

We Do It For Fun Pt.1

Tha Joker

My name is Joker, habitual smoker
I burn so many trees that I have splinters in my toaster
I need a bitch to stay below my waist like a holster
And then I sit my cup up on her booty like a coaster
I brag about my money so they're calling me a boaster
I holla' giddy up like I was on the Ponderosa
You say that you can't feel me, well come a little closer
I'll show you what a gangster looks like, at least supposed to
My blunt is filled with very deadly weed, I call it Doom
My eyes stay low like a gay dude's in the mens bathroom (No Homo)
Do you marvel at my flow, or shiver at my genius?
You'd think of STDs from all the hickeys on my penis
We let the beat live, these other rappers are a bore
I kill so many tracks they recognize me at the morgue
I bought a 20 pack of Trojans on my last trip to the store
I did a show that night and had to go the next day to buy more
You can test me if you want,
examination if you choose
But my Glock will leave your shirt looking like Dorothy's shoes
No little Dorothy, see home is a place that I can't go
After a couple puffs I'm somewhere over the rainbow
I have these hoes afraid to take a look into their mirrors
Skeet somethin' on their faces that resembles Aloe Vera
Replied to the officer, "That's parsley on my seat"
We pass the blunts to one another like batons at a track meet
Exactly, I know just what you pee-ons are thinking
{Mississippi niggas ain' shit! }I don't see haters like I'm blinking
My money keeps on growing while your fan base keeps shrinking
You wish you were a psychic so you could rap just what I'm thinking

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