

# I Told You / Another One

Tory Lanez

## Part I: I Told You

[Verse 1]

It's the year 2008, I'm getting kicked up out the crib  
Steady contemplating where the fuck I'm 'bout to live  
Mama died same year my sister had the kid  
It was either feed the fam or get killed  
So a nigga said fuck it  
Five of us puttin' up for one room, landlord straight buggin'  
Roaches on the ceiling, living room straight thuggin'  
Should've been left but the trap stayed bunkin', nigga, yeah yeah, Big time, big time  
Ring so swole you would think it did time  
Swear I told you niggas for the fifth time  
I'ma get mine, yeah  
I got a ring so big, call the shit big time  
She don't wanna fuck me, man, that bitch lyin'  
I've been on the get a billion dollar, rich grind  
In the studio, I'm skating like a inline  
Sorry I went Kristi Yamaguchi with the dope  
Teachers called me stupid, now I'm stupid with the flow  
Stupid with the whip game, stupid bankroll  
Stupid ass nigga, getting stupid paid shows  
I've been on the road  
Now a nigga know my way around, yeah yeah  
Big time, cuban chain weigh me down, yeah yeah  
Flying private, I could turn the plane around, yeah yeah  
These niggas pissy that we stayed around, yeah yeah

## Part II: Another One

[Chorus]

Hop in another one, nigga  
Get back in another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah  
Hop in another one, nigga  
We back with another one, nigga  
Came back in another one, nigga, woah  
I told, I told you all  
I know I'ma get mine  
I told, I told you all  
I know, I know  
Hop in another one, nigga  
Then hop out another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah

Hop in another one, nigga  
We back with another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah

[Verse 2]

My wrist is froze like Kristi Yamaguchi  
Skating on 'em, Kristi Yamaguchi  
We wash a nigga talkin' at us loosely  
Skating on 'em, Kristi Yamaguchi  
Uh, you love the sound, uh, don't fuck around, nah  
458, I dropped it in the winter  
Big homie asked a nigga what I'm down for  
Looked him in the eye and said to do it 'til I'm bigger than ya  
I'm whopping xans off, kicked out the house in Brampton  
Had a nigga trappin' out in Danforth  
Taking TTC to get the figures, just me and my little nigga  
Ain't have no hittas with us  
Was with the thugs, dealers, plugs, killers with slugs  
All my niggas was plugs, all my bitches was dubs  
Left me out when I was tryna make it did what it does  
Can't forget about the drought when they put six in my plug  
Only thing I gotta do is get my mom out the mud  
Only thing I gotta do is get it poppin' and blow it  
Only thing I gotta do is hit my wrist with the soda  
Niggas thought it was over, but bitch I live by the slogan

I told you

[Chorus]

Hop in another one, nigga  
Get back in another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah  
Hop in another one, nigga  
We back with another one, nigga  
Came back in another one, nigga, woah  
I told, I told you all  
I know I'ma get mine  
I told, I told you all (Fargo)  
I know, I know

[Verse 3]

It's a 70/30 chance I won't fuck with you niggas  
It's a 70/30 chance I might fuck up them digits  
In the bottom where them niggas they ain't fuck with you, nigga  
Now you're up and they feel like they should be up with you, nigga  
I remember nights when I was starving and hungry and ballin' and bummy  
And busted cause my car wasn't running and woah  
Doggy, all I want is a onion  
The game it was callin' me audibly like someone confronted, but no  
Niggas never gave a nigga nothing  
Fuck I look like giving niggas something?

Made 100K this week, that's on my dead mama  
Spend a 117 and I ain't even know it  
Dawg I swear my coldest nights it wasn't even snowing  
Mama told me since a youngin' I would be a soldier  
I played the watch out on the block you used to see me scopin'  
Respect the shooters that said "Youngin' go, we about to blow this"

[Chorus]

Hop in another one, nigga  
Then hop out another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah  
Hop in another one, nigga  
We back with another one, nigga  
Then back in another one, nigga, woah  
I told, I told you all  
I know I'ma get mine  
I told, I told you all  
I know, I know

[Beat Changes]

[Verse 4]

It's the year 2009 and I done found myself a crib  
I ain't got no dough, but I done found myself a bitch  
Dollars and success is what my niggas tryna get  
Young as fuck but fake ID gon' get me in the VIP  
I done said fuck school, fuck the teachers and the public  
I'd rather count this money with the thuggers and the junkies  
The teachers used to tell me "Boy you ain't gon' 'mount to nothin'"  
The only love I felt was from the dealers and the hustlers  
We gon' do the most, so tell them niggas GABOS  
Seen my nigga Harvey, he went and copped him a Ghost  
Through the windshield, the centerfold on the door  
Ten below on you hoes, getting dough on you folks  
Getting dough on these fours, gettin' money it show  
These checks are looking silly, I'm gettin' funny on hoes  
Funny how I'm stuntin' in somethin' flooded in stones  
Put them hunnids on hold, put them runners on go  
Secure the bag

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>