Artist: Wu-Tang Clan (RCA, 1993)
Album: Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)
Song: "C.R.E.A.M."

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 nigga got garbage
down the way, word up
KnowhatI'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

Outro:
Chorus -- 4X
Niggas gots to do what they gotta do, to get a bill
YaknowhatI'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'aaahhhhaaaahhhhhhaahhhhhllll, YEAH

Artist: Ice-T
Album: Power (Sire/London/Rhino, 1988)
Song: "I'm Your Pusher"

Yo, it's time for me to pump the volume
No problem, the record's revolvin'
Evil's the mixer, I'm the rap trixister
Paparazzi on the bum rush for pictures
Ice, coolin', yo colder than ever
Punk executioner E pull the lever
Rotate the wax teh man 'axe the tracks
Push up the levels till the red lights max
Don't try to size up, you better wise up
To the rap criminals, we're succeeded
Dope beats and lyrics, no beepers needed
For this drug deal, I'm the big wheel
The dope I'm sellin', you don't smoke, you feel
Out on the dance floor, on my world tour
I'm sellin' dope in each and every record store
I'm the king pin when the wax spins
Crack or smack will take you to a sure end
You don't need it, just throw that stuff away
You wanna get high? Let the record play

Mc Ice T
I'm your pusher

I know you're lovin' this drugs as it's comin' out your speaker
But this base you don't need a pipe
Just a tempo to keep your hype
Groovin' like I see you doin'
And anyone who says it is, lies
Move like I knew you would, like I knew could
And if you ain't cracked out, then I know you should
Be able to give me a clap, to match exact with the track
And since I know that you ain't, I expect that
Oh now this jam is lit, it's like the ultimate
People high off dope but still physically fit
I'll make a million bucks, pack my dough in trucks
> From sellin' dope beats, dope rhymes, dope cuts
I'll be the biggest dope dealer in history
Because all the fly will be high off that Ice-T

I'm your pusher

I'm bring it to boil, Evil E rock it up
You want it? I don't think you got enough
Last suckers crossed, Syndicate shot 'em up
Cops found 'em in the lake bottom up
I don't play when it comes to my dope
I check my lyrics close, like with a microscope
I don't clean 'em up with no ivory soap
I leave 'em hard and pure, hope that you can cope
Because you might O.D. if you overdose
This record, tape or CD, because the sound I've
Created on this wax is like a chemical
And the knowledge I give, makes me invincible

I'm your pusher

The cops don't know what to do, because my dope breaks thru
No matter what they do, my stuff gets to you
Kickin' on the Boulevard, my tempo's hyped and hard
I don't ask, the ICE just borgads
Sire Records puts me out, with Warner Bros. clout
My dope hits the streets with no doubt
Evil E adds the cut, then removes it
IZ checks for purity, then approves it
And then you get it, try it, and like it
And if it ain't potent, we remix and spike it
To bring you the pure dope, not a noose in a rope
Because if you're doin' crack, you're on death row
You're just a toy punk, to mess with that junk
You want some real dope, come look in my trunk
The dope I'm sellin' is life, 100% legit
So get real fool, and try some real hit

MC Ice T
I'm your pusher... I'm your pusher

Artist: Wu-Tang Clan f/ Junior Reid
Album: The W (Sony, 2000)
Song: "Jah World"

[Junior Reid]
Him speaketh in tongues into the hearts of all flesh
Yeah stanyoi
Whoi

[Ghostface Killah]
Oh God, I beg for forgiveness
So help me Lord, yes I beg for forgiveness
Deep in my heart, please, I'm crying for forgiveness
Allah U Akbar, I fall to my knees for forgiveness
Branded by the steel iron, bullets flying
Ladies being hit through wickedness, I'm losing my grip
I thought we lived by the books, The Bible, Koran
They threw burners in our babies' faces
Pale hands that looked scary touched our bodies in the strangest places
Sweat from the white man's head
Fell on our daughters as she cried, giving white man head, almighty
Alrighty, niggas is screwing
God won't you tell me why these ho niggas is screwing?
I'm sorry father, sacrifice me, leave me wife
Sacrifice me twice, so my kids can see paradise...

[Junior Reid]
So we heed our god king sellasie I, jah rastafari
who is seated in zion and reigneth in all
In the hearts of all flesh
Whoa wow
Let my task oh jah with them that strive with me
Fight against them Whoa wow that fight against me
Whoa wow
Take hold thy shield and rock and stand up for my health
Oh jah, oh jah, only you can comfort me
La la la, la la la la, la, la la la
La la la whoi stand out

[RZA]
Curse to the wicked snakes who try to snatch the truth away
Cursed be the ones who try to take our youth away
Peace to the black, the brown, the red, yellow, and white seed
We don't discriminate man over color/creed
They tried to snatch up our beats, son, and steal our culture
and German Catholics, whitewashing Roman sculptures
How dare you try to deny Allah's intelligence?
Kidnap the truth, and destroying the black evidence

