

Kanye West, Can't Tell Me Nothin'

La,la,la,la wait till 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, got some chili, 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 suin' me,
I'm on T.V. 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 Hell man
I guess the money should've changed 'em,
I guess I should've forgot where I came From.

La,la,la,la wait till I get my money right
la, la, la, la then you cant tell me nothing right
Excuse Me, is you saying something?
Uh, uh, you can't tell me nothing
(Haha) you cant tell me nothing
Uh, uh, you cant tell me nothing

Let up the suicide doors.
This is my life homey, you decide yours.
I know dat Jesus died for us,
But I couldn't tell you who decide wars.
So I parallel double parked that motherf***er sideways
Old folks talking bout back in my day
But homey this is my day.
Class started 2 hours ago, oh am I late?
You know I already graduated
And you can live through anything if Magic made it.

They say I talk with so much emphasis,
OOOO They so Sen-Sa-Tive.
Don't ever fix your lips like collagen
Say something when you gone end up apologizing.
Let me know if it's a problem man,
Alright man, holla then.

La,la,la,la wait till I get my money right
la, la, la, la then you cant tell me nothing right
Excuse Me, is you saying something?
Uh, uh, you can't tell me nothing
(Haha) you cant tell me nothing
Uh, uh, you cant tell me nothing

Let the champagne splash, let that man get cash,
Let that man get past.
You don't needa stop to get gas,
If he can move through the rumors, he can drive off the fumes cuz
How he move in a room full of nose?
How he stay faithful in a room full of h**s?
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, 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 homies looking like "Why God?"
When they reminisce over you, my god.