Told You So

Cassadee Pope

Grand Hustle Pimp, hey, what's happenin' shorty?
Me being a true player and all
I mean you know as a stand up guy you know
I really hate to say I told you so, man I told you so
Back when we said we were goin to run this shit man
When we said Pimp Squad Click, Grand Hustle was the business
When we said their was a whole 'nother side of Atlanta
A 'nother bunch of motherfuckers in the trap, y'all didnt know
Man, I told you so
They thought a pimp wasn't s'posed to blow
Because I was rappin' about moving O's and blow
Pimp I told you so
They thought that Outkast closed the door
Ludacris came in and sold his 4? Man, I told you so
The Mac, C-Rod, Kuntry and Dro
And AK had the coldest flow, nigga, I told you so
I said the future was right up under your nose
You thought the south wouldn't explode no more
Remember, I told you so
Way back when Kriss-Kross was hollering, "Jump", on ya tube
They was still gettin' jumped at school, we used to tote them tools
Don't get me wrong I'll give respect to them dudes
But approach us wrong and we'll smoke them fools
Ain't no joke it's the truth, fuck a hater, let 'em do what it do
I'm busy now, but I'll be through in a few and then I'm coming for you
So keep shit talking like it's something to do
I'll spend a 100 grand get a killer something to do
I've been hustlin' since 92' when I heard UGK
Hollering "Pocket Full of Stones", I was on my way
Had a history in the yay, before I started to trap
At 13, let me take you back farther than that
When my uncles was baggin' blocks, used to count the stacks
I was only 8, my grand-daddy can vouch for that
And my pops had a lot of work, a lot of folk he got 'em work
And ran numbers, said if he ain't wanna, he ain't gotta work
Why I sold rocks? I guess, I got from pops
My uncles [Incomprehensible] a chip off the old block
The nigga you hear now the same one from off the old block
Who used to stand on Front St. and get off the old block

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I remember the PSC, Killer Mike, David Banner
And me and YoungBloodz, ran through Atlanta with heat
When even Atlanta was sleep, nigga, back before you heard of me
I was middle man into serving keys when KC was serving 3
I'm on top 'cause I deserved to be
So simmer down, calm your nerves at least
Speak your words with peace
Before you lay out on the curb deceased
Think about it, it's absurd to beef, I took my songs to street
He told me dope boy was the bomb in the street
Since then my name rang like alarms in the street
Who knew how long it would be?
If only L.A. knew how wrong he could be
I told you ain't nobody stronger than me
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This southern rap shit of the day is something I helped design
Puerto Rico of the mix show I'll let you know who the next in line
The Snowman, Paul Wall, the Thug [Incomprehensible]
Alot of other niggaz shouldn't of even been signed
That's a opinion of mine 'cause these niggaz be neglecting the grind
Ain't waiting on nobody to let me shine, I'ma go get me mine
And then they wonder why they checks behind
'Cause TIP was 20k? back in the day, need me to press rewind
What be on these niggaz mind? Man, don't get me to lyin'

I seen ya kind, dopeboy and that ain't even ya kind
Ain't never sold a gram of crack and ain't no need of ya tryin'
Back in the trap, pimp I don't see him survivin'
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