

Nelly

"Who Fucks with Me"

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[Nelly] WOO! Uhh uhh, yeah

[Chorus: Avery Storm] + (Nelly)

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 (uhh)

I'm runnin interest while I'm sleepin man

(Now who fucks with me?)

Oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh

(Yeah, now who fucks with me?)

Oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooooh

(Uhh, uhh, now who fucks with me?)

Oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh

(Ay, now who fucks with me?)

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh (I'm earnin interest as I'm
speakin man)

(Now who fucks with me?)

[Nelly]

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

(Ah, ah, ahh...)

If you mean what you feel then I mean what I said

(Ah, ah, ahh...)

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]

[Nelly]

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]

[Nelly]

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]

