Who F*cks Wit Me

Nelly

Chorus:
I aint even gotta talk no more
Imma let it speak for itself
You see my numbers you can add 'em up
Now who fucks wit me?

I aint even gotta work no more
My money works for itself
I'm burnin interest
While i'm sleepin' man,
Now who fucks wit me? (oooh) x3
Now who fucks wit me?
I'm earnin' interest as i'm speakin' man
Now who fucks wit me?

I aint even gonna talk no more
When your done with the minors
Ma come to the pros

See i can put you in all them clothes
You neck, wrist, girl, hands all that froze
He can neva eva put you in the rows,
But anything goes when your dealin' with a baller
Stand on my money if i wanna be taller
Smack him wit a G
I bet he go and get his lawyer

Cuz he really wanna sue me
Take the bitch route
Cuz he know he can't out do me
Know he can't out do me in the records or the movies
Man i don't need a girl
Plus i heard you got the cooties

If you mean what you feel
Then i mean what i said

You dont like cheap sex
I lay a mill on the bed
Spread it all out and we can roll around in it

Hop off in the whip and we can roll around in it
In the back seat and we can go to town in it
Or maybe on the hood....
He aint get the message
Ma, he act like he didn't get it
He aint catched the hint
When you gave him back his rent and
Nice lil condo and one less tenant
And I get it
But you know what

(Chorus)

Well who you know with 10 mill on the black
Hit the superbowl once so they brought me on back
Ride around with my grammys on my lap
Better bag up nigga, Nelly balls in the back
Me be the rapper nigga, balls be the crack
Think I fell off when they fell for the trap
You wanna come to Nellyville
I'll draw you the map
Follow that yellow brick road
Follow that rainbow and diamonds down to the gold
Follow shorty as she slide down the pole
We tryin' to make it rain
But it's comin' down slow
I hope you got the gloves
Cuz i'm 'bout to make it snow
(oh! oh! oh!)
Like kids seein' santa when i walk in the club
(Ho! Ho! Ho!)
But i only brought presents for the thugs

Listen
Play wit me nigga
If you wanna, If you feel
Wont kill ed will, but will kill bill
Somebody better grab bill and tell him to chill
Before somebody find him abbandoned in a hill (ah, ah, ah)
I got a restraining order on myself and such (ah, ah, ah)
Cuz i be feelin' myself to much now listen

(Chorus) x2

Lyrics submitted by Julia.

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