

# Wu-tang Cream Team Line Up (a.k.a. 'american Cream

## Method Man

[Rae] Aiyyo, American Cream Team productions, bustin  
[THH] Harlem World, Shaolin  
[Rae] We back.. and we ain't goin nowhere  
Get that? They gonna respect me  
(Just just slay on em when you come back)  
[The Harlem Hoodz]Yo, the effervesence of my team be cool, calm  
Persuasive, deadly, possessive, manic depressive  
In the golden art, (niggaz) get torn apart  
in the dark, sharks swim deeper than Noah's Ark  
Harlem Hood, Wu breddern, stay rebellin  
Better be, careful of the beef that you meddle in  
Devilish advocates, death peddlin  
Turn another kettle in, we be veterans  
Say no more, ?Banky? gonna lay down the law  
Got Hoodz that's quick on the draw to sick em on y'all  
Them broads that you sweatin, I don't stick em no more  
We import dimes from Singapore, bang em on tour  
Run down to Sean John, we gon order some more  
You got, ones in your crib, then I'm outside your door  
[Raekwon the Chef]Twist a black Dutch up, whattup, crane style, chain style  
Magnolium Rock, twenty-eight thou', plus  
gorgeous, Star Trek cordless  
Finish the (bitch) we in it, need more fish in the fortress  
Flashback freeze, shatter in the sweater three keys  
Myer Lans' stance, Don Steez  
[Chorus: Raekwon]Yo, take time out, hold your nine out  
Polly with the all time lineup, send mine to shine, what?  
Cream Team lifestyle, aight now..  
.. ground get wiped out, mic fightin on the kite now  
Despite thou, go against us, win it right now  
Shed light, bring it to light, and move right  
[Inspektah Deck]Another sound boy dyin, crowd noise multiplyin  
Don't let the fuzz slide in, bust out the sirens  
Sure win, lure em in like exotic women  
I smile with the sinister grin to finish him  
You [fuckin] with Hoodz, get your goods pushed back  
you fraud, pull the wool off your Hollywood act

Throw your body on the tracks, pull the back out your raps  
 Burn like, the human torch, lookin for collapse  
 It's the intricate, syndicate, thoughts travel infinite  
 Thunderous, movin hundreds, we on the run  
 [Harlem Hoodz]  
 Who bring that Harlem World Willie (shit) the best, we know  
 New Jack City 2, ?Banky? be Nino  
 600 Benz-ino, midnight blue  
 Put a dime in the front, I'm off to slide pipe through  
 [Method Man]Yo, it's us, the Cold Crush, ice (niggaz) plush  
 Baby what, peep the black dust, diamond in the rough  
 Give a (fuck), I'm like iodine, see me in the cut?  
 Playin shadows, ridin on the track side-saddle  
 Long John Silver, the God on your block like God-zilla  
 [RRAWWARRR] She gave away my (pussy) I'ma kill her  
 [Chorus: Raekwon]Aiyyo, spit for me, hear me, Cream Team  
 Wake these (niggaz) up they ain't hear me, promotin on Leary  
 Yo come back, switch slang theory  
 American Cream with no I in the team, laser beam  
 [Killa Sin]Aiyyo I keep my (shit) baggedy, pants saggy, millionaire faculty  
 backin me up, knee deep for casualties, speak brief  
 Thoughts like a street sweep, sporadically reach peaks  
 and spaz out, bitch smack your majesty  
 Iron palm drillin through your cavity, you want it Dunn how badly  
 Got eighty cats, creepin in your alley, where your dogz at?  
 [Chorus: Raekwon]Yo, take time out, hold your nine out  
 Polly with the all time lineup, send mine to shine, what?  
 Cream Team lifestyle, aight now..  
 .. ground get wiped out, mic fightin on the kite now  
 Despite thou, go against us, win it right now  
 Shed light, bring it to light, and move right  
 "America's Cream Team..  
 "Ah-ah-America's Cream Team..  
 [Funk Flex]Uh-huh, what what?  
 One time baby, big shout to the RZA  
 Big shout to my man Power  
 Big shout to Raekwon the Chef, Inspektah Deck  
 My man Method Man, big shout to my man ?Mel?  
 Big shout to the Harlem Hoodz  
 Big up my man Killa Sin  
 Aight, you know how we do, sixty minutes of funk  
 Volume Three, Funkmaster Flex aight the final chapter baby

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