

# 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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C.R.E.A.M.  
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 hecled

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(3x)

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C.R.E.A.M.  
get the money  
Dolla dolla bill y'aauhhhaaaaauhhhhahhhahuhhhhll, YEAH