

Can't Tell Me Nothing (Remix feat. Young Jeezy)

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'd I do? Act more stupidly
Bought more jewelry, More Louis V.
My mama couldn't get through to me
The drama, people suing me
I'm on T.V. talking 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 Hillman
I guess the money should've changed them
I guess I should've 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, is 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 homie, you decide yours
I know that Jesus died for us
But I couldn't tell you who decide wars
So I parallel double-parked that motherfucker sideways
Old folks talking 'bout back in my day
But homie, 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
Then say something where you gon end up apolog'in
Let me know if it's a problem then
A'ight 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, is 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 past
You don't need to stop to get gas
If he can move through the rumors, he can drive off fumes
Cause how he move in a room full of No's?
How he stay faithful in a room full of hoes?
Must be the pharoahs, 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, depending how you dress her
So if the devil wear prada, Adam, Eve wear nada
I'm in between, but way more fresher
But way less effort, cause when you try hard
That's when you die hard
Ya'll 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, is 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?

Songwriters

CONNIE THEMBI MITCHELL, KANYE O. WEST, ALDRIN DAVIS Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>