

# DJ Clue, Cream 2001

(feat. Ghostface Killah, Raekwon)

[Intro: DJ Clue (Raekwon)]

Word up, word up  
New shit.. Raekwon.. Ghostface  
(Eh-yo, eh-yo, eh-yo..)  
CREAM.. 2001  
(Who you? Who you?)  
Fetch out.. my nigga RZA  
(Yea.. yea.. yea..)  
WHAAAAAAT?

[Raekwon]

That's right..  
My nigga Clueminatti fuckin wit the intro, to murder somebody  
We cheque-cash niggas wit four fingers on 'em  
Callin the Lord, "Help me!", that's us  
Thrustin through ya hood wit the dust (HOOOOO!)  
Lord have mercy, niggas look thirsty, yo  
End the swine, meet the inventor, plus the winter  
It's mine, gasoline jump, just spiked gloves, nines  
Watch my wave push, one chain faded out  
Racin to Spain, half a million dollars in Boyd  
Willy Aims, slap bop top of ya glocks, plus black Reebox  
Rockin real nigga shit, callin me Pops  
Golden pro', kitchen designer shit  
Chinchilla blankets, H. Winston anklets on  
Drug dealer banquets, hands out, fire when we spit (Haha)  
The position is lit, drop fifty out a blimp  
Roast ya ornaments, Super Bowl ring on each finger  
Gettin fly, might linger, those of you ride  
So let the lye sprinkle yo

[Chorus x2: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]

Yo we put together like CREAM  
Matter of fact like a Jamaican team  
Sprangler stats, hatin like Mitch Green  
Off the wall auction that dumb out  
(We organize exortions)  
Burn niggas labels down, frostin 'em

[Ghostface Killah]

Eh-yo, how you like two Ac's?  
Max in the trunk, lookin real dumb  
Eighty-eight paper and our nose is numb  
Prayed over Marvin Gaye's grave  
He said Ghost, "Pop merked me at an early age  
Hit ninety in the back of me days"  
There's supreme fingers all on my dick  
Loved the way I sung the Cherells  
"Mercy, mercy, son", made 'em cum  
I wrote songs for the people  
Verses that'll make Nixon resign  
You can do the same thing with rhymes  
"I swear Ghost is doobie, just imagine"  
Check out what I started  
Who's the first to rock 'fros with out a part in it?  
Featherhats partin it, Gladys was the baddest, she wore a six  
Pretty-ass foot with an arch in it  
Big cars, slammin eight-tracks, slammin tracks  
King died in sixty-five, Motown cried  
Saw a tear drop from Stevie's eyes  
Fogged out glasses  
The plan was to bring together all the masses

[Chorus x2]

[Break: DJ Clue \*during chorus\*]

DJ Clue.. Desert Storm

Fetch out.. Rip Right

Loud Records, Steve Rifkin, Epic

CLUE!

[Raekwon]

Money Mohammed Ali niggas who keep clean sneakers on

Beef and take niggas eats, streets brought all my features

Temped to clog bed rallies, imagine only seventeen wildin

Who spent thousand on 'em Ballies?

Now I'm just lampin, just stylin out in Cali

Actin like raw is the mission, mission is to slap 'em

Bang jars, movin in psalms, manipulatin my accountant

Relaxin like.. blacks get jobs

Slangin in bangles y'all, chillin from all angles

Don rock more thank you's, gettin my shit washed

Elevator music, Rolex doors with thirty-seven whores

Countin the paper, takin y'all to walls

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: DJ Clue]

DJ Clue.. Desert Storm

The Professional, Pt. 2

Stupid! Fetch out.. Dame Dash

My nigga Jigga, Big Harper

You know how we do things, word up