

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