

Haystak "You Got Money"

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* send corrections to the typist

Money makes the world spin

Hahahaha

Yo part 2, for all my true fans who know that money
makes the world spin
Not to mention the improvments in their girlfriends

Hahaha

[Haystak]

Ohh, I've been intertwined
On the grind since '89
Tryin to get my shit tight
No I had to come right
Wrote rhyme by the midnight moonlight
Waitin for the lime light
Life in the blue light
Killer weed, bud light make me love life
No option know I had to come tight
Work extra hard because I was white
But that's the way it be
Float like a pit-bull held my ground
To strong boy to control me now
Had a lot of mother fuckers tryin to hold me down
They aint got no love for me
Dotted my I's crossed my T's
??? throwin salt at me
No apologies is my falasife
I say fuck em fag got no love for me
Ima puff some weed, sip some crown
Keep my game face on when I chase em down
And I'll flip a pound, sell some coke
Do what ever I can do when I'm broke
And I don't condone selling dope to get money
But when you got a kid, it's hungry
It lays in the crib and it cries and cries
That's the kind of shit that makes you die inside

[HOOK 2x]

Money makes the world spin
You got, you got money [whoodie whoo, whoodie
whoo]
Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit
You either got it or you aint shit

[Haystak]

Live in the ranks and it's all a son??
No compromise it was all or none
Dirt was done, money was made
Now everybody ride on them twenty inch blades
Bling blingn diamond shinen
Then they wonder why they get indicted
Why they doin the time I be doin the mass
So when I see em in the club all I got up and laughed

From Nashville to Fort Lauderdale
Houston Texas to the ATL
From the Frisco Bay to the NYC
We even push units in Germany
I Louisville I got a gang of fans
Its just a matter of time before we go to Japan
I kept my pen to the pad, eyes on the prize

???

In a 747 floating threw the clouds
Nothing like the feeling to finally touch down
Make me damn near want to kiss the ground
Cause it feels so good to be back in town
But third day I be gone again
When your hot your hot
And when your not your not
From re-sale to cd-sale
Its a long way you feel me

[HOOK 2x]

Money makes the world spin
You got, you got money [whoodie whoo, whoodie
whoo]
Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit
You either got it or you aint shit

[Haystak]

I come, come, completely different then any other
mother fucker
You must got me mixed up with another mother fucker
Got a baby on the way
Try to stack some cash
Or maybe run up in the bank with a black ski mask
Call my old connection get back in the streets

Go to work in the trunk start packin the heat
Get indicted again, go to the pen
Don't get to come home till my little kids ten
And then how can I be a man to them
Know when I fucked up on my beliefs and a banded
them
So I suppress temptation and continued to work hard
Stop before I go to sleep and thank god
For saving me
Everything he gave me
Protecting me when I was a baby
Keepin me from diein in them crooked ass streets
Keep me from gettin caught up with the punk ass
freaks

Went to a funeral just last week
Seen teardrops roll down OG's cheeks
Seems like we loose one every couple of weeks
I got a lot of homeboys six feet deep

[HOOK till end]
Money makes the world spin
You got, you got money [whoodie whoo, whoodie
whoo]
Got you caught up on the block?? and you can't quit
You either got it or you aint shit

Ya what's up it's Haystak bein innovative, creative
Aint gettin my dough ya dig, yeah

Money makes the world spin, spin, spin, spin

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