America

Wu-tang Clan

Intro: Killah Priest, Raekwon

Continous

Yeah, youknowhatI'msayin?

Wu-Tang

Aiyyo aiyyo, come on yo yo yo I'ma shoot over here

On that AIDS thing

YouknowhatI'msayin? I'm gonna just slide in the studio quick

Yo, yo

And get this done

Verse One: Killah Priest

When you're sexually frustrated, plus waiting for a long time

You both had strong minds

Combined with feelings, she seems appealing

for each other, discreet lover, no longer keeps brothers

Smothered under deep covers

Erotic programs, Moet and slow jams

Enough to make you hold hands

And plus you a bold man

You fall in a manhole, where the forbidden tree grow

And bullshit ego, of fly negro

Whole garden sour, polluted with a dead flower

Months later, he's layin on a respirator

Depending on a generator, to keep his heart moving

And start losing sight in his right eye

In weeks he might die

Verse Two: Raekwon

Yeah, uh-huh

I know this dope-fiend cat, word up, his name is Javier

Part-time shooter sharing needles in the stairs

Wise guys disguised as a fly guy

you gettin high right? Weeded up with red shit in your right eye

Youse a menace, your brain cells finished

Begging forgiveness, calling that up top shit syphillis

You know what you was gettin into

Try to guess on what I've been through

Fuck shorty raw then she scared you

Chorus: Raekwon

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from the Wu, it's real

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo Coming from my crew, it's real Verse Three: RZA

My nigga Chuck, he loved to fuck
Everything exotic bitches down to ugly ducks
Like Nancy, who liked the fancy tickles
so he put popsicles on her nipples to make her sex passion
triple quadriple, until she bust
Overcome with passion, big ass want lust upon him
But nigga he forsake to grab the condom
Fuck it, he said AIDS, was government made
to keep niggaz afraid so they won't get laid no babies be made
And the black population will decrease within a decade
German warfare product against the dark shade
Chorus:

would up assess this wo

AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo

Coming from my crew, it's real AIDS kills, word up respect this, yo Coming from the Wu, it's real Verse Four: Master Killer, Inspector Deck Caught by the gravitation earth rotation Six in the sex is deep, when you can't see clear through the sheer brassiere, toke back Smoking a spliff, sippin cognac, God you know my two love songs, Bobby Womack tracks Got her fat ass layin flat on her back Yo, as she lay, she wore a silk gray neglige Alehze pours, the radio play, Marvin Gaye What's Going On? As she screams Sexual Healing Couldn't fight the feeling her legs hit the ceiling Hittin all positions dipped in for quick love She's professional she does this shit in strip clubs Flied in June until she Acquired Immune Deficiency Now misery is the Syndrome Outro: Raekwon and others Oh shit, God that's wild

Damn, that's some cherry flavor shit going on though kid For real, knowhatI'msayin?

What about the exotic type
Caskets is waitin for brothers
Word up slide on the joints baby
Before you go to sex take protection
Word up

AIDS kills, word up respect this

America Is Dying Slowly (4x)
Yeah, word yo, sliding up in this store right here
I ain't even playing that man, for real

Dig it

Respect how I'm living kid

Here forever, word up

Lubricated joints, ribbed joints is bangin

But they still playing the hotel door man

Word, you know how that be though, you know how that be

Yo, just gettin to be too old

Chick over there lookin like Sonny and Cher

Over there

Yeah

America Is Dying Slowly

Surely

America Is Dying Slowly

America Is Dying Slowly

remember that! Syndrome, be the resident

America Is Dying Slowly

Wu-Tang, Syndrome, be the resident

Noodles, Bobby Steels, Lou Diamonds, Killer Priest

Rolly Rollie Fingers, Johnathan Blaze, Maximillion

Prodigal Sons, Anthony Starks, Hellrazor

Prodigal Son, and in the place, Sixty Second

Sunz of Man, Gambinos, forever...

Keep it safe!

Ol Dirt Schultz, word up baby

Protect yourself!

Keep it safe

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