

C.R.E.A.M. (Terry Cole Remix)

Wu-Tang Clan

What that nigga want God?
Word up, look out for the cops (Wu-Tang five finger shit)
(Cash Rules) Word up, two for fives over here baby
Word up, two for fives them niggas 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
(Dolla dolla bill y'all) Check this shit, yo! I grew up on the crime side, the New York Times side
Staying 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 fun
But it was just a dream for the teen, who was a fiend
Started smokin' woolies at sixteen
And running up in gates, and doing hits for high stakes
Making 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
Sticking up white boys in ball courts
My 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! Wu from the gate now Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me
C.R.E.A.M.
Get the money
Dollar, dollar bill y'all Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me
C.R.E.A.M.

Get the money
 Dollar, dollar bill y'all It'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 cause 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
 Trying to get a clutch at what I could not, could not,
 The court played me short, now I face incarceration
 Pacin' going 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
 Living in the world no different from a cell
 Everyday I escape from Jakes givin' chase, sellin' base
 Smokin' bones in the staircase
 Though 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 hot
 Leave it up to me while I be living proof
 To kick the truth to the young black youth
 But shorty's running wild smokin sess drinkin' beer
 And ain't trying to hear what I'm kickin in his ear
 Neglected, but now, but yo, it gots to be accepted
 That what? That life is hectic Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me
 C.R.E.A.M.
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