

BK-One f/ Brother Ali, The Grouch, Phonte

"Here I Am"

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[Phonte] Back in the day they used to say I was a man-child
Moms looked at me, was like "Oh, you a man now"
Taught me to walk like a warrior, eyes up, shoulders back
Looking like a nigga bout to stand trial
Made me exactly who I am now
It made me one of the livest niggas walking and realest niggas spitting hands down
Taught me to stand down and always man up
cause then I'd never give in to a hand out
One-man army, slash rhyme armada
Don't need a little guac', I need the whole avocado
That bullshit they playing got nothing to do with 'Te
That's more repo'd than trap, homie
I am not the father And I am not to bother with those who don't do the real
I be on that Sugar Hill, no business with a cotter
My purpose is to separate the classic from the fodder
'Te bring it and make you sing it like the Alma Mater, let's go!
[Chorus: Phonte] Like the way I move, like the way I groove out on the floor
Like the way I walk, like the way I talk
Yeah, it's all yours
Make the fellas rock, make the ladies say "Girl, that's my jam"
Accept nothing less cause if you want the best then here I am
[Brother Ali] Yeah baby, here I'm is They say "Ali? Doubt his, he'll never be Eyedea"
Fuck being half-great, I got to be five fifths
Everybody clap your hands to the beat
box kids I believe in this shit, could never be album sick
If I didn't, I would not be tryna eat off of this
They talking bout the greatest emcees ever lived
Tryna give 'em good reason to put me on that list, shit
You ain't in this discussion, you're simply interrupting
I'm as good as gone, y'all ain't good for nothing
My stomach grumbling isn't it
Man we eating, y'all are just biting, that's inconsiderate
Quit your nibbling, nobody's feeling it
You beating a dead horse, that's not killing it
We living it, y'all are visiting
Get a grip, it's never too late for you to fix your shit
It ain't set in stone till you're dead and gone
Don't want 'em saying "Stood, walked tough, but could've flown"
So when the sun rise and shine get on his grind
He can look down and smile and see that I'm on mine
Phonte, uh, yeah
[Chorus: Phonte] [The Grouch] Have you ever seen a dreamer lock his dreams up?
Sabotage himself like his thoughts don't mean enough? Well I ain't tryna

be that, you got me cleaned up Can't mix the yellow
with the blue and get the green stuff Ain't no time to be
scared and sad What I got's much rarer than that, I do
care but in fact I don't care what you think, though I've
been there before I now know more, I more know me
I'm living to my full capacity Tryna spill a little game
and soak a splash of three Focused past the obvious,
ask of me More than your average, half a G Cause I can
hear the birds chirping and feel the words working
Where the curb's serving, a smoking herb's surfing
Today you'll catch a wave Let your guard down and be
free or that's a slave And this is true ... It's all true
[Chorus: Phonte]

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