

# House Gang Animalz, C.R.E.A.M. '04

[Chorus 2.5X: Donnie Cash (all)]

(CREAM!) What I came for (CREAM!) What I bang for  
(CREAM!) Same thing that I claim House Gang for  
(CREAM!) What I ride for (CREAM!) What I die for  
(CREAM!) Same thing that I'll catch a homicide for

[Donnie Cash]

D.C.'s a veteran man

You could tell from the way I'm makin' saless, I'm the medicine man

Double ups, 12 12's or I'm sellin' them grams

That stuffed up like shells, till I'm building a cantalin

Everyday I move an ounce, and it's nothin' for D.C.

To open up your face like a new account

Pack 'em up and move 'em out, that's how the game go

They strappin' up and shootin' out, for blocks like our names on 'em

Glocks with them thangs on it, make it easy to spray you

And lay you in a box with your name on it

Cops could obtain warrants, but they ain't hurtin' the kid

By searchin' the crib, my pops had the same honor

[Chorus .5X]

[Carlton Fisk]

House Gang A.W.O.L., don't play at all

Have you on a rest in peace mural, frame and all

Many, combinations and safes, lost

Denomination's a cake, you found the right one

Bet it's this way, ain't nothin' stoppin' us, the music we make

Reality based, Animette, baggin' the base

Baby powder stuff a pussy, make her travel the state

Fuck up my cake, make her throw the mac in your face

And that'll probably be a wrap to the case

So don't move, and don't try to even get the cops involved

So many shots, make you wonder how a glock revolve

Black car hard, ski-masks and gloves for jobs

And for CREAM sweep the streets, and it's death for ya'll

Yeah, House Gang, haha

[Chorus .5X]

[Polite]

Yo, it's cash and murder, coincide like masks and burners

If it ain't about CREAM, it don't concern us, nigga

Learn from old heads, the whole bread follow a certain rule

Standin' on the corner, cherpin' urban blues

Swim with it, dodgin' D's, rockin' workin' shoes

You know the rules, you don't know 'em, then don't serve them dudes

Work the graveyard, I play hard you, punk mothafuckas

Gat tucked, with the cracks in our Chuckers

Fiends got Nextels, so pigs can't touch us

Dope fiends love us, it's the hood mothafuckas

Ice Water Inc., and the House Gang collabo

Bang at you assholes, your lungs out the lasso's?, faggot

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Most of ya'll be talkin' a lot, how you war with the glock

You oughta stop, can't walk on your block

Undadogz ball hoggin' the rock, while you be talkin' to cops

Be gettin' our gross pay, off the top

In my House Gang 'bout thang, we count change, pound lanes

Think you hotter, I'll abdoust your flame

If it's aimed at your doggy, I'll shout your name

You could bring it, but I doubt you'll hang, bang, bang  
The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns, it's poppin'  
Where niggas is from, the sicker the slums, it's got in  
And under your nose, the youngest of fows is plottin'  
We bubblin' O's, the government knows, they watchin'  
The gladiator, call me General Max, I'm on dough, like a federal tax  
Hundred grand for the beacon, U.D.'s had the festival packed  
Touch mine in the metal'll clap, don't ever relax  
Move through a several caps, nice frames  
Iced out chains, House Gang tapped on the back  
Tight game, fly dames, son's baggin' up cracks  
Why change when we have it like that, huh?  
Why change when we have it like that?