

# 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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