

Lucy Pearl

"Wings of Life"

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Chorus:

Jump and scream for the wings of life
Truth indeed, proceed to achieve in life
Know what I mean?
Succed finer things in life
To the death coming through, believe the hype
We was kings and the queens your wife
The same king turned fiend and preceed to trife
Get this dream, razor seed, intervine the heist
As we blood, jump and scream wings of life

{Joe Mafia}

It's far beyond block don
Scavangers with firearms spittin intellect
Play your cards, we on the chess board
Bloatin and according lead fam to first fatigue work
Global network, kurupt thug with a blood thirst
City cats quick to adapt turn up the thermostat
Slot Time lock your front line get at me picture that
Scape raider horizons, enterprising amongst the livest
Cool inside in the lion's den
Sharpness around the island, starving for fresh meat
Put away the bloody red beaf that started in the street
A harpoon, Actual life bullet's is cartoon
Stay focused feed off my spoon, feed platoons
Full of drug lords, struggling bums, sons and slum
lords
Die live and lies what for civilized a whole
Wu-Syndici, Philly I, vintage rap presented at the best
sign
From D.A. to world wide

Chorus

{Myalansky}

Hot winds blow the Swarm, Killa Bees
Project sting for cream, corporate world abduct the
enemy
For all the crime locked in the beast, receive the
penalty
Penetentary rap for cats who won't remember me

With needle mixed with raw got it locked, observe the chemistry
G Weathers, twenty million stop, you'll feelin me?
Shorty Rock was young but observed well
Down at Miss Sarah's spot, rest in peace boo, miss you though for real
Babylon, as time repeat, let's do it once again
And cut you men who don't give a fuck, and ask you what you said
Slap box old school glocks, cop dem upside ya head
Spittin some, grabbing my crotch, layin the upper hand

Chorus

{Joe Mafia}

Chest plate to chest plate, Syndicate way
Off the wall, look at tall Joe dynasty formed we swarming y'all
Sort of hype, never before performed with scorching mics
Subbord sights, niggas lose stripes, sometime it cost life
Jail cats, jiggy windpipe, niggas to snitch
Still locked behind a thirty foot fence, lustin to dirty bitch
I plan to stay free and stack chips
VA to Cali flights, shiste flicks flinging a price
Who playing shiste?

{Myalansky}

Spot rusher aim for the top, stop bluffing
Mob rap, no turning back, fucking with live cats
These are the those who live to give props
Not surprised when Killa Bees on every block
So televise this

Chorus

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