

P.T.B.

The Jokerr

Warning: all names, nicknames, monikers, or pseudonyms referenced in this track do not refer to that of any actual individuals. Any resemblance of the names of actual individuals to the names referenced in this track is unintentional and entirely coincidental.

So these bitches trying to take us all back to 2012
I'mma give em what they want, I got the hat, mini-bells
Plenty bars, plenty songs, plenty gats, plenty shells
Plenty plans, plenty back-up plans if any fail, plenty
Motherfuckers on my nuts just like the old days
Lemme catch a bitch in his civic, it's gon' be road rage
Front hand, back hand, right, left, both ways
'Bout to be the Dr. Seuss of giving niggas cold fades
Everybody wanna rock with the top player
Wait a couple years and then talk when I'm not there
Acting like they got something against me all the sudden
When the last time I saw them, it was hand shakes and hugging
That's that top tier bitch shit you can't seem to quit with
How 'bout you take my name out your mouth and see if my dick fit
Speaking of which, I got a new name for y'all
Soon as you cowards get to yapping your jaws, I'mma call you...

Pussy the Bitch
Gets to talking when they mention your name, yo
Pussy the Bitch
But he ain't trying to say the shit to your face, no
Pussy the Bitch
If I had me a dollar for every time these
Motherfuckers manufacture the drama, I'd be paid, yo!
Pussy the Bitch

Y'all just mad cause I got what you want
You're in the middle of the pack, not the top or the front
Now the alpha dog's back, you can hop on my nuts
Cause I got - room - for - you - all!

Now this that horrorcore boom bap shit niggas don't hear
How ever you want it, I'mma bring it nigga, no fear
You want me to chop? Gimme the mic and I'm gonna rip it
Tell me to quit and I'll tell you to get the fuck out of my motherfucking business
People don't even know what the fuck happened but they get passionate with the hyper links
They're loving the drama, they keep it going every time I come up and they like to think-
That they're getting up under my skin, and they are, but the problem with that is I like the beef
I'll take it and turn the motherfucker into a lullaby, put them all right to sleep
I got the beats knocking on the block and they're dumb hot
Two thirteens in the tundra, got the bumps locked
Oh they say they're coming by my crib, that's a dumb plot
Arizona boy, bitch, I'm living in a gun shop
But it's all talk with these wack bitches
On the laptop non-stop like they cat fishing
They ain't in the trap, niggas are just in the chat clicking
I'll give em a smack instantly turning them back into...

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Here comes the screenshots, here comes the voice clips
Here comes the grown men all on they boys' dicks
Here comes the bullshit, here comes the rumors
Think what you want, pussy, cause I'mma keep it moving
Here comes the diss tracks, here comes the butt-hurt
Fat motherfuckers in they rooms in the suburbs
Here comes The Jokerr, Trail of Destruction
Oh well, here we go again, motherfuckers

Okay, I'm finally realizing that my fan base stagnated
Took too long to drop and motherfuckers got a tad jaded
And now it's "why'd you turna gainst me" on a vast scale
Day One's flipping on me trying to see me crash, fail
And then the dam breaks, everybody wants a piece
Coming out the woods at ya boi with their fucking beefs
Acting like I did something to them cause I grew a bit
Stuck up in their hometowns still not doing shit
And I'm the bad guy now cause I made moves
Y'all couldn't last a fucking day up in J's shoes
Comfy ass living at your mom's with your days jobs
Trying to judge me? Nigga, fuck y'all gay wads
You can gather up your shit and go the hell home
Get the fuck up out and don't let the door hit your tailbones
I'mma keep killing it till I'm well past well-known
'Bout to smash through the glass ceiling like a hail stone

Y'all are just mad
Cause you don't have what I have
Y'all niggas gay
And you won't do shit anyway

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