

# Who Fucks Wit Me (Feat. Avery Storm)

Nelly

Woo! yeah[Chorus]  
I ain't even gotta talk no more  
All my letters speak for itself  
You see my numbers, you can add 'em up  
(Now who fucks with me?)  
I ain't even gotta rap no more (no!)  
My money works for itself  
I'm runnin' interest while I'm sleepin' man  
(Now who fucks with me?)  
(Yeah, now who fucks with me?)  
(Now who fucks with me?)  
(Hey, now who fucks with me?)  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh (I'm earnin' interest as I'm speakin' man)  
(Now who fucks with me?)I ain't even gon' talk no mo'  
When you done with the minors ma come to the pros  
See I could put you in all them clothes  
Your neck, wrist, ears, hands, all that froze  
He could never ever put you in a rose  
But anything goes when you dealin' with the baller  
Stand on my money if I wanna be taller  
Smack him with a G, I bet he go and get his lawyer  
'Cause he really wanna sue me  
Take the bitch route, cause he know he cannot do me  
Know he can't outdo me in the records or the movies  
Man, I don't want your girl, plus I heard she got the cooties  
If you mean what you feel then I mean what I said  
You don't like cheap sex, I laid a mil' 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, sound profound, did it?  
He ain't get the message ma, act like he ain't get it  
He ain't catch a hint when you gave him back his rented  
Now his lil' condo one less tenant  
And I did it, but you know what?[Chorus:]Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Well who you know with ten mil' on a plaque?  
Hit the Superbowl once so they brought me on back  
Ride around with my Grammy's on the 'Llac  
Better bag up nigga, Nelly bonds are the bag

Me be the rapper, Nicky Bonds be the crack  
Think I fell off when they fell from the track  
You wanna come to Nellyville I'll draw you the map  
Follow that yellow brick road  
Follow that rainbow of diamonds down to the gold  
Follow shorty as she slide down a pole  
He tryna make it rain but it's comin' down slow  
I hope he got the gloves cause I'm about to make it snow  
(Ohh, ohh, ohhh...)  
Like kids seein Santa when I walked in the club  
(Hohh, hohh, hohhh...)  
But I only brought presents for the girls  
Listen, play with me nigga if you wanna, if you feel  
Won't kill at will but will kill Bill  
Somebody better grab Bill, tell him to chill  
Before somebody find him buried in the hills  
(Ah, ah, ahh...)  
I got a reach, try on an order myself and such  
(Ah, ah, ahh...)  
'Cause I be feelin' myself too much, now listen[Chorus:]Woo! Ohh  
Uh, uh - now who fucks with me?  
Yeah, I ain't even gon' talk no mo'  
(I ain't even gon' talk talk talk no mo', talk talk no mo')  
I ain't even gon' talk no mo'  
(I ain't even gonna talk no mo', talk no mo')  
Now who fucks with me?[Chorus:]

Songwriters

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