

# C.R.E.A.M.

RZA

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 niggaz got garbage down the way, word up  
Kno what I'm sayin'?  
(Cash Rules Everything Around Me  
C.R.E.A.M. get...)  
Yeah, check this old 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!

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

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! Move from the gate now

Chorus: Method Man

Cash, Rules, Everything, Around, Me  
C.R.E.A.M.  
Get the money  
Dollar, dollar bill y'all

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

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

Outro:

Chorus -- 4X

Niggas gots to do what they gotta do, to get a bill  
YaknowhatI'msayin?  
Cuz we can't just get by no more  
Word up, we gotta get over, straight up and down

Chorus -- 3X

Cash Rules Everything Around Me  
C.R.E.A.M.  
get the money  
Dolla dolla bill y'aauhhhaaaauhhhahhhauhhhhll, YEAH