

## **Tha Joker**

### **"We Do It For Fun .5"**

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At first I was okay, and then I was just straight  
Hit myspace and hoes fell in love with my face  
Upped my vocab and then ya boy got nasty  
Flow on overdrive, now these niggas can't pass me  
Creme de la creme, who him? Nigga him  
J-O-K-E-R is on top like a chim but  
No santa clause, we grinchin round here  
Even white hoods love me, no legend round here  
Messages on myspace like W could  
It's cause I always go off like ADT in the hood  
Yo flow shake but my flow is straight seizure  
I run a lot of shit like nickel magnesia  
You should be high, Joker smokin like reefer  
But niggas sleepin on me, icksnay (pig latin)  
anesthesia  
Room guns, berettas, I am known to burst 'em  
Leave a nigga stankin like overexertion  
To all my haters... fuck 'em, curse 'em  
I drop so many hits, other rappers call me worrisome  
Plus they try to steal from my book of rhymes  
Now see, that's straight pussy like the March Of Dimes  
It's obvious, like we all know Marsha fine  
Fuck the game missionary, I'm on top of mine  
If you not my clientele, you can't even get the weed  
sale  
Trust no nigga like a heart broken female  
Co-ed FTE to the hotel, she shall receive a lot of beats  
Like my mutha fuckin g mail  
Bitch BYOTCH, money is nuthin  
Only reason you don't know cause Forbes don't  
acknowledge hustling  
Joker's mediocre, everybody else is hotter  
Someone's in hell drinkin on a glass of water  
Dope boy magic, kitchen harry potter  
I help move weight, title of an exwatter  
I'm on the grind just like dry humping raw  
Nigga I'm surprised I havnt caught something  
Girls suck nonhesitation no delay  
Famous dick, I'm a sell my pubic hairs on ebay  
Want the highest bider so I can get with her  
First well drink, and then I'll split her

Then we do the do, hell yea I did her  
Now I'm done with her I'm a let JR hit her  
Then be a friend, introduce her to my boys...  
She's gonna need an altoid  
Hit the club 17, plus my ID void  
Came home with a lot of hoes and my thoughts  
paranoid  
J Cole tell 'em I ain't never been a busta  
If real was a disease, I'd be a dead mutha fucka  
I make so much money so savin ain't my plan  
And I blow so much cake that the candles don't stand  
Ice hang to my cock, damn near at my leg  
So bitches gotta bobsled just to give me head  
El Presedinto, dance for me why don't you  
Call the bitch my new car I left a lof of bills on her  
Awww skeet skeet I won't for saint pete  
I'm tryna blow up big like Aretha's peak  
I got hoes on deck, I want want want  
And I fuck it so much that I'm nonchalant  
Currency problem, money, mula  
Dollars make all hoes holla like booyah  
Shillings, doubloons, pounds, pesos  
No teardrops cause it's killers on my payroll  
I can smell pussy like I used to work at Catos  
Weave kill in packs, real boy wear a halo  
See we know that she goes, so no need for egos  
But you tries and lost like when Shack shoots his  
freethrows  
I'm Michael you Tito's, you rappers just freeloads  
Part two let the clip go and three is a reload  
I'm gone leave a stain on the game just like Cheeto's  
So it's gone go my way like I was Carlito  
So fck what the plan say, I do me no veto  
I'm gone show my black ass like I was in speedos  
But I am the teacher, let me sit at my desk, so  
I can school this rap game, it's hop scotch chess, and  
I'm  
Leaps jumps, and bows all over the rest  
Last line no punchline, I AM THE BEST

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