

# Merry Go Round

Sir Michael Rocks

We can get stinky rich  
Cause all we gotta do is just think we rich  
An' I ain't stoppin' island hoppin'  
Talkin' weekly trips  
Walkin' out the gold type of links you get bitch  
You should put your hands on this  
Wrap your forearms in ice like he jammed your wrist  
As we pour out the liq for my niggas that rip  
I know they restin' in peace and sleep but you still part of the world  
Stale blunt make it harder to pearl  
I wonder when God was startin' the world what did he have first  
Love hearin' the sound of women's laughter  
My main bitch bring bitches when I don't ask her (Thank You)  
And that's wonderful  
An' if you want to touch me then my nigga Nick Bruno put the gun to you  
An' that's a theat  
Got the Sax Fit Vasinet for my brand new niece  
She be here in two weeks

Ay yo these niggas be hatin'  
They won't let me live  
I'm just tryin' to forgive  
But then I feel like Satan  
He be draggin' me down when I'm back in the house  
Cause I don't feel like waitin'  
Man I need my money right now  
Brodie got that thing in case it goes down  
On Satan's merry go round, round  
Round and round and round we go  
Pounds and pounds and pounds of dro  
Round and round and round we go  
Pounds and pounds and pounds of gold  
Round and round and round we go  
Pounds and pounds and pounds of dro  
Round and round and round we go  
Pounds and pounds and pounds of gold

I'm in the Mako Shark Fin Ferrari  
Barracuda Benz  
Leopard Shark Lexus  
Embarrassing your friends  
When I pull up to the Pacquiao fight with freak  
Let me teach ya  
You don't know what to do  
I know the procedure  
Say that you don't never fear for the reaper  
A man's eyes tell a story I could barely reason  
Must have been a typo though  
It's Michael ho  
Get drunk light that smoke  
Use my rap money to cop pounds of the best tree  
Then give it to my little niggas Unk and Simon  
I know they bring back the dough plus a little more  
Cause all they wanna do is party and cop clothes  
Financial aid ain't gettin' them paid but they all smart  
Keepin' those grades above average  
That's all I ask of em'

Man, how could you be mad at that  
Go and grab that gat gone