped in the Worldwide
Worldwide deception, stock markets crash
(?) start to hash
Deep in the torture, prisoners of war
It's martial law, harsh and indoors
This New World Order, try manslaughter
Time on every borderline as the blind follow the blind
2001: Space Odessey collapsin' the economy
Grim Reaper - maximum prodigy
Ain't no hard drives, lookin' all pretty
We talk about Smart Cards, life in the city
it's shitty. WAAAAAGH! *deep breaths*
I concentrate, contemplate
How can I take the weight? URRGH, URRGH-AAHH!
Wipe your tears for your son, Mom
Cos Vietnam was sorta like a high school prom
Prepared to take this destruction
Governments, got in construction
Your life will be worth less than dust then.
Actions to cover the earth with radiation. Alert!
The ozone layer's goin' to burst!
(?)

Death to the power of the sun
Hear it explained and clear, in your eardrum
New York to England, tight like a snare drum
Maxim, Poetic and Diamond J
Help you find a way before mankind decays
La la-la, la la-la-ah-ah
La la-la, yo, yo, yo
Inside this veritcal villages
Where we murder and pillage
and watch our own earth diminish
Niggas' store owners become album killers
I love them soldiers, they got no limits
Trap ya soul in it, niggas who flow with it
Soul with it and start blowin' kisses
at young brothers in showbusiness
Paint a picture so vivid you can feel it

[Hook]

[Maxim]

What's goin on in this *whooooooop-whoooooop*
A confusin' time for all, everyone's got to agree
The complex state of affairs - peer pressure
Who's the aggressor? Who's the Spartacists?
Who can we trust? What future lies before us?
I must stress - It's down to intellect
Over-tiredness, over-exergtion, perversion
The strain, we put on the life game
Many men want to find the meaning to the colourful
palette of everyday scenarios
Touch of a button, violate nature's laws
Big bad claws, neither mine, neither yours
We take this chaos, no respect
Do we have to wreck everything?
We have to take steps to protect all assets
Utilise our intellect - we cannot forget!
Too many wild cards in the pack, elusive
Characters, politicians to barristers, lunatics
madmen (?) and straight through to lecturers
The soul conquered (?)
Obscenity of hypocrisy, it's genuine
I plan to ruin, I make a profit out of everything
Ranging from snakeskins to amphetamines
Precious stones, to bitumin

[Hook]

Visit [Ferrat Jean](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

