

Lucy Pearl

"Pointin' Fingers"

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[Joe Mafia]

My mic sabre track-slashin', rhythmic navigator
Quasar dart flamin', Mediterranean
Catastrophic with the block logic mafia cat
Maneuver swift, O.G. got some projects
Got the raw deal on the war field
Sixty trillion ton guns on timin' of your shield
We on it like angry hornet-types on your perimeter
Sinister, car crash impact invehicular
Crime Syndicate just asserted this raw dosage
Blow your mind focus, mastermind links in 3 voltage
Love is love amongst us, you cause pass
Receive penalties unjust is how my team rush
Magnetic attracts stacks, repels cosmetic
Cats would jack shorty watch, mimic
Anacondas die spottin' bombers that's sky high
Fully traumatized, wonderin' why, why

[Chorus: Myalansky]

Fake rap thugs, gun slingers, no need for names
We don't point fingers, title you claim
Go here, start swingin', leave, die stingin'
Stop the mirage, get scarred dreamin'
Now that he gone, driven his mom screamin'

[Myalansky]

Just a seven from this rap doses, cats is bogus
Keep your eyes open, shakin' the dice, stay alive, focus
Myalansky cold as ice, don't lose your life
City red, sheist, bubble all night, lower the price
I improved, dock and move units, fiends who shooted
Younger cats tooted, faggot you blew it
Give me the gat, do him
Dime art rap, perhaps lungs collapse, let me back track
Slapped for talkin', snitchin', get clapped at
Projects, actual facts, slingin' some crack
We'll come back, pure garbage, yo, you dumb, black?
Blow his fuckin' head off Joe, call Napoleon
The only man, Wu-Syndicate, what? Rollin' in
Bring me modern chokes to the cocktail Colombian,
hungry men

Sniper from your rooftop, right, aimin' for Uncle Ben
Feathers and brims, leathers and Timbs
Jean Paul Gauthier wear, bitches let it begin

[Chorus]

[Joe Mafia]

Saint Valentino, 'bino, ghetto Tarentino
Conceal weapons, brought adolecence, insert to your
project fabuloso
Holdin' a stolen tre-ocho, maneuver thru old foes
Who old? Fold the bitch in choke hold
Propositions, fuck ass kickin', it's Math', listen
Mad figures, courted, extorted, auto craft, switch it
Get it right, shifty and shiest, city insite
I'm busy trife, hiddin' flights, premeditated heist
More fiend fiend lusted CREAM, busted the precusions
My ears ring, never seen, before cats were lovin' 'steen
Mother tote, it ain't what you got, it's what you know
Supreme schemes, trustin' hoes, safe but large cargos
Get remmy bent, probably my posse be holdin' heavy
shit
Syndicate, benevolent flinch, who blocks split the
sound of trumpets
Inside the mercury, temperature thirty degrees
D.A. and the V.A., the worensy, dunn

[Chorus]

[Myalansky]

Lame hands, front the trophy, he don't deserve that
Herb frontin' hard with the gat, screamin' he splurged
that
Most of these cats frontin', look gorilla poke tax
Runnin', look, tote, spit all up on wax
Myalansky, projects, original concept, take the wrong
step
Caught in the zone for those who life froze
From Poke-nose to Venice Beach, locked up in the
street
Hit rock, damn, I feel good, lay back, feel the breeze
Slide like jet-ski's, flee, smokin' some nestles
Streets-free, test these three, Napoleon, Joe Mafia, my
comrades
Saigon, 'nam without the dome tag, have you whole
block in inferno
But for the most of it, me unposted,
careful your throws, Syndicate never fold
Sunshine, rhyme or crime, my team lock the show
Frontline, deaf, dumb and blind, uncivilized
Recognize, yo, fake rap thugs

[Chorus]

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