

Pumpkinhead

"Here"

Visit "[Here](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pumpkinhead] I'm not goin nowhere man, I'm right here So keep sendin the hate, that only shows fear You'll never relate to my blood, sweat and tears And guess what man, I'm still here The fact that I'm still here (uh-huh) puzzles me to this day I guess God and his apostles wanted it this way I been here since Dana Dane's "Nightmares" Since Craig G battled Supernat', I was right there I been around the block where the homeless folk drink beer I been around the world, but I'm still here The birthplace are worst case scenarios (Brooklyn) Church faith in stereotypes I'm here, here, here we go! From song to video, I'm trapped in a screen attached to a beam of light, I can capture a scene and write to my heart's delight, can you hear what I recite? The words of an endless fight Here we are together, one voice, one cause No flows, oh Lord, applause My song's, so real, so raw And if you, think that I'm too soft to diss you, dawg then you're so wrong Cause I'm here, yes, and I stand strong I'm here, yes, and I stand strong I'm here, yes, and I stand strong [Chorus 2X: Pumpkinhead] I'm not goin nowhere man, I'm right here So keep sendin the hate, that only shows fear You'll never relate to my blood, sweat and tears And guess what man, I'm still here, yeah [Pumpkinhead] I got a pain in my heart, and it hurts but I'm still (here) After all these years, through the boos and cheers Bummy gear and nappy hair, I'm still (here) So fuck you, and the backpacker you worship The last supper to turn up in clown make-up at the circus And that CD you purchased is worthless Full of mutated hip-hop This ain't electronica, stop makin my culture your pitstop It's not, that I hate your musical preference But in essence, it's not workin How you gonna tell me I'm not hip-hop, and you don't know who Kool Herc is? Am I so beneath the surface I'm unworthy to be on your top ten nerd list? They say I'm weak and my albums don't sell I'm only a battle rapper, please, do tell Well, get back to me after about a year When this album's gone ghetto gold and I'm still here [Chorus] [Pumpkinhead] I been stabbed twice, near death, one breath But I'm still (here) I've been outcasted, betrayed, looked at as less

Nevertheless, God blessed, he showed me the way I'm
still (here) Give me my props, or I take 'em by force at
any cost, I refuse to be ignored I used to be that kid
that got, played for a herb 'Til I gained weight and I
made them niggaz kiss the curb Trials and tribulations,
miles of aggravation All types of elevation, my struggle
to bless the nation (uh-huh) with the greatest form of
entertainment, hip-hop They said it was a fad, it'll pass,
nah man It's still (here) ha ha, I guess he was wrong
Now you lovin my song, like a hit from the bong We still
(here) so as we adjourn My final word is this Hear me
out for what you hear you can't miss {*echoes*}
[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.