Make The World Go Round

DJ Cassidy ft. R Kelly

Yeah, lace the nations don't have it, a hatred addict
I need faces mad with frowns when I'm around or I'm wastin? fabric
I don't feel greater till my plush pieces cause you to suck your teeth
Till mean-muggin? on my clean-thuggin? mean nothin?
Women dream I'm your husband, I'm Alex Pushkin
The black poetry-writin? Russian, I?s disgustin?
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 livin? trendy on pennies, I cop plenty Fendi
Vivienne Westwood, I'm good
Get the whole Trump Tower top floor for the hood
Dre and Cool, we ridin? heavy and why 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 to toast to the ballers
We make the world go ?round
And tell the ballers pour a glass for all of us
We make the world go ?round
I see you haters on the floor jockin? my swag
I'm poppin? Ralph Lauren tags
And pourin? champagne inside a Polo glass
Model bitches rollin? grass, Escabon foldin? cash
Toastin? with 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 on twenties out my garage
Instead of shoppin? South Beach like havin? a 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' to shine up with the nine on your jersey for promo
Jessica Simpson that's so, so
Nick Warner's baby back, with that slow so

Devil white 5-0, they catch me at the pro bowl
On the field diamonds chokin? 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 to toast to the balers
We make the world go ?round
And tell the ballers pour a glass for all of us
We make the world go ?round
We make the world go ?round
From my town and your town
We on top, no stoppin? us now
We got Patrone, the ballers two-steppin?
Ladies on the float and all of 'em two-steppin?
From L.A. to Harlem two-steppin?
From L.A. to Harlem two-steppin?
So I stop ?cause we made it where the ladies are
We start with Bellini's and end with Patrone 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, shoppin?
Balance only when hafta, hafta to swell you up
Before a pea snaps me 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, seein? me is like
Seein? through the lens of Helmut Newton's camera, light flashin?
And I'm laughin', my plaque's from album sales
Y'all is ring-tone 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?
Now, let's toast to the hustlers
We make the world go ?round
Tell the hustlers to toast to the gangstas
We make the world go ?round
Tell them gangstas to toast to the ballers
We make the world go ?round
And tell the ballers pour a glass for all of us
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