Middle Finger Attitude

American Cream Team

[Rhyme Recca]
You rather put your head in a lions mouth, they call me out
I don't play games, I put a torpedo in your scout
You never sold shit, never stole shit
Get in a video and front like you hold shit
You playing a role that been on file a hundred times
Coming around with the same gun running rhymes
I read your rap sheet, you ain't never did a crime
Never cocked the nine, never did no federal time
What's the deal baby? You act stupid, but you ain't crazy
Bottomline that scarface shit don't amaze me
Enemies fold like cloves when I project my flows
U.F.O.'s get wet the fuck up like H20
You move too slow, bang thirty seconds behind
Run if you want, fuck up, that ass is mine
Play the game, learn the rules or you're bound to lose
Everything is everything, it's a storm nigga[Chorus 2x: Rhyme Recca]
Middle finger attitude, fuck you and your crew
Got connects, glocks and techs, bulletproof vests
You don't want conflict, beef with us, you're stressed
We the wrong ones to test, lay that ass to rest[Chip Banks]
Niggas is crazy to me, I'm the cat, you rhyme about in your raps
Handicaps, sound like me, how much cocaine you sold?
How many grams did a kilo?
And how many Columbians from Santa Fe do you know, papa?
If you was in the mix, what was your price in 86 and
I wanna know what type of stamps on your bricks, dicks
A lot of these niggas out here is like chicks
Same ol' shit, same lame shit
Mr. Santana, Cream Team number, you know
To my Spanish people I be numero uno
Ya niggas better chill out, 'fore you get me mad up in here
Pulling out mill' out, I don't care to spill out
Keep my tech oiled up, cuz I'm not an amateur
Bullets getting caught up in your chamber, they could damage ya
Niggas see me in here smilin
Yea but I'm real enough to break New York from Fantasy Island[Chorus 2x][Baby Thad]
Yea, I hear you barkin, but are you really being felt?
You're soft as cream puff, callin your code bluff

Meantime between time, we pack
Gee-stacks and key-lines we stack
Sad rappin, get you delivered up the river
Slipperiest nigga, sliver, snake sliver
La caja fall, winter made gentlemen
Pussycats all small talk and no walks
Try not to focus on jokers, we wrote this
Mediocre thugs, full of hocus-pocus
Disappear, huh? Reappear underground
Cold and layin stiff like vultures
Got your car pulled, you're queer, you're weak
Shakin and shivering, scared to speak
Ran through tons of herbs, huh?
You get smacked, silly, be quiet, mums the worth[Chorus 4x]

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