

# Can't Tell Me Nothing (Remix) (Ft. Young Jeezy)

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  
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La la la la  
Then you can't tell me nothing right?  
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Then you can't tell me nothing right?

Songwriters

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