

I Told Them

Burna Boy

One, two, three, woah
Ah, ye, ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo
I told them (Ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo)
I told them (Yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo)
(Yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo)
(Yo, yo) I told them (Ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo), woah
Ah, ye, ye, ye, ye, o-yo

I told them I'm a genius
I had to show them what the meanin' is
Hundred thousand hands where the ceilin' is
I told them I'm the highest
With the drip, I'm the flyest
Hundred thousand hands where the sky is
Told 'em I'm amazing
They told me I was crazy
Nothin' ever changed
I told 'em I'm a giant
Real African giant
Self-confident, self-reliant
Told 'em I'm the master
They told me I wouldn't prosper
I tell dem say dem be bastard
Tell them dem dey joke, oh
Say make I stop smoking, oh
Abi dem wan jonze, oh
Me, I dey feel pain
But I move forward and I switch lanes
Because Odogwu no be nickname
They say, "Who be this person?"
I told them I'm Big 7
Put am for your body in a split second
Put me on your song, it's a hit record
If I put you on, you a rich nigga
Yes, I told them, I told them I'm a born winner
I stay humble because I'm a born sinner
I told them that I was the realest
For some reason they didn't believe it, so here we are

(Ooh, ah-ah) I told them from the start
(Ooh, ah-ah) Right from the very start
(Ooh, ah-ah) I told them, I told them, ah-ah
I told them they were gonna see this
For some reason they didn't believe it, so here we are
(Ooh, ah-ah) I told them from the start
(Ooh, ah-ah) Right from the very start
(Ooh, ah-ah) I told them, I told them, ah-ah
I told them they were gonna see this
For some reason they didn't believe it, so here we are
(Believe, believe)

Which one of you is the abbot?
I wanna join the temple
We shine like that travels and waves that are unbelievable
Distance and days
Radio, micro, infrared and ultraviolet
Picture so beautiful, I had to film the pilot

Coined a new grand of philosophy
That form images in your mind, quite different from photography
Anointed few, a point of view of the thinkers
No pitch, that's a glitch full of hook lines, and sinkers
The way the wise look at light, the manner of the thoughtful
There is no benefit if it's not resourceful
Four to five, the observers, they get something from it
It become routine, been there and done it
I'm in a place where perception is developed
If you can't walk on these shoes, then your feet would swell up
A medium by which thoughts are made clear
Beneath the surface, but only hurting the inner ear