

## This Is Ya King? (Tory Lanez Diss Pt. 2)

Don Q

I don't wanna be your friend after this  
So I'ma get this out real early  
Suck my dick!

I seen this shit comin' in plain sight  
We waitin' at stage bright  
I had two rounds the same night  
Just hold the short jokes, we the same height  
We'll recover his body and never be discovered but his remains might  
It's feelin' like I'm pickin' on nerds (Pickin' on nerds)  
This a miniature purge, from top five to the injured reserve  
I stomped his head 'til it's a chip in the curb, but stampede  
Oh you bots bet these bullets faster than your hand speed?  
Cruisin' in the Van deep  
Spot him on his rap tour in Toronto  
And who go back up the guard like VanVleet?  
You really let the fame go to your head (For real)  
Hope you know what you said (What?)  
I want to throw this nigga over the ledge  
Bruce Willis in Sixth Sense, he don't know that he dead  
Can let him find out for himself or I could show him instead (I could show him)  
And I can see your scare tactics (Tactics)  
You was where trappin'  
You was homeless sleepin' on your homie's air mattress  
Every artist that's in the game know you a actual lame  
You was a bum askin' for change and that's factual Lanez  
I heard you bought a new hairline 'cause it don't grow no more  
Fordham Road you was gettin' jewelry off the clothing store  
It took you long enough, I was startin' to get impatient (Impatient)  
I sent the message to you, I'm hopin' your fans relay it  
Oh, you Terrance and Phillip? This Canadian Anime  
Niggas scared and they bishop say your name when the camera playin'  
Ain't no fuckin' R&B nigga that's harmin' me nigga  
What you gon' kill me with? A harmony nigga?  
Oh this ain't what he predict (No)  
I hope he mentally and physically fit  
Lil' Tory, stay in your lane 'fore you flip off a cliff  
I throw him in a headlock, this nigga fragile as shit (Frail as shit)  
Craig Parks chasin' the dog then you slid through some shit  
I'm talkin' real pain, you had a nine to five before your deal came (Yeah)  
Chill Lanez, hammer bang, got a nine mil' Lanez  
I told this nigga put on his boots, I got my foot on his stoop  
Look how long this nigga took to recoup (How long he took to recoup)  
I can tell I got you shook by the look, it's the proof  
They got studios in Dubai, nigga, what's your excuse? (Nigga, what's your excuse?)  
You let him talk 'til I put him on mute (Put him on)  
You think you dope as Shakur  
With you nose ring, tats showin' and all (Tats showin')  
You wanna rap fast now? Oh you Tory Lamar? (Tory)  
Back down Tory then come back 'round for Tory tomorrow  
Nigga clumsy, I clipped his legs, stand over and draw  
Humpty Dumpty, I cracked his egg all over the wall (Splat)  
You just a celebrity cornball (Cornball)  
You brung up Boogie, look I warned y'all  
Arrivin' onto your dick, now we on y'all

He lackin' with his bitch, he ain't on guard  
I spit 10, missed 10 but I caught in the air like a coin toss (Coin toss)  
I heard you joined forces, you gon' need some assistance  
Next time shut your mouth and start keepin' your distance  
I told you you was gon' die, like to speak in existence  
This what happens when good kids put their feet in the trench  
I was in your penthouse in Miami, that shit was dope  
In and outta the bathroom, I know you was sniffin' coke  
Slit your throat, wipe your blood on your teeth  
While you was guzzlin' bleach I let the gym star bubble your cheeks (Bubble)  
I hope they sent it to your mother whin' that cover release (When that cover  
release)  
You should've never let her son in the streets (Nah)  
Call your sisters and brothers, tell 'em you love 'em, nigga hug 'em and lea  
sh  
Then come outside and get some mud on your feet, pussy (Mud on your feet)  
You feelin' froggy, let's dance nigga, WB  
This a joke, you ain't a G.O.A.T., you a mutt with a leash  
Muzzle on a Desert Eagle just to cover the beat  
Tell your people to call a huddle with me (Now keep goin')  
You got hot doin' remixes, (What else?) this is three-sixes  
When you see Tory suited up, (What) know I mean business  
He home booted up without a piece in it, it's the free clinic  
Kids there, I'ma leave that bitch without a seed in it  
Daystar, I heard you was rappin' in gay bars (Aa)  
They pumpin' your battery until I get the same charge  
Chainsaw verse a butter knife, you really must don't love your life  
You fully calm? This ain't nothin' nice, I hope you bring a pipe  
You spent night with twin bull dogs then we cut the lights  
They look just alike, when one barked then the other bite  
You talk about your bar level then you let a god test you  
You a con, it's about time they knew the Don special  
Before rap it was hand to hand like an arm wrestle  
You rung the alarm now you runnin' until a bomb catch you  
I ain't even gonna let you breath one bit (Nah)  
This that Beenie flow when he tried to son kiss  
Hater got his beanie low, drum clip, one click  
I wanna see him hung, lynched, body where the skunks stink  
You grew up out in Brampton that shit look like the Hamptons  
Ain't no killers out lampin', ain't no houses gettin' ran in  
I been waitin' for a rapper to step, askin' for wreck  
Ain't nobody out rap me that I actually met  
I tell 'em creep up, put the heat up to the back of his neck  
Through his Adam's apple, as soon as he collapse you collect  
Alex Trabeck, you on Jeopardy, I'm addin' a death  
To your legacy so you better be attackin' correct  
And I can smell goofy, I can tell you a male groupie  
You don't even got a hood, this nigga grew up well truthfully  
I could go to Hollywood back to where they sell loosies  
Where most niggas dropped out or got expelled usually  
Took you three days, I needed a clean hour  
Your baby mama named Raina right, I know you seen Power  
You powder play with your nose, it's takin' a toll  
With the eye brows up you look 80 years old  
Hey you should know that I might stain your face  
This the old Don, I had to go and dig in the crate  
You prolly put a thong on when you listen to Drake  
Who can I run to with his head, y'all think he really escape  
Karaoke sing along, tell your cheerleaders bring it on  
The neighbor used to pay you by the week to come and clean the lawn  
The Everglades high, ain't no robbers in there  
Sound like a bunch of scholars in there  
You're not just prepared

Tell me, when you ate up Drake's dick, did you swallow?  
'Cause you're whole diss sound like five A.M. in Toronto  
I load the clip up like it's bufferin', you're shiverin', you was stutterin'  
You was bublin' 'til Sean Kingston robbed you of your publishin'  
You woke up in the sas and now you're about to get assassinated  
You got me aggravated 'cause that whole verse was fabricated  
I got chased? Show some pictures and footage  
You run with niggas that get robbed and party with the nigga that took it  
The nigga's was [?] do what with they next  
Go find some more lies and another nigga flow for the next round

I ain't lettin' you breathe one bit, nigga  
We ain't lettin' up, my foot on the gas, nigga  
Stop askin' for help and start rappin' yourself, nigga  
That nigga is scared  
Whoever helped him they're gonna need more and more and more  
I'm punishin' by myself, nigga  
When ever you drop, I'ma drop, nigga  
No timin'  
Don, bitch (Yeah)