[Junior Reid]
Glory be to the father
Glory be to the son (Glory be to the holy one)
Glory be to the holy one
The holder of creation whoi
As jah was in the beginning is now and forever shall be
Jah world
Jah world without end whoi
So we heed our god king sellasie I, jahova god, jah rastafari
Who is seated in zion and reigneth in the hearts of
In the hearts of all flesh whoi
Artist: 50 Cent
Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* (Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)
Song: "Many Men (Wish Death)"

[Lloyd Banks]
Man we gotta go get something to eat man
I'm hungry as a motherfucker
[50 Cent]
Ay yo man, damn what's taking homie so long son?
[Lloyd Banks]
50, calm down, here he come
[9 Shots]
[Banks and 50]
Ahh, ohh, what the fuck!?
[50 Cent]
Ahh! son, pull up! pull up!
[Intro: 50 Cent - singing]
Many men, wish death upon me
Blood in my eye dawg and I can't see
I'm trying to be what I'm destined to be
And niggas trying to take my life away
I put a hole in nigga for fucking with me
My back on the wall, now you gon' see
Better watch how you talk, when you talk about me
Cause I'll come and take your life away

[Chorus]

[Verse One]
Now these pussy niggas putting money on my head
Go on and get your refund motherfucker, I ain't dead
I'm the diamond in the dirt, that ain't been found
I'm the underground king and I ain't been crowned
When I rhyme, something special happen every time
I'm the greatest, something like Ali in his prime
I walk the block with the bundles
I've been knocked on the humble
Swing the ox when I rumble
Show your ass what my gun do
Got a temper nigga, go'head, lose your head
Turn your back on me, get clapped and lose your legs
I walk around gun on waist, chip on my shoulder
Till I bust a clip in your face, pussy, this beef ain't over

[Chorus - singing]

[Verse Two]

[Chorus]
But holla in New York them nigga’ll tell ya I’m loco
And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold
I'm fully focused man, my money on my mind
Got a mill’ out the deal and I'm still on the grind
Now shawty said she feelin my style, she feelin my flow
Her girlfriend willin to get bi
and they ready to go (o-kay!)

[Chorus]
My flow, my show brought me the dough
That bought me all my fancy things
My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels
Look nigga I done came up, and I ain’t changed

[Verse Two]
And you should love it, way more then you hate it
Nigga you mad? I thought that you’d be happy I made it
I'm that cat by the bar toasting to the good life
You that faggot-ass nigga tryin to pull me back right?
When my joint get to pumpin in the club it's on
I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone
If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn
If you talkin about money homie, I ain’t concerned

(Verse 2)
I'm bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me
Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy
Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P-I-M-P
Come get money with me, if you curious to see
how it feels to be with a P-I-M-P
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
Girl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball
We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all
We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall
That other nigga you be with ain't bout shit
I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, BITCH

(Chorus)
Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither nigga
We in the club all the time nigga, it's about to pop off nigga
G-Unit

Artist: 50 Cent
Album: Get Rich or Die Tryin' Get Rich or Die Tryin'
(Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)
Song: “P.I.M.P.”

(Chorus)
I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perm, you can't see
That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P

(Verse 1)
Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause they wanna
I spit a little G man, and my game got her
A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada
Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about her
I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out her
She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk

(Chorus)
She from the country, think she like me cause I'm from New York
I ain’t that nigga trying to holla cause I want some head
I'm that nigga trying to holla cause I want some bread
I could care less how she perform when she in the bed
Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid
Look baby this is simple, you can't see
You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

(Chorus)
I told you fools before, I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
I holla at a hoe til I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes
I'm shopping for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper
Man this hoe you can have her, when I'm done I ain't gon keep her
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin know
You saying it's secret, but you ain't gotta keep it on the low
Bitch choose with me, I'll have you stripping in the street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now Nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head
Get your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch
Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't paying bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shiiit, TRICK

(Chorus)
Yeah, in Hollywood they say there's no b'ness like show b'ness
In the hood they say, there's no b'ness like hoe b'ness ya know
They say I talk a lil fast, but if you listen a lil faster
I ain't got to slow down for you to catch up, BITCH
Artist: 50 Cent f/ Nate Dogg  
Album: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*  
(Shady/Aftermath/Interscope, 2003)  
Song: "21 Questions"

[50 Cent - singing]  
New York City!  
You are now rapping... with 50 Cent  
You gotta love it...  
I just wanna chill and twist the lye  
Catch stunts in my 7-45  
You drive me crazy shorty I  
Need to see you and feel you next to me  
I provide everything you need and I  
Like your smile I don't wanna see you cry  
Got some questions that I got to ask and I  
Hope you can come up with the answers babe

[Nate Dogg]  
Girl... it's easy to love me now  
Would you love me if I was down and out?  
Would you still have love for me?  
Girl... it's easy to love me now  
Would you love me if I was down and out?  
Would you still have love for me?  
Girl...

