

Method Man "Wu-Tang Cream Team Line Up"

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

[The Harlem Hoodz]
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

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..
.. ground 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

[Inspektah 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

[Harlem Hoodz]

Who bring that Harlem World Willie (shit) the best, we
know
New Jack City 2, ?Banky? be 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) baggedy, 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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"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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