

Lil' Wyte

"I.O.U"

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I.O.U. Much,
For everything going in the world,
Just makes you sit down and reflect on everybody
Everybody
I.O.U Much
That said a kind word or a kind gesture
And I owe so much to so many.

Although i took a path not commely chose, and people
might say i look thuggish in cloths
Although i still hear my peers sayin zane u aint gonna
make it, i can still hear the voice sayin "I know you
gonna make it" My Teacher ms.johnson always had a
kind word, not once said my dream was absurd
although i looked as school as chore, class was so
much more

I love to see that lady limp thru the door, althought she
was much much older she could still relate, she had a
son of her own that got a son my age.
And the reason i've been sayin that she was and has is
'cause a year ago ms.johson passed. and although i
wanna see you to say i owe ya, im so glad i got a
chance just to get know ya
Look at me ms.j im on tv.and if i could i would of told
god to take me, take me (i owe you)

I.o.u much, so much baby so much, to much words
don't explain it (chorus 2x)

Listen...and to my mother how could i begin to repay,
nine months hard labor and a place to stay, thru the
years you were there when i aint have no way show me
how to make a catch
And to my father, whos a straight hustler, make money
outta dirt, boy i gotta love you, i had parents when my
friends didn't have nobody
Glad you stayed and stuck together when it got rocky, i
coulda give you the world woulda make a dent, toward
the things u unselflissley lent, you gave your time and
your effort
Never mention the dough and listen i could go on some

more, left your youth, for all days, to raise you, my cost
to crime never gave me a chance to raise the roof, i
might be the one spittin these words
In this booth but i had is yours and that's the truth

I.o.u much, so much baby so much, to much words
don't explain it (chrous 2x)

I O U for all the times, for all the times you've protected
me, for all the times i coulda been harmed and i
wasn't, i owe u for all the good people u put in my life,
to guide me, support me. i o u for every breath, every
day.

To god can i please write a i o u 'cause monatory
figures just wont do, u can pull a plug and let a straight
bullet hit me, instead i feel protected like u really love
me, i coulda been in new york when the planes hit, or
been chillin with aayliah when the tail flipped

I can be your missing child or stuck in the system, i can
be a rap artist with no one to listen, i guess it jus wasn't
in ur design, it looks like you only wanted zane to
shine, so how can I pay you back when i owe so much to
ya, I pray u take my soul when it's time to come to ya,
So i bring flowers to ms.johson for a class in heaven,
and my moma a dimaond necklace with a visible
sentence, and my pops who loves a cadiallic with rims
and such, and to god, can my soul be enough?

I.o.u much, so much baby so much, to much words
don't explain it (chrous 2x)

TO MS JOHNSON, (I OWE U MUCH)
To my parents for all your help
And i can't forget god (I OWE U MUCH)

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