

# Funkmaster Flex, Wu-Tang Cream Team Line-Up

(feat. Wu-Tang Clan, Harlem Hoodz)

[Raekwon] Aiyyo, American Cream Team productions, bustin  
[Chip Banks] Harlem World, Shaolin  
[Raekwon] We back.. and we ain't goin nowhere  
Get that? They gonna respect me  
(Just just slay on em when you come back)

[Baby Thad]  
Yo, the effervesence of my team be cool, calm  
Persuasive, deadly, possessive, manic depressive  
In the golden art, (niggaz) get torn apart  
in the dark, sharks swim deeper than Noah's Ark  
Harlem Hood, Wu breddern, stay rebellin  
Better be, careful of the beef that you meddle in  
Devilish advocates, death peddlin  
Turn another kettle in, we be veterans

[Chip Banks]  
Say no more, Banky gonna lay down the law  
Got Hoodz that's quick on the draw to sick em on y'all  
Them broads that you sweatin, I don't stick em no more  
We import dimes from Singapore, bang em on tour  
Run down to Sean John, we gon order some more  
You got, ones in your crib, then I'm outside your door

[Raekwon the Chef]  
Twist a black Dutch up, whattup, crane style, chain style  
Magnolium Rock, twenty-eight thou', plus  
gorgeous, Star Trek cordless  
Finish the [bitch] we in it, need more fish in the fortress  
Flashback freeze, shatter in the sweater three keys  
Myer Lans' stance, Don Steez

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Yo, take time out, hold your nine out  
Polly with the all time lineup, send mine to shine, what?  
Cream Team lifestyle, aight now..  
Fuck around get wiped out, mic fightin on the kite now  
Despite thou, go against us, win it right now  
Shed light, bring it to light, and move right

[Inspectah Deck]  
Another sound boy dyin, crowd noise multiplyin  
Don't let the fuzz slide in, bust out the sirens  
Sure win, lure em in like exotic women  
I smile with the sinister grin to finish him  
You [fuckin] with Hoodz, get your goods pushed back  
you fraud, pull the wool off your Hollywood act  
Throw your body on the tracks, pull the back out your raps  
Burn like, the human torch, lookin for collapse  
It's the intricate, syndicate, thoughts travel infinite  
Thunderous, movin hundreds, we on the run (shit)

[Chip Banks]  
Who bring that Harlem World Willie (shit) the best, we know  
New Jack City 2, Banky B. Nino  
600 Benz-ino, midnight blue  
Put a dime in the front, I'm off to slide pipe through

[Method Man]  
Yo, it's us, the Cold Crush, ice (niggaz) plush  
Baby what, peep the black dust, diamond in the rough

Give a (fuck), I'm like iodine, see me in the cut?  
Playin shadows, ridin on the track side-saddle  
Long John Silver, the God on your block like God-zilla  
[RRAWWARRR] She gave away my (pussy) I'ma kill her

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Aiyyo, spit for me, hear me, Cream Team  
Wake these [niggaz] up they ain't hear me, promotin on Leary  
Yo come back, switch slang theory  
American Cream with no I in the team, laser beam

[Killa Sin]

Aiyyo I keep my (shit's) raggety, pants saggy, millionaire faculty  
backin me up, knee deep for casualties, speak brief  
Thoughts like a street sweep, sporadically reach peaks  
and spaz out, bitch smack your majesty  
Iron palm drillin through your cavity, you want it Dunn how badly  
Got eighty cats, creepin in your alley, where your dogz at?

[Chorus: Raekwon]

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&quot;America's Cream Team..&quot;  
&quot;Ah-ah-America's Cream Team..&quot;

[Funk Flex]

Uh-huh, what what?  
One time baby, big shout to the RZA  
Big shout to my man Power  
Big shout to Raekwon the Chef, Inspektah Deck  
My man Method Man, big shout to my man Mel  
Big shout to the Harlem Hoodz  
Big up my man Killa Sin  
Aight, you know how we do, sixty minutes of funk  
Volume Three, Funkmaster Flex aight the final chapter baby