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Hopsin "Im Here"

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Chorus: Oooh, im here, so open up the door for me, who is it? Its Hopsin, im here, so open up the door for me, hurry up and let me in nah, nah, nah Nah, nah, gimme my dinner (Dinner. dinner, dinner) Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, then pass me the dessert (Dessert, dessert, dessert) Verse 1: Yo, H-izzo P stepped in the dizzo, wit a mean mug and magnificent Flizzo, i gotta get my swag on, nigga y'know, im tryna leave the club wit a freaky ass ho, my penis is all im finna to give her, Hopsin is sicker thenna nigga whos sobbin from hiccups and vomit his liver (Blahh) You wanna blow up? Stop gobbalin liquor, and probly Consider plottin some shit up to get popular quicker, phonys get to many plays on the station and leave me assed out of a deal, while they on vacation, shit i'll leave these rappers face on the pavement, this games fit wit more whack niggas then a slave owners basement but imma freth of bresh air I mean a breath of fresh air, MCs are next to catch hell, i leave em wrecked and left scared, cuz thats juss what i do, im the lyrical buggaboo, wait on me for a substitute, I be tearin shit up so move! Chorus: Ooh, im here, so open up the door for me, who is it? Its Hopsin Im here, so open up the door for me, hurry up and let me in nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, gimmie my dinner (Dinner, dinner, dinner) Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah,

then pass me the dessert (Dessert, dessert, dessert)

Verse 2: Hey shawty, if i buy you a 40 you think that you can gimmie some tang, im

feelin horny, and we can have an orgy wit you and yo friends, i'll be tha man, have a nigga yellin out, YEAH! My label tryna make me switch Tha flow just because Oprah dont want me sayin bitch no more, im like "Oprah, why you doin this, cmon this is ludacris, that just hypes my ass up even more to call you a bitch!" This is my life, and this is my urge (This is my urge) This is my mic, and these are my words (My Words) You cant stop Hopsin forget it its not poppin, i kick the shit that niggas love when they hot boxin, right when you was bout to retire from lisnin to rap music, i reversed it and turned you back to it, it was a close call, i was even thinkin all hope was lost But most of all be happy im

Chorus: Ooh, im here, so open up the door for me, who is it? Its Hopsin, im here so open up the door for me, hurry up and let me in nah, nah, nah, nah, nah Gimmie my dinner (Dinner, din ner,dinner) Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, then pass me the dessert (Dessert, dessert, dessert)

Verse 3: I go to rap concerts and post in the back, dont even clap, im knowin that the show'll be whack, after performin They be lookin like they spose to get dap, im like, "Man you got murdered by your openin act!" (Get outta here!) You aint fucken wit what i brought to the table, you just a tax write offa your label, you outside flossin yo Range Rove, hos eyeballin your bankroll, til you floppin all the money back, am i watchin The same show? I think so, im the invincible, unpredictable Mr. Ripper flow yes its pitiful, gimmie some nipples to nibble on, lyrical general, suck on my genitals, fore you get shitted on, understand me and you never gon get along, he best be, the hottest scince the PS3, strait out the W.E.S.T., of course, what others rappers you know reppin it iller? Other niggas pretty hot but imma definite killer, cmon!

Chorus: Ooh, im here, so open up the door for me,

who is it? Its Hopsin, im here So open up the door for me, hurry up and let me in, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, gimme my dinner (Dinner, dinner, dinner) Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, then pass me the dessert (Dessert, dessert, dessert) Ooh, im here, so open up the door for me, who is it? Its Hopsin, im here so open up the door for me, hurry up and let me in nah, nah, nah, nah, nah gimme My dinner (Dinner, dinner, dinner) Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, then pass me the dessert (Dessert, dessert, dessert)

Outro: Hopsin, Hopsin, Hopsin, Hopsin, Hopsin Hopsin Hopsin, Hopsin, Hopsin, Hopsin, H-izzo, P stepped in the dizzo, wit a mean mug and a magnificent flizzo, H-izzo P Stepped in the dizzo

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