

Can't Tell Me Nothing

Kanye West

La la la la Wait 'til I get my money right
I had a dream I could buy my way to heaven
When I awoke I spent that on a necklace
I told God I'd be back in a second
Man, it's so hard not to act reckless
To whom much is given much is tested Get arrested guess until he get the message I feel the
pressure, under more scrutiny
And what I do? Act more stupidly
Bought more jewelry, more Louis V
My momma couldn't get through to me
The drama, people suing me
I'm on TV talkin' like it's just you and me
I'm just saying how I feel, man
I ain't one of the Cosby's, I ain't go to Hill, man
I guess the money should have changed him
I guess I should have forgot where I came from
La la la la
Wait 'til I get my money right
La la la la
Then you can't tell me nothing, right?
Excuse me? Was you saying something?
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
You can't tell me nothing
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
Let up the suicide doors
This is my life homey, you decide yours
I know that Jesus died for us
But I couldn't tell you who the side was
So I parallel double park that mother sideways
Old folks talking 'bout back in my day
But homey this is my day, class started two hours ago
Oh, am I late?
No, I already graduated
And you can live through anything if Magic made it
They say I talk with so much emphasis
Ooh, they so sensitive
Don't ever fix your lips like collagen
And then say something where you gonna end up apologin'
Let me know if it's a problem man
Aight man, holla then
La la la la
Wait 'til I get my money right

La la la la
Then you can't tell me nothing, right?
Excuse me? Was you saying something?
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
You can't tell me nothing
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
Let the champagne splash
Let that man get cash
Let that man get passed
He don't even stop to get gas
If he can move through the rumors
He can drive off of fumes 'cause
How he move in a room full of no's?
How he stay faithful in a room full of?
Must be the Pharaohs, he in tune with his soul
So when he buried in a tomb full of gold
Treasure, what's your pleasure?
Life is a, uh, dependin' how you dress her
So if the Devil wear Prada, Adam, Eve wear Nada
I'm in between but way more fresher
With way less effort
'Cause when you try hard is when you die hard
Y'all homies lookin' like, why God?
When they reminisce over you, my God
La la la la
Wait 'til I get my money right
La la la la
Then you can't tell me nothing, right?
Excuse me? Was you saying something?
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
You can't tell me nothing
Uh uh, you can't tell me nothing
La la la la
Wait 'til I get my money right
La la la la

Then you can't tell me nothing, right? I yes want to stop filing may hard. get destroy four dous
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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