Funkmaster Flex "Wu-Tang Cream Team Line Up - Wu-Tang Clan, Harlem Hoodz"

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[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, posessive, 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

Chorus: Raekwon

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"America's Cream Team.."

"Ah-ah-America's Cream Team.."

[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

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