

# B.B. Jay, I Told You So

There's an old sayin' that every dog has his day  
I want ch'all to know a lil' somethin', somethin'  
Every talent, God has His season  
And right about now, it's all mine  
Yo, check it, check it

It seems as it was just yesterday, I was doin' poorly  
Surrounded by jokers that couldn't do nothin' fo' me  
I was broker than a vase, livin' like a pauper  
Poverty followed me everywhere like a stalker  
Native New Yorker, born in Brooklyn  
Grew up in Jersey where you die if you look wrong  
Hooked on somethin' colossal

(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 turtle  
Lyrics healthier than herbal

B.B. Jay's sturdy, never profane  
Never X rated or dirty, never ashamed

(Holy hustler)

Practice sold faithful

I'm on some holy, holy, MC's be grateful  
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  
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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, made room  
No doubt, rejection was a sho' thing  
Never get love until you doin' yo' thang  
You know how it is, around ghetto kids  
Hype, do you sign [unverified]

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 chieftain  
I'm a holy hustler, backwards buster  
I hate to say I told you so, but didn't I?  
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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 stack 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 our hand  
All day from the getty up  
Even back when I was leavin' 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  
I hate to say I told you so, but didn't I?  
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