

# Make The World Go Round

Nas

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, ice 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, Escobar unfoldin cash  
Toastin with my entourage went from robbin' armored cars  
To armin' stars, red carpet to the L'Armitage  
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 pimpin, top down, chrome spinnin  
Top Gun, Tom Cruise tucked inside my Gucci linen, no Just Romo you tryin' to shine  
I put the nine on your jersey for chromo  
Jessica Simpson that's so-so  
Nick want his baby back, but that's low so  
Tell Hawaii 5-0 to 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 Patron, 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 ain't stop he need to put the ladies up 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, shoppin Violence only when hafta, hafta to swell you up  
Prefer a Peach Schnapps, beer, a Juet, or 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 horse  
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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