

**AZ****"Money Makes The World Go Round"**

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Hey hey hey hey, hey! Hey!  
Hey hey hey hey, hey!

[Verse 1]

Peter paid Paul, prosecuter's case fall  
Trial not needed, tell that loudmouth beat it  
Now n\*ggas see it chea! Bow to the cement  
Back on the lamb like Shazam here I am  
Killa like Cam, got gorillas on the land  
Stop if you ain't got a million in your hand  
Pissing in your pants cause they let a n\*gga free  
Want to say a little grants then just let a n\*gga be  
Low sweaters with the V's, thick alls with the moccas  
Down in D.C. cause them doors don't lock  
Love get shown, that's right a n\*gga home  
Fresh on the land, SL in the plans  
Please understand it's a few years lost  
Recession ain't fierce, still new gear costs  
Whose here's boss? Can we talk it on another note  
Of course about the motherload cause I ain't trying to  
cut a throat

[Chorus]

Money makes the world go round, I know your lowdown  
So fly, tiptoe through the town, tear the clubs up  
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[Verse 2]

Konvict Muzik, Bad Boy baller  
Cash Money millionaire, Roc-a-fella spoiler  
Black Wall Streets where the Bravehearts be  
G's in my Unit keep my Terror Squad deep  
Dipset, D-Block, Quiet Money sh\*t  
Hustle hard, Grand Hustle homey ain't no funny sh\*t  
F\*ck the police, I'm Disturbin' tha Peace  
Murda Ink on the sheets, just confirming the beef

Mos Def, rocking Talib n\*ggas in their cribs  
Swizz Beat n\*ggas down, Timbaland on their ribs  
For Real/Pharrell, n\*ggas front until the Doctor got to  
Dre them  
The truth from The Roots, let my shooters Andre them  
3000 shots from the Big Boi glock  
It's Ludacris sh\*t, but my CBs don't miss  
OG Suge, I'm a Ice-T n\*gga  
Up to no good, a Pisces swigger  
I Cap a n\*gga Corn with the Gemini sag  
A Scorp with some horns, got A-quarius swag  
Corpse get embalmed, district peel them out the bag  
then  
Place them in a tux and face them straight up  
Drove to the sky, I'm supposed to be fly  
Fresh head to toe, I'ma let a n\*gga know

[Chorus]

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