

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