When your hot your hot

Money makes the world spin Hahahaha Yo part 2, for all my true fans who know that money makes the world spin Not to mention the improvments in their girlfrields Hahaha Ohh, I've been intertwined On the grind since '89 Tryin to get my shit tight No I had to come right Wrote rhyme by the midnight moonlight Waitin for the lime light Life in the blue light Killer weed, bud light make me love life No option know I had to come tight Work extra hard because I was white But that's the way it be Float like a pit-bull held my ground To strong boy to control me now Had a lot of mother fuckers tryin to hold me down They ain't got no love for me Dotted my I's crossed my T's ??? throwin salt at me No apologies is my falasife I say fuck em fag got no love for me Ima puff some weed, sip some crown Keep my game face on when I chase em down And ill flip a pound, sell some coke Do what ever I can do when I'm broke And I don't condone selling dope to get money But when you got a kid, its hungry It lays in the crib and it cries and cries That's the kind of shit that makes you die inside Money makes the world spin You got, you got money Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit You either got it or you ain't shit Live in the ranks and its all a son?? No compromise it was all or none Dirt was done, money was made Now everybody ride on them twenty inch blades Bling blingn diamond shinen Then they wonder why they get indicted Why they doin the time I be doin the mass So when I see em in the club all I got up and laughed From Nashville to Fort Lauderdale Houston Texas to the ATL From the Frisco Bay to the NYC We even push units in Germany I Louisville I got a gang of fans Its just a matter of time before we go to Japan I kept my pen to the pad, eyes on the prize In a 747 floating threw the clouds Nothing like the feeling to finally touch down Make me damn near want to kiss the ground Cause it feels so good to be back in town But third day I be gone again

And when your not your not From re-sale to cd-sale

Its a long way you feel me

Money makes the world spin

You got, you got money Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit You either got it or you ain't shit

I come, come, completely different then any other mother fucker

You must got me mixed up with another mother fucker

Got a baby on the way

Try to stack some cash

Or maybe run up in the bank with a black ski mask

Call my old connection get back in the streets

Go to work in the trunk start packin the heat

Get indicted again, go to the pen

Don't get to come home till my little kids ten

And then how can I be a man to them

Know when I fucked up on my beliefs and a banded them

So I suppress temptation and continued to work hard

Stop before I go to sleep and thank god

For saving me

Everything he gave me

Protecting me when I was a baby

Keepin me from diein in them crooked ass streets

Keep me from gettin caught up with the punk ass freaks

Went to a funeral just last week

Seen teardrops roll down OG's cheeks

Seems like we loose one every couple of weeks

I got a lot of homeboys six feet deep

Money makes the world spin

You got, you got money Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit

You either got it or you ain't shit

Ya what's up its Haystak bein innovative, creative

ain't gettin my dough ya dig, yeah

Money makes the world spin, spin, spin, spin