

Chris And Cosey

"Tell 'Em I'm Here"

Visit "[Tell 'Em I'm Here](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Somebody tell them motherfuckers I'm here!

[Verse 1]

Emcees and rappers, what's up, I hope it's good
For them street niggas breakin them bricks, in the hood
I write, maybe sheddin some light
My experience in hip hop, was struggle and fight
All I ever wanted, was a chance to rock the mic, like you
do
Control every crowd in the world, like voodoo
The underground hardcore scene, it's my flaw
I snatch alotta money from that, so once more
I step, where the niggas that rep, get checks
You touch mine, here go my check
It's back to underground clubs, with fights at the door
Niggas gettin one deal in six months they poor
I separate emcees from rappers, standin on stage with
two clappers
Cock back, beef at my house, I stop that
I dare any nigga standin in here with half a heart
To address me, I rip you apart, Tell 'em I'm Here!

CHORUS:

Tell 'em the one that blasts first every time it's on
Tell 'em, I put the word back in word is bond
Tell 'em, I stomp rappers to the beat, shut 'em down
with no fear
Somebody tell them motherfuckers I'm here!

[Verse 2]

Who got the ill rep, lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks
Outta respect none of you bitch ass niggas your shit
sucks
I'm the emperor, you niggas is hoes with gold plaques
Lotta stick ups in town, Freddie Foxxx is back
Bumpy Knuckles I, take out your heart with one look
Frying niggas like "Yang Kang Cook" you're all shook
Spittin hella hot lyrics, that infiltrate tracks
Like spirit, real niggas wild when they hear it
My heart bleeds raw hip hop, I got no gauze
Sometimes the beats kicks so hard, I cock them fours

And I can feel it, all up in my veins, keep it noted
I'm the long term maintain, Tell 'em I'm Here!

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

I do it special for them thug niggas holdin the block
They need a nigga on wax that can follow
To give 'em that real shit to swallow
I don't respect a man under no man
You frontin like you holdin all the cards up in your hand
When emcees come in, emcees go
I'm one of the few emcees left, with emcee flow
So while I spit repetitious like techs
Make your bitch say my style is delicious like sex
Undetectable rhyme, it's complex
Check the three X's that I earned from
Bustin my sigs from New York to Texas
Makin niggas take L's like Lexus, tattoed vibes I protect
this
Find a mic mechanic, cuz I'm bout to wreck this
Villainous, I'm laughin while I'm killin this
Never break a sweat because my groove be the
chillinest
Thug niggas throw your hands up if you feelin this, Tell
'em I'm Here!

CHORUS

Visit [Chris And Cosey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.