[50 Cent]  
If I fell off tomorrow would you still love me?  
If I didn't smell so good would you still hug me?  
If I got locked up and sentenced to a quarter century  
could I count on you to be there to support me mentally?  
If I went back to a hoottie from a Benz  
would you poof, and disappear, like some of my friends?  
If I was hit and I was hurt would you be by my side?  
If it was time to put in work would you be down to ride?  
I'd get out and peel a nigga cap, you chill and drive  
I'm askin questions to find out how you feel inside  
If I ain't rap cause I flipped burgers at Burger King  
would you be ashamed to tell your friends you feelin me?  
In the bed if I used my tongue, would you like that?  
If I wrote you a love letter, would you write back?  
Now we can have a lil' drink you know a nightcap  
And we could go do what you like, I know you like that

[Nate Dogg]  
Girl... it's easy to love me now  
Would you love me if I was down and out?  
Would you still have love for me?  
Girl... it's easy to love me now  
Would you love me if I was down and out?  
Would you still have love for me?  
Girl...  
Could you love me in a Bentley?  
Could you love me on a bus?  
I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us  
Could you love me in a Bentley?  
Could you love me on a bus?  
I'll ask 21 questions, and they all about us

[50 Cent]  
Now would you leave me if your father, found out I was thuggin?  
Do you believe me when I tell you, you the one I'm lovin?  
Are you mad cause I'm askin you 21 questions?  
Are you my soulmate? Cause if so, girl you're a blessin  
Do you trust me enough, to tell me your dreams?  
I'm staring at ya trying to figure how you got in them jeans
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(yaw) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(rew) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(NAWWWW, NAWWW)
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
the way your body look reali make me feel nauuughty

But the race is not, for the swiss
But who really can, take control of it
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be thhhheeerre
til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti
Tippa is ouuuuuut

Nosa dima shock, nosa dima ting
everytime you sit there i hear, bling bling
O wata ting, hear blacka sing
grinding, and winding
and the madda be moving in a perfect timing
and we dance and dance to the end of the thing
and we're really to nice, it finga akin
like rice and peas and chicken and bling

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(la la la la la)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you move, mama
Get on the floor and move your booty mama
We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma
(REEEEEEEEWIIIIIIIND)
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
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Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(la la la la la)
Artist: Black Eyed Peas  
Album: Elephunk (Interscope, 2004)  
Song: "Where is the Love?"

what's wrong with the world, mama?  
people livin like they ain't got no mamas  
I think the whole world's addicted to the drama  
only attracted to the things that'll bring the drama  
overseas ya we tryin to stop terrorism  
but we still got terrorists here livin  
in the U.S.A, the big C.I.A  
the bloods & the crips, and the KKK  
but if you only got love for your own ways  
then you only leave space to discriminate  
and to discriminate only generates hate  
and when you hate, then you're bound to get irate  
madness is what you demonstrate  
and that's exactly how anger works and operates  
man ya gotta have love, this'll set us straight  
take control of your mind and meditate  
let your soul gravitate, to the love ya'll

people killin  
people dyin  
children hurt and  
women cryin  
will you practice what you preach  
and would you turn the other cheek  
father father father, help us  
need some guidance from above  
these people got me got me questionin  
where is the love?  
(l)ove where is the love?  
(t)he (l)ove where is the love?  
(t)he (l)ove where is the love?  
(where is the love the love my love)

I feel the weight of the world on my shoulder  
as I'm getting older, ya'll people gets colder  
most of us only care about money makin  
selfishness got us followin the wrong direction  
wrong information always shown by the media  
negative images is the main criteria  
infecting the young minds faster than bacteria  
kids wanna act like what they see in the cinema  

whatever happened to the values of humanity?  
whatever happened to the fairness and equality  
instead of spreading love we spreadin animosity  
lack of understandin leading us away from unity  
that's the reason why sometimes I'm feelin under  
that's the reason why sometimes I'm feelin down  
It's no wonder why sometimes I'm feelin under  
gotta keep my faith alive till love is found  
now ask yourself  
where is the love?  
where is the love?  
where is the love?  
father father father, help us  
need some guidance from above  
these people got me got me questionin  
where is the love?  
now sing with me ya'll (one love one love)  
we only got (one love one love)  
that's all we got (one love one love)  
and something's wrong with it  
something's wrong with it  
something's wrong with the w-w-world  
we only got (one love one love)  
that's all we got (one love one love)

it just ain't the same  
old ways have changed  
new days are strange, is world insane?  
if love and peace is so strong  
why are there pieces of love that don't belong  
nations droppin bombs  
chemical gasses fillin lungs of little ones  
with ongoin sufferin, as the youth die young  
so ask yourself, is the lovin really gone  
so I can ask myself, really what is going wrong  
with this world that we livin in, people keep on givin in  
makin wrong decisions, only visions of them dividends  
not respectin eachother, deny thy brother  
a war is goin on but the reason's under cover  
the truth is kept secret, and swept under the rug  
if you never know truth, then you never know love  
where's the love ya'll? (i don't know)  
where's the truth ya'll? (i don't know)  
and where's the love ya'll?

people killin  
people dyin  
children hurt and  
women cryin  
will you practice what you preach