

Can't Tell Me Nothing (DJ Godfather Remix)

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

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