

Nelly**"Who Fuck With Me"**Visit "[Who Fuck With Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 work no more

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?

Now who fucks with me?

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 Rolls

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?

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Well, who you know with ten mil' on a plaque?

Hit the Super Bowl 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

Like kids seein' Santa when I walked in the club

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

I got a restraining order on myself and such

'Cause I be feelin' myself too much, now listen

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