

## Cream

Lil' Wayne

Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M get the money  
Dollar, dollar bill y'all

I've been having these nightmares  
Of losing time, with no reward  
Momma would call the Lord, before she call the law  
Then I went and found time, and I ordered more  
Time is money, so I spent it all trying to order more  
They say beef is a poor man's sport  
Behind the money get that rhyme report, fuck it

I don't cut the work  
Drop top on 20's  
Soon as I learned how to talk I talked business  
Nigga's ain't safe, all 9 innings  
And to you it's just change, I want every JC Penny  
And I walk up in your funeral late, suit rented  
Lift a mini skirt, get behind her like Benny  
Goin' at your neck, get the rope tie a noose  
This a gun check, now who do I write it to?  
I'm dirty like ENT, shout out to Murphy Lee  
Gotta cut up the credit cards, plastic surgery  
I'mma God, Mercy Me  
I'm higher than mercury  
Smokin' on that strong  
Full of that Hercules  
Bartender, Hurry up, Hurry up with my drink  
Nigga's pullin caper's like a they come with a string  
I'm standing over the stove with my gun in the sink  
Cause' I don't know what nigga's thinking, but I know how they think  
Uh, catch a skateboard to the jaw  
I'm in that pussy, she in awe  
In this here is my homeboy Quick Draw McGraw  
I'm even on both sides of the seesaw  
You can get your head cut off with a saw, yeehaw  
Kill you and your right-hand man, SouthPaw  
Money over bitches, and above the law  
Money over bitches, and above the law  
Money

Yeah!

Uh  
Pocket full of money, we're the posse full of hiters  
Black and White Porsche's, like a Nazi with a nigga  
Money make the world, 360  
We throw them dolla's up, them bitches better be Frisbee's  
Pounds in the freezer, 50 rounds in the sweeper  
Counter full of coke, naked bitch baggin' up  
And if the bitch stealing, I know where her Mama live  
I love this shit so much, I got on a tux  
Man it's been a minute since I seen my nigga Bubble  
Some nigga's fade away, some nigga's hit the jumper  
Kidnap your niece, don't cry, call your uncle  
We don't wanna hurt ya baby, we just want your uncle

25 lighters on the dresser, yessir  
I ain't hearin' that bullshit, I'm deafer  
Than left her, somewhere out wherever  
They find your body severed  
You know they findin' nigga's guilty like the find the treasure  
But get your money  
On occasions, I get too wasted, it's an occasion  
I heard a nurse say, "Thank you for being so patient"  
I know my nigga's got me, we good forever  
Get the cheese nigga, please, avoid the shredder  
Turning good to better  
Gotta pull it together  
I wish that blood on the floor, was rose pedals  
Real Gangsta's die of old age  
And old money, get paid my nigga  
Tunchi