C.R.E.A.M.

Wu-Tang Clan

What that nigga want God? Word up, look out for the cops (Cash Rules)

Word up, two for fives over here baby
Word up, two for fives them niggaz got garbage down the way

Word up, know what I'm sayin"?

(Cash Rules Everything Around Me, C.R.E.A.M. get)

Yeah, check this ol' fly shit out, word up

(Cash Rules Everything Around Me)

Take you on a natural joint

(C.R.E.A.M. get the money)

Here we here we go

(Dollar, dollar bill y'all)

Check this shit, yo!I grew up on the crime side, the New York Times side

Stayin' alive was no jive

At second hands, moms bounced on old men

So then we moved to Shaolin land

A young youth, yo rockin' the gold tooth, 'Lo goose

Only way, I begin to gee off was drug loot

And let's start it like this son, rollin' with this one

And that one, pullin' out gats for funBut it was just the dream for the teen, who was a fiend

Started smokin' woolies at sixteen

And runnin' up in gates, and doin' hits for high stakes

Makin' my way on fire escapes

No question I would speed, for cracks and weed

The combination made my eyes bleed

No question I would flow off, and try to get the dough all

Stickin' up white boys in ball courtsMy life got no better, same damn 'Lo sweater

Times is ruff and tuff like leather

Figured out I went the wrong route

So I got with a sick ass click and went all out

Catchin' keys from across seas

Rollin' in MPV's, every week we made forty G's

Yo nigga respect mine, or anger the tech nine

Ch-chick-pow! Move from the gate nowCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allIt's been twenty-two long hard years of still strugglin'

Survival got me buggin', but I'm alive on arrival

I peep at the shape of the streets

And stay awake to the ways of the world 'cuz shit is deep

A man with a dream with plans to make C.R.E.A.M.

Which failed, I went to jail at the age of 15

A young buck sellin' drugs and such who never had much

Tryin' to get a clutch at what I could not The court played me short, now I face incarceration

Pacin', goin' up state's my destination

Handcuffed in back of a bus, forty of us

Life as a shorty shouldn't be so ruff

But as the world turns I learned life is Hell

Livin' in the world no different from a cell

Everyday I escape from Jakes givin' chase, sellin' base

Smokin' bones in the staircaseThough I don't know why I chose to smoke sess

I guess that's the time when I'm not depressed

But I'm still depressed, and I ask what's it worth?

Ready to give up so I seek the Old Earth

Who explained working hard may help you maintain

To learn to overcome the heartaches and pain

We got stickup kids, corrupt cops, and crack rocks

And stray shots, all on the block that stays hotLeave it up to me while I be livin' proof

To kick the truth to the young black youth

But shorty's runnin' wild smokin' sess drinkin' beer

And ain't tryin' to hear what I'm kickin' in his ear

Neglected, but now, but yo, it gots to be accepted

That what? That life is hecticCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allCash Rules Everything Around Me

(Niggas gots to do what they gotta do, to get a bill)

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'all

(Ya know what I'm sayin"?) Cash Rules Everything Around Me

('Cuz we can't just get by no more)

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'all

(Word up, we gotta get over, straight up and down)Cash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

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C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'allCash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M., get the money

Dollar, dollar bill y'all, oh yeah

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