

Can't Tell Me Nothing

Haystak

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 decide wars 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?

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