

Here I Am

The Jokerr

I'm with it, bringing you more knowledge per minute
Than every Encyclopedia Britannica ever printed
I'm sicker than spinach and harder than minorities in Alabama
Tryin' to get elected to sit in the senate
You can't see me, don't bother adjusting your focus
You clustered locust are nothing, hopeless, I'll crush you like roaches
Cause when I start steppin', I leave humongous impressions
Deep enough to bury bitches I battle up to their throats in
Now I'm a force with which to be reckoned, lyrically and otherwise
A prime product of pop culture's repugnant lies
Their volunteered arrogance got 'em thinking they something fly
(well go ahead and put them in their places Joke) Homie I'm much obliged
I'll hang around and clown give em a little pound
But I see right thought them like school busses with their windows down
Walk up with a smile and leave with a vengeful frown
The Jokerr's back, bangin! It's plain and simple now...

Here I am
Back in the dungeon running up in and I'm wondering every bit of...
Here I am
Time that I've been rhyming again I would have been fine with a bit of...
Here I am
All would have been calm but they all mobbed and wanted me gone...
It's the same as the way it will stay till the day I die die die...

Here I am
Back from the dungeon I was once in and I'm wondering every bit of...
Here I am
Time, itty bitty mind trick of any kind, put em into 9, tell a nigga...
Here I am
Deep down, you can't forget me now
And that's the same as its gonna stay till the day I die die die die... hey!

They call me "the first meal" cause soon as they see Joe dudes break fast
I'll knock a fake ass up through a whole new weight class
The hood gets covered with booby traps that they can't escape past
Their nice whips get spike-stripped, they roll through they crash!
Flows bruise and bash, whole crews get smashed
Kick some garbage in my booth and get thrown through the glass
I'll treat 'em worse than non-believers at the end times
Dip their bodies in molten steel and hang 'em up as wind chimes
I'm barbaric like hateful tyrants and staging giant displays of violence
Sending skulls flying like ancient Mayans
African Animal Planet cameramen wait in silence tryin' ta film me
Breakin' across the savanna chasing lions
I took my place in science as the maniacal, undeniable
Unclassifiable, evasive primate
I was spawned when they tested the hydrogen bomb on my vacant island
When the smoke cleared, I was there waiving "hi" like...

So, you heard I was rippin? Allow me to confirm your suspicions
As you observe every verb and verminous sentence
Make sure you check your britches cause my words are vicious
They cause sporadic involuntary bowel movements and nervous twitches
If you listen too long when I'm rippin you gone
I'll slide across the board and snatch you up like bishops do pawns
I'm Mr. Oxymoronic cutting greens with meat cleavers

I sting bees and breed trees that eat beavers
But I'm just a jester with a verbal luster I've so displayed
It'd take an oil tanker anchor just to control my rage
Rush in your whole brigade, I'm crushin' your motorcade
Skatin' across the valley using busses for roller blades
You couldn't hang with me in a picture with framing
You couldn't hang with me if we were two witches in Salem
You couldn't hang with me if I were Ace Ventura and
You were a raccoon on my back on a rope in the Himalayas homie
HERE I AM!