

# 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 ballers  
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  
We make the world go 'round

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