

We Do It For Fun Pt. 3.5

Tha Joker

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 Joker you good
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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