

Da Bush Babees

"I Told You So"

Visit "[I Told You So](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[B.B. Jay]

Theres an old saying that every dog has his day
I want'chall to know a lil somthin somthin
Every child of God has his season
And right about now, its all mine

Yo, check it, check it

It seems as it was just yesterday I was doing po'ly
Surrounded by jokers that couldn't do nothing fo' me
I was broker than a vase, living like a pauper
Poverty followed me everywhere like a stalker
Native New Yorker, born in Brook'lawn
Grew up in Jersey where you die if you look wrong
Hooked on somethin coloussal (Word to God)
Holy hip-hop apostle (God Squad)
Original general, quite like a girdle
Representin Jesus the eternal life colonel
I'm over like a hurdle, harder than the turdle
Lyrics healthier than herbal
B.B. Jays sturdy, never profane
Never x-rated or dirty, never ashamed
(Holy hustler) Practice sold faithful
I'm on some holy holy, emcees be grateful

Hook: [B.B. Jay]

I hate to say I told you so, but didn't I?
Tell you I was gonna blow-up and be the bomb
Everybody had mad jokes when I was strugglin
Now I'm fat like that, what, word to God
I hate to say I told you so, but didn't I?
Tell you I was gonna blow-up and be the bomb
Everybody had mad jokes when I was strugglin
Now I'm fat like that, what, word to God

[B.B. Jay]

Check it
It all started way back when I was a chap in grade
school
Used to write songs an' poems in the day room
Every music award show, yo I stayed tuned

Word to God, as true as I grew, kids made room
No doubt, rejection was a sho' thing
Never get love until you doing yo' thang
You know how it is, around ghetto kids
Hype, do you sign ???
Made a lot of rap fears when I drops mines
Lotta cats did all they could to stop mines
Recognize yo, you can't stop the shine
Or the glow, ice on ice, I make livin look pro
Show ya right, the son of abraham I am
Born American, culture African
A lotta of imposters I peeped your cheif-tan
I'm a holy hustler, backwards buster

Hook

[B.B. Jay]

I used to rock a lot, back in the day, back of the class
In back of the school, battlin for cash in back of tha cab
I used jack up a lotta (Rap dummies)
I used to stak up a lotta (Lunch money)
Dough fo' sho' my flow was a number one
Yo, I told you cats since day number one
B.B. Jay ain't nothin but a plan and a man
But little did you know I had the power of I Am
All day from the getty up
Even back when I was leaving cats belly up
With they skull cracked, uh huh
I ain't always where I be at
Used to get buzzed with cous' like "where the tree at?"
Life of sin, had to flee that, palm was icy
On my way to hell, believe that, on some shiesty
Now I see clearly, holy life the nicest
Fat pastor, loungin with the righteous

Hook x2

Visit [Da Bush Babees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.