

Maxim "Worldwide Syndicates"

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Yo, some international hits goin' on
Yo, digital satellite uplink
We ain't talkin' about no lifestyle, gold cufflinks
Whatever, yo, yo, yo

I know the link between wide world syndicates
We took the borders, the borders so delicate
I know the link between wide world syndicates
We took the borders, the borders so intricate

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We took the borders, the borders so delicate
I know the link between wide world syndicates
Syndicates, syndicates

Gaseous attack, I broadcast these facts
So the masses react
'Cos we're trapped in the worldwide worldwide
deception
Stock markets crash, blast from the hash

Deep within the torture of prisoners of war
It's martial law, harsh to indoors
This New World Order try manslaughter
Time on every borderline as the blind follow the blind

2001 Space Odyssey 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 I concentrate, contemplate
How can I take the weight?
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 is goin' to burst

Someone uses another and then they both perish
Death to the power of the sun, and they can't bear it
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

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Inside these vertical villages where we murder and
pillages
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 busy start throwin' kisses
At young brothers in show business
Paint a picture so vivid you can feel it

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What's goin' on in
A confusin' time from all, everybody'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 exertion, perversion
The strain, we put on the life game

Many men want to find the meanin'
To the colorful 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 everythin'?
We have to take steps to protect all assets
Which rules our intellect we cannot forget

Too many wild cards in the pack, elusive characters
Politicians to barristers, lunatics, madmen
Shop owners, straight through to lecturers
The so called 'Good fellas'

Obscenity of hypocrisy, it's genuine
I plan to ruin, I make a profit out of everything
Ranging from snake skins to amphetamines
Precious stones, to bitumen

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