

# RZA, C.R.E.A.M

Intro: Raekwon the Chef, Method Man

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

Knowwhatl'msayin?

(Cash Rules Everything Around Me

C.R.E.A.M. get...)

Yeah, check this ol 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  
Yaknowhat!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'aauhhhaaaauhhhhahhhauhhhhll, YEAH