

## Here I Am

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Here I am (I'm right here dog)  
(can you see me?)  
Well here I am (I'm right here nigga)  
(can you see me?)  
Here I am (I'm right here bitch)  
(can you see me?)  
Well here I am (and I'm runnin' with a hatchet)

Here I am, a lunatic from head to toe  
I sleep in cabinets with the dead but don't let nobody know  
That I'm not your ordinary average every day type person  
We keep it live while y'all niggas be rehearsin'  
Cursin' us, hopin' that we dissapear  
But we been in the game for so many many years  
That we never gon' stop, and we never gon' fade  
Twiztid in this bitch with the Juggalo serenade  
Vampire, serial killa, with an axe,  
I'm a maniac, scarin' niggas straight into a heart attack  
Life is like a relapse, can you see that?  
My name is Jamie Madrox, represented by the bat  
Dark Knight, dark skies, milk white eyes  
People of the sunlight better be advised  
There's a new breed of killa on the streets today  
Here I am, I'm a maniac, what you say?

Here I am (I'm right here dog)  
(can you see me?)  
Yo here I am (I'm right here nigga)  
(can you see me?)  
Here I am (I'm right here bitch)  
Yo here I am (and I'm runnin' with a hatchet)

Where my dead thugs? Who jack fools and slang drugs  
And call each other Who ain't afraid to ride through the hood with a piece o  
n they lap  
I'm just a killa bitch, you don't want a nigga autograph  
Ice-cold like a 40 oz  
only thugs and killas be the ones down to ride with me  
Where my killas at? Shootin' up right back  
And all you bitch muthafuckas you can get the nutsack  
Things change in the hood fast, can't think slow  
Stay away from the busta-ass bitches and hoes  
And for the 50, give me the slugs and the rifle  
I turn the pig into a sloppy joe  
No bitch in blue gonna tell me shit  
I hope ya badge can protect ya from the shotgun, nig  
From the cradle to the grave and the end of time  
I hold it down, ask me where I'm at, nigga you know the time

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I rock the wicked wit' my nigga big Blaze and Madrox  
You can try to shake my gates and can't fade my padlocks  
You see me represent my hood and my homies for mad blocks  
Here to slide at all you fake-ass Biggies and 2Pacs  
2 blocks, it ain't enough you better hit the streets hard  
And pray that I don't catch you and find you a graveyard  
I'm a psycho thug, fuck ya iced-out mug  
I spent my money on a casket and some fat-ass buds  
I slip ya girl a little drug and now she sleepin' with me  
And when she finally came around the bitch called the police  
I'm a Generation-X reject from '85  
With a pack of 'Ports, a fresh-ass mullet and 9 lives  
I'm disguised and disgustin, don't get yo shit busted  
And that one bitch that I trusted, I bucked her with my musket  
Am I really hard to find? Well here I am  
Count ya like the spirits and ouijis from other lands

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