

# Known Killer

The Jokerr

(Y'all wanna see somethin'?)

Dubbs... it's so sad you would do this to yourself, homie  
Guess I should say a few words

Let's start with the fact that you've never done a fuckin thing  
You're a fairly dope rapper and you can even kinda sing  
I can tell that you're passionate 'cause of all the things you bring  
To the table, so I was sad when I called and you let it ring  
You've done a couple contests and you got a couple looks  
You sold a few features and, yeah, you're fairly good with hooks  
So when I see you do some self destructive shit like dissing J  
I gotta say that shit's just gay and I'ma throw your ass the book  
You fuckin' eggplant shaped bitch, you know better  
My tongues a fuckin soul shredder  
I'll sign your rap career's death warrant with a quill and crow feather  
I'm known better, I flow better, I'm livin' a life you dream of  
And your whole marketing plan is just pickin' a fight with me, Dubbs?  
Like, literally, three days ago, you sent me a song to check  
That shit was straight crack, I told you it was dope, it was all respect  
And like, three days later, you dissed me unprovoked? Come on, Dennis  
You really tryna have Jokerr break his foot off in it?  
At first, I was angry, but then I picked me out a sad beat  
I thought a moment, where would Dubbs be if he didn't have me?  
The only reason anybody knows who he is  
Is 'cause he dissed me in my contest and I showed it to kids  
And then wait, I put him on Till I Fall, Don't Try, I'm Back  
Where I'm Supposed to Be, I put this nigga on like nine tracks  
And now he's dissin' me when everything he do is marginal?  
This bitch is like a Jokerr's discography music barnacle  
Remember way back when you wouldn't change your stupid name, fool?  
I would've respected that shit if you just would've remained cool  
But now that you turned bitch, I'ma double down on it  
You're brand is straight hot trash, I'll expound on it  
Nothing you ever release is remarkable in the least bit  
I keep tryna tell you, you gotta get off that cheap shit  
You need to invest in yourself more than a couple dollars  
You're dope, but present yourself like a horrible fuckin' novice  
I told you this shit multiple times, multiple conversations  
I'm rollin' my eyes at you hoping that you'll stop and change it  
But every year, you keep dropping this mediocrity  
It's like you're fuckin' incapable of doin' shit properly  
Instead, you wait for me to move and then you copy me  
That beta male shit you and your crew be doin' constantly  
You're better than that shit, Dennis, you gotta just stop  
Go hard or go home, nigga, shit or get off of the pot  
Stop with the cop outs and half committed shit you know you're not 'bout  
Like tryna step to me in a desperate plea to swap clout  
I'm not the one and I know that you know I'm not the one  
You're like Andy in New Beginnings now, homie, drop the gun  
It doesn't have to end like this, you got family, think of your children  
Your wife and your 30 fans, if you leave, the grievance will kill 'em  
Don't be selfish, Dubbs, I understand you're broken and scared  
Here, let me talk a little softer just to show you I care  
You've been rapping for 20 years and haven't made a half a cent from it  
Maybe you like punishment on some sadomasochistic shit  
I can picture you playin' this diss there at home in Michigan  
Shaking naked and floggin' yourself to it while you're listenin'

But regardless of your disposition, nigga, tisk tisk  
You traded my friendship for some attention on some bitch shit  
And you just dove a triple somersault into a shit pit  
And you just showed your little son his father is a nitwit  
And you just showed your son how to leave and just be a coward  
And to turn your back on friends if expediency allows it  
I'm feelin' bad thinkin' what kind of boy he'll be  
When dad taught him opportunity should be the compass of his loyalty  
The sad part is I gave you more shine than anyone  
You took my trust and shot that shit to pieces with a mini gun  
And worst of all, what you showed me on top of you're shady's  
You don't believe in yourself enough not to betray me  
When shit was going down, you could've came to my defense  
While I'm being victimized by some crazy lying bitch  
While I'm gettin' kicked around, talked about and called a thief  
Instead of callin' me, the first thing you think is to start a beef?  
That's just fuckin' low, that's fuckin' low as it goes  
Can't even fathom how that evil fuckin' notion arose  
But your a shortsighted pussy in a broken abode  
And you 'bout to watch from a distance while the Jokerr explodes  
They drove me into the ground and raked me over the coals  
But I got my orphans right behind me and they're consoling my whoa's  
So you wanna take the side of psycho bitch and throw me a blow  
To promote your album? Then you're a coward and you both can get mowed  
You could've rode for a homie when he was low and alone  
But the Devil dangled out a carrot and you sold him your soul  
That's why you'll never fuckin' make it, Dubbs, open and closed  
And then you apologized in private, bitch, choke on my chode  
So here lies a sad man who we're gathered here today for  
A man who was lost and whose spirit we all should pray for  
A man who was talented, could've been a great one  
But every opportunity to grow he ran away from (Damn)  
Who only stared at the dreams he never reached for  
And spun his wheels, stuck in the sand there on the sea shore  
Who could've helped a friend, but instead, he slammed the door shut  
And died like a coward tryna take a fuckin' shortcut  
I bet if he could talk to us, he'd say to not cry  
Just make his life an example of what to not try  
Riding the fence, turnin' on friends, biting the hand that feeds him  
Throwin' niggas under buses for desperate and panicked reasons  
The tail of Dennis "Dubbs" Warren makes me sort of cringe  
He had a wife, a family, job, supportive friends  
But how his story ends, it's a bone chiller  
He lost it all fuckin' around with a (known killer)