

# 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?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>