

## Lloyd Banks

### "Money Rules The World"

Visit "[Money Rules The World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Be cool baby okay., eh bitch come here, you out cha  
motherfucking mind come here I ain't throwin my pay  
away the fuck wrong with you bitch. nigga money don't  
grow on trees I work hard for this shit

You'll get lined up no day, use my head more then my  
dick keep my bank roll on my mind love my click more  
then my chick haters all over my shit then I slide more  
then I slip in and out then I dip all I been about was my  
grip

Treat my dinner like it's my last hoping the car don't  
crash cause I'm high and drunk the wine and skunk  
gots me off my ass.ask any motherfuckas you want  
they know I'm hot I control the block and I hold the  
glock know just which words to use to get the hole pop  
Lil niggas want doe or not they think I think I'm I'll I think  
they think the same fake niggas can't keep it real. soft  
niggas gonna wait their turn a real G gonna skip the  
line push you in the back and don't really care how you  
react cause he grip the 9.

Visit [Lloyd Banks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.