

## Brinson

### "Hello"

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[Brinson] Well hello, hello hello I knew you would come  
Well hello I knew you would, I knew you would, I knew  
you would I grab the mic, and leave 'em in the dust now  
I rep for Christ, no longer my nuts now They rappin  
'bout nothin made in a million God's secret weapon  
introducin Brinson I came bust some souls, no boy not  
that gold No chain, no cars, and no furry Kangols I  
know you tired of that same old same old Well here's  
somethin new to bump in your ringtones I ain't a rapper  
but a preacher not a dancer like Keisha Cole, I ain't  
slangin crack either No "American Gangster," you tight  
well thank ya Better yet thank God, oh yes sir Well  
hello, hello hello I knew you would come Well hello I  
knew you would, I knew you would, I knew you would

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