

We Do It For Fun Pt.1

Tha Joker

My name is Joker,
Habitual smoker,
I burn so many trees
that I have splinters in my toaster,
I need a bitch to stay below my waist like a hoaster,
And then I sit my cup up on her booty like a coaster,
I brag about my money so they're calling me a boaster,
I holler giddyup like I was on the Ponderosa,
You say that you don't feel me, well come a little closer,
I show you what a gangsta look like, at least suppose to,
My blunt is filled with very deadly weed I call it dro,
My eyes stay low like a gay dudes, in the mens bathroom,
No homo,
Do you marvel at my flow, or shiver at my genius ?
You think of STD's from all the hickeys on my penis,

We let the beat live, these other rappers are a bore,
I kill so many tracks, they recognize me at the morgue,
Bought a 20 pack of Trojans on my last trip to the store,
I did a show that night and had to go the next day to buy more,
You can test me if you want, examination if you choose,
But my glock will leave your shirt, looking like Dorothy's shoes,
No little Dorothy, see home is a place that I can't go,
After a couple puffs I'm somewhere over the rainbow,
I have these hoes afraid to take a look into there mirrors,
Skeet something on their faces that resembles aloe vera,
Reply to the officer, that's parsley on my seat,
We pass the blunts to one another like batons at a track meet,
Exactly, I know just what you peons are thinking,
These silly niggas ain't shit, I don't see haters like I'm blinking,
My money keeps on growing, while your fan base keeps shrinking,
You wish you were a psychic so you could rap just what I'm thinking.

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