

## Die Vision

### "Spend Money"

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[Lord Superb]

(Don't want none of that fuckin money  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh) Spin  
(Uh-huh, alright, I'm here)  
Rakeem Allah (I see you nigga, the God is here)  
Lord Superb (Better envision this rap shit)  
(Get money, through records, get money!)

Yo, straight through the doors out the car (Huh?)  
Swarmin, me and my mans towards the bar  
He like, "None of that white stuff"  
"Cognac, 'Perb, none of that white stuff"  
When I smiled at here, it's like my breath was froze  
She all up in my clothes, see my necklace froze  
"Miss, I don't stand next to ho's  
'less we runnin a train and I'm next to Ghost"  
I'm hearin whispers, ain't that 'Perb from Floor City?  
Cop the Cris', eight times \$4.50  
Fuck disco lights, I'm the disco sight  
We gon' all be rich if this go right

[Chorus: Lord Superb]

Spin (Get money)  
Buy the bar, par (Spin) I. Arief  
New to the farm (Get money!) Mingle  
(Get money!) Network, nigga  
Spin (Get money, nigga)  
I'd like to give a toast to success

[Lord Superb]

So we there for like forty minutes  
They all around us, at least forty bitches  
I look over haters like corny midgets  
And y'all broke boys is just horny pigeons  
Do my thing like that, bling like that  
If Cap want a wheel I'm like, "Bring that back"  
Cream Team hats and boots, ask them dudes  
If they got a Dutch and pass the booze  
Now..

[Chorus: Lord Superb]

Spin (Get money, nigga)  
Spin (Get money)  
Spin, Spin, Spin (Get money)  
(Get money y'all, get money)  
Mingle, mingle, mingle..  
(Uh-huh, get money)  
Drink.. (I hear that)  
(I hear that)

[Lord Superb]

First of all I go hard, my whole squad (go hard)  
My whole goons go hard, come on.. (First of all..)  
Listen.. (Money, money, money rule) See.. (What?)  
I go hard (go hard) All goons go hard  
Get off me (Go, go, go..) Tell 'em dunn  
I Spin.. we laugh at Jay, we past that state  
Serve her cheese steak, let her cash her cheque  
Feelin me faith 'til I cashed that cheque  
Hoped out my vet, blast at that  
Hoped out my coffin, laughed at Rev  
Play the CD, my ass ain't dead  
No needles, left that, I was a dusthead  
See I don't touch death or discuss death  
Don't open no mail, I don't trust fans  
Just bread, and we eat from the mess hall  
And you can call Brooke Shields, tell her post bail  
Cuz I murdered niggas on the Ghost album  
It was charged for arson cuz I roast rappers  
On a broke ass stove with no matches  
Wearin old ass clothes on no mattress  
Now we hit Reggie Jacksons with no practice  
And 'Perb did movies, he ain't no actor  
I'm a Far Rock gangsta, I ain't no rapper  
Tell the truth, I only know broke rappers  
Ghost put us on when he went cold platinum

[Chorus: Lord Superb]

Spin, Spin, Spin (Get money, nigga)  
(Get money, nigga) Spin, Spin  
(I'm 'bout to get it) I. Arief  
(Spend it) We'll spend it, mingle  
Mingle (Go hard) Come on!  
(Come on, come on, come on)  
I hear that (I don't see you go hard)  
(Come on) Drink (Get money)  
(Fuck y'all niggas gon' do?)  
(Spend money, nigga)  
Nigga, Spin (Mad money, nigga)  
(Max money, spend money, max money)  
Nigga, Spin (Uh-huh, my thoughts sharp)  
(Uh-huh, uh-huh, my thoughts sharp)

And.. mingle (None of you niggas know, you ain't heard that)  
Buy the bar, drink (Stay in pop, don't max the Cristal)  
(Don't let none of these niggas see ya face)  
And Spin (Get money.. and.. get money, get money)  
Spin (Get money, get money) Spin  
Oh I thought so, I thought so  
Stapleton mothafuckas, huh? That's what we about, huh?  
Oh, I thought so

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