

C.R.E.A.M.

Wu-Tang Clan

(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!

I grew up on the crime side, the New York Times side
Staying alive was no jive
Had second hands, moms bounced on old man
So then we moved to Shaolin land
A young youth, yo rockin the gold tooth, 'Lo goose
Only way, I begin to G' 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 off
Sticking up white boys in ball courts
My life got no better, same damn 'Lo sweater
Times is rough and tough like leather
Figured out I went the wrong route
So I got with a sick tight clique and went all out
Catchin keys from across seas
Rollin in MPV's, every week we made forty G's
Yo brothas respect mine, or anger the tech nine
Ch-POW! Move from the gate now

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Get the money
Dollar, dollar bill y'all
(2x)

It's been 22 long hard years and 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 touch
The court played me short, now I face incarceration
Pacin', going up state's my destination
Handcuffed in back of a bus, 40 of us
Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough
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 for now, but yo, it gots to be accepted
That what? That life is hected

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(3x)

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get the money
Dolla dolla bill y'aauhhhaaaauihhhhahhhahuhhhhll, YEAH