

Who Fucks wit Me

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 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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