

Wrestling Lyrics

"Wu-Tang Clan- "C.R.E.A.M.""

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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
Knowhatl'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
Yaknowhatl'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'aauhhhaaaaauhhhhahhhahuhhhhII, YEAH

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