

House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck, Polite

"C.R.E.A.M. '04"

Visit "[C.R.E.A.M. '04](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus 2.5X: Donnie Cash (all)]

(CREAM!) What I came for (CREAM!) What I bang for
(CREAM!) Same thing that I claim House Gang for
(CREAM!) What I ride for (CREAM!) What I die for
(CREAM!) Same thing that I'll catch a homicide for

[Donnie Cash]

D.C.'s a veteran man

You could tell from the way I'm makin' saless, I'm the
medicine man

Double ups, 12 12's or I'm sellin' them grams

That stuffed up like shells, till I'm building a cantalin

Everyday I move an ounce, and it's nothin' for D.C.

To open up your face like a new account

Pack 'em up and move 'em out, that's how the game go

They strappin' up and shootin' out, for blocks like our
names on 'em

Glocks with them thangs on it, make it easy to spray
you

And lay you in a box with your name on it

Cops could obtain warrants, but they ain't hurtin' the
kid

By searchin' the crib, my pops had the same honor

[Chorus .5X]

[Carlton Fisk]

House Gang A.W.O.L., don't play at all

Have you on a rest in peace mural, frame and all

Many, combinations and safes, lost

Denomination's a cake, you found the right one

Bet it's this way, ain't nothin' stoppin' us, the music we
make

Reality based, Animette, baggin' the base

Baby powder stuff a pussy, make her travel the state

Fuck up my cake, make her throw the mac in your face

And that'll probably be a wrap to the case

So don't move, and don't try to even get the cops
involved

So many shots, make you wonder how a glock revolve

Black car hard, ski-masks and gloves for jobs

And for CREAM sweep the streets, and it's death for
ya'll
Yeah, House Gang, haha

[Chorus .5X]

[Polite]

Yo, it's cash and murder, coincide like masks and
burners
If it ain't about CREAM, it don't concern us, nigga
Learn from old heads, the whole bread follow a certain
rule
Standin' on the corner, cherpin' urban blues
Swim with it, dodgin' D's, rockin' workin' shoes
You know the rules, you don't know 'em, then don't
serve them dudes
Work the graveyard, I play hard you, punk mothafuckas
Gat tucked, with the cracks in our Chuckers
Fiends got Nextels, so pigs can't touch us
Dope fiends love us, it's the hood mothafuckas
Ice Water Inc., and the House Gang collabo
Bang at you assholes, your lungs out the lasso's?,
faggot

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Most of ya'll be talkin' a lot, how you war with the glock
You oughta stop, can't walk on your block
Undadogz ball hoggin' the rock, while you be talkin' to
cops
Be gettin' our gross pay, off the top
In my House Gang 'bout thang, we count change,
pound lanes
Think you hotter, I'll abdoust your flame
If it's aimed at your doggy, I'll shout your name
You could bring it, but I doubt you'll hang, bang, bang
The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns, it's poppin'
Where niggas is from, the sicker the slums, it's got in
And under your nose, the youngest of fows is plottin'
We bubblin' O's, the government knows, they watchin'
The gladiator, call me General Max, I'm on dough, like
a federal tax
Hundred grand for the beacon, U.D.'s had the festival
packed
Touch mine in the metal'll clap, don't ever relax
Move through a several caps, nice frames
Iced out chains, House Gang tapped on the back
Tight game, fly dames, son's baggin' up cracks
Why change when we have it like that, huh?
Why change when we have it like that?

Visit [House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck, Polite](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.