

# Told You So

T.I.

Grand Hustle Pimp..

Hey, whats 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

But, 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 there 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

And 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 been hustlin since 92' when I heard UGK

Hollering "Pocket Full of Stones" I was on my way

Had a history in the yag, before I started to trap

13, let me take you back farther than that

When my uncles was baggin blocks, used to count the stacks

I was only 8, and my grand-daddy can vouch for that

And my pops had alot of work, alot 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 ? man ? 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 P\$C, 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 because 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 dopeboy 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 LA 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 ?  
Alot of other niggaz shouldn't of even been signed  
Thats a opinion of mine  
Because 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  
Cuz 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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