

## Cream "Down & Out"

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Chorus: repeat 2X

Nobody want'cha when you're down and out  
Down and out  
You got to keep on, treatin' me the way you do

[First Verse]

What's up with game, homie? I never saw you before  
You got'z to be ridin' with them haters that be jockin'  
my flow  
You say you always been down, but I never see you  
around  
You was my friend in the beginning, but then you left  
when I was ass out  
Now what's up on your block?  
You supposed to be down when you say you down  
But you weren't down then, what make me think you  
down now?  
Wanna be ridin' right beside me cuz them girls on my  
jock  
But you never wanna mess with me when I was choppin'  
up them rocks  
I never did see your face, you never would put me up in  
your car  
Asked you to take me to the store, you told me that was  
too far  
But now I'm ridin' through your hood, makin' that mo  
money mo  
Smokin' indo behind my tented window  
And now I got my eyes closed when I be passin' you  
suckas by  
No I wouldn't scoop you up and wouldn't address you if  
I tried  
Got some real soldiers with me, cuz you suckas tryin' to  
get me  
Ain't no shame in my game, plus my trigga finger itch  
You can die, die, die over yay, yay, yay  
When Cream step on the scene, that better be all you  
have to say  
Don't play, you wanna get mad, cuz you thought I  
wasn't gone make it  
But I done flipped it up and zipped it up, so suck it up

and take it  
Don't fake it

Chorus (2x)

[Second Verse]

Real is the only way to keep it, when you on the city  
streets  
Watch your back for them jackers and keep your eye on  
your enemies  
Cuz the side that we livin' in, you never know who's  
your friend  
Your friend could be cool, and leave you dead in a  
blood pool  
No rules to this game, or at least they all have been  
broken  
My nigga got kicked over by a bitch, died with his eyes  
wide open  
For shit like that gotta keep it strong and keep it loyal  
on your side  
I wonder WHY, so many niggas I had, died of homicide  
Reflect my life, bustin' too much for a young nigga  
Hangin' tough, and keepin' myself in the game to make  
myself bigger  
And thinkin' with this life, we can be down for the  
pound  
Only time I got declined, so you know I be holdin' it  
down  
Nigga if I'm a million years old,  
I'd still be dealin' with fakes and them phonies  
When I was down and out, the fakest ones are the ones  
who turned on me  
So for them fakers fuck the rollin' show them slugs  
Showin' 'em, bust your love  
Man I'm about to light this bud and hold it down for all  
them thugs

Chorus (3x)

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