

# Told You So

T.i.

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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