

Make the World Go Round

Nas

Lace the nations don't have it
A hatred addict
I need faces mad with frowns
When I'm around
Or I'm wasting the fabric
I don't feel greater
To my plush pieces
'Cause you to suck your teeth
So mean-mugging on my clean-thugging
Mean nothing
Women dream I'm your husband
I'm Alex Pushkin
The black poetry-writing Russian
Ice disgusting
I started bling
How could you question my direction
Or my time for collection
Gangstas two-steppin'
You hate me
Should thank me
But lately I burned so much trees
I keep environmentalists angry
I'm a rare dude, I'm a wonder
Your best success is my worst blunder
Y'all living trendy on pennies
I cop plenty Fendi
Vivienne Westwood, I'm good
Get the whole Trump Tower top floor for the hood
Dre & Cool, we riding heavy
NY to Miami 'Cause . . .
(We make the world go round)
Now let's toast to the hustlers
(We make the world go round)
Tell the hustlers, toast to the gangstas.
(We make the world go round)
Tell the gangstas, toast to the ballers
(We make the world go round)
And tell the ballers pour glass for all us.
(We make the world go round)
I see THE haters on the floor jockin my swag
I'm popping Ralph Lauren tags
I'm pouring champagne inside a polo glass
Model b'tches rollin grass
Escabon folding cash
toasting wit my entourage
went for Robin Armitage to all my stars
red carpet to the Larmitage
We throwin red dice at the Mirage
I pull that red Lamborghini
or twenties out my garage
instead of shopping South Beach like Khaled and Terror Squad
We the Best! big pippin
Top down chrome spinnin
Top Gun Tom Cruise
Tucked inside my Gucci linen
No Jess Romo you tryin' a shine
up on with the nine

on your jersey for promo
Jessica Simpson that's so-so
Nick want his baby back but thats lo so.
Devil white
5-0 they catch me at the pro bowl on the field diamonds
choking the jockey on my polo
CB let em know though
(We make the world go round)
Tell the hustlers, toast to the gangstas.
(We make the world go round)
Tell the gangstas, toast to the ballers
(We make the world go round)
And tell the ballers pour glass for all us.
(We make the world go round)
We make the world go round From my town to your town
We on top no stopping us now
We got patron to ballers two steppin
Ladies on the float and all in two steppin
From Malay to Harlem two stepping [echo]
So I' stop cause we made it where the ladies are
We start with Bellini's and end with Patron shots
H. Lorenzo belt buckle from Chrome Heart
A-life tag popper
It'd be sad not to walk out the store with bags
Worth a 100 cash, shopping
Balance only would hafta
Hafta to swell you up
before a pea snaps as you wet a vanilla dutch
Mets cap, that's Queens, I'm a vet
Bet that, 300 carats the average up on the neck, black
Paid the cost, be the boss, Black Caesar floss
Weekends at the Venetian, pull up in that black Porsche
Top down, new fashion
Seeing me is like seeing through the lens of Helmut Newton's camera
Light flashing, and I'm laughin'
My plaque's from album sales
Y'all is ringtone platinum
But .99 cents adds up
I don't hate 'em, I congratulate 'em
The new young Prince with young Mike Jackson on the same track, what!
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