

American Cream Team "Middle Finger Attitude"

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[Rhyme Recca]

You rather put your head in a lions mouth, they call me out

I don't play games, I put a torpedo in your scout

You never sold shit, never stole shit

Get in a video and front like you hold shit

You playing a role that been on file a hundred times

Coming around with the same gun running rhymes

I read your rap sheet, you ain't never did a crime

Never cocked the nine, never did no federal time

What's the deal baby? You act stupid, but you ain't crazy

Bottomline that scarface shit don't amaze me

Enemies fold like cloves when I project my flows

U.F.O.'s get wet the fuck up like H2O

You move too slow, bang thirty seconds behind

Run if you want, fuck up, that ass is mine

Play the game, learn the rules or you're bound to lose

Everything is everything, it's a storm nigga

[Chorus 2x: Rhyme Recca]

Middle finger attitude, fuck you and your crew

Got connects, glocks and techs, bulletproof vests

You don't want conflict, beef with us, you're stressed

We the wrong ones to test, lay that ass to rest

[Chip Banks]

Niggas is crazy to me, I'm the cat, you rhyme about in your raps

Handicaps, sound like me, how much cocaine you sold?

How many grams did a kilo?

And how many Columbians from Santa Fe do you know, papa?

If you was in the mix, what was your price in 86 and

I wanna know what type of stamps on your bricks, dicks

A lot of these niggas out here is like chicks

Same ol' shit, same lame shit

Mr. Santana, Cream Team number, you know

To my Spanish people I be numero uno

Ya niggas better chill out, 'fore you get me mad up in here

Pulling out mill' out, I don't care to spill out
Keep my tech oiled up, cuz I'm not an amateur
Bullets getting caught up in your chamber, they could
damage ya
Niggas see me in here smilin
Yea but I'm real enough to break New York from
Fantasy Island

Chorus 2x

[Baby Thad]

Yea, I hear you barkin, but are you really being felt?
You're soft as cream puff, callin your code bluff
Meantime between time, we pack
Gee-stacks and key-lines we stack
Sad rappin, get you delivered up the river
Slipperiest nigga, sliver, snake sliver
La caja fall, winter made gentlemen
Pussycats all small talk and no walks
Try not to focus on jokers, we wrote this
Mediocre thugs, full of hocus-pocus
Disappear, huh? Reappear underground
Cold and layin stiff like vultures
Got your car pulled, you're queer, you're weak
Shakin and shivering, scared to speak
Ran through tons of herbs, huh?
You get smacked, silly, be quiet, mums the worth

Chorus 4x

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