

## Dom Perignon

Witt Lowry

Yo, Witty you a piece of shit, can't rap cause your ass white  
And on top of that your flow sucks and you can't write  
The first tape was garbage, couldn't listen to that shit twice  
The last girl you fucked was like "I guess the sex was alright"  
Plus I think you wear your pants a little too tight  
Sound like a Mickey Mouse club, Eminem on the mic  
And on the track you act hard when in person you nice  
Fuck that I'm killing this shit, give me an axe and a knife  
That's right I dissed myself then I put myself in your place  
Because you hating ass bitches won't say shit to my face  
And man it's crazy how your friend's become the people you hate  
And if I'm fucking up the beat, I made his period late  
This girl be all over her twitter like "Mark you ain't shit"  
But a week ago I couldn't get this ho off my dick  
Silly bitch, I'm out your league so stop throwing a fit  
A diss line for me is as irrelevant as you'll get  
Now bitch breathe

You could call me Cum Il Jong, how my dictate like Dom Perignon  
Go harder than it is and jack off with no arms  
When the pressure's on, you folding up like a futon  
Strap grenades to my roller-blades and skate  
About a minute in my heart sank and it was too late  
My legs blew up and then I see my body flying away  
All that's left is my heart, vocal-box and my brain  
About an hour later is when all the scientists came  
They took my parts and dragged em' back to the lab with a chain  
They made a monster, mad action pack rapping machine  
And then I broke outta the lab fucking angry and mean  
Damn Witty you delirious  
Kill beats, zone out, wake up like Jodi Arias  
Scary shit, like a fucking zombie on some heroin  
I let em' take a stab at the beat before I buried it