

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