

Kanye West "Can't Tell Me Nothing"

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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 the side was

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

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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

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