

Because I Can

The Jokerr

And everybody's waiting for what I'ma say next
Got em all sittin on the edge of they seats, both of they legs flexed
Ass cheeks tighter than latex, you'd think they had gay sex
And were waitin on results from the aids test
Look at these rappers wiping they face sweat
They know they can't claim shit if they ain't cyphered with J yet
They try to ignore me, but the urge to test me just keeps callin them
Like they was tryna evade death
I'm the muhfuckin puppet master, bastards
Rappers dance to my antics and the fans erupt in laughter
I'm truckin past ya fast, and makin splashes
Bigger than gastric bypass surgery patient's asses
Look, I'll knock you out with whichever hand
They call me peter pan, cuz I'll uppercut you so hard, you'll never land
I bring the kind of drama for which you can never plan
I just speak how I feel and let it stand, man, they ask me why

Why do you do what you do
They ask me that and I tell em because I can
Why do you do what you do
They ask me that and I tell em because I can
I tell em because I can, I tell em because I can
I can, I can, can, I tell em because I can
I do it because I can, I do it because I can

I operate a bit different than you'd probably surmise
Bitch I'll stab you with a piece of chalk and outline your body with knives
I'm what the hip hop doctors prescribed
But look at all these wack never made it haters tryna propagate lies
They probably told you I'm just tryna be like ICP
Shit I see through them two dudes like a five leaf tree
They used to be dope and inventive, but now they ain't driven
Them clowns been makin cornier shit than thanksgiving
And you mindless juggalo bitches have the nerve to call me a scam
I should backhand you all with a pan
And drag you face down and feet first across the beach
And pack the space above ya top teeth and each nostril with sand
I don't know who the fuck you thought that I am
But ill roundhouse Violent J's pudgy ass off the top of a dam
You sign the wackest fuckin rappers that you possibly can
No wonder why I'm watchin ya fans flock to my stands, they ask me why

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Here go the third verse, time to get raw
I gotta say somethin funny to keep your attention, vaginas with balls
I'm like ya favorite rappers all combined, minus their flaws
And you can tell by all the dookie streaks linin their drawers
They'll see me and be cool and calm, but soon as I'm gone
You can hear em heavy breathing like they have headphones on
I keep the heads bangin harder than a deftone song

I'm like the lyrical version of when secret government tests go wrong
So listen, stop bitchin about me dissin rappers
I'm just tryna elicit laughter at the expense of whoever I'm gettin after
You faggots oughta learn, I'll just exploit sensitivities
And press buttons, sit back and watch you squirm
Watch, nigga, nigga nigga nigga, black people
And uh, bdbdbdbdbdbd, I'm on ellen, mac lethal?
So why do I diss rappers?
I'm takin hip hop back to when it didn't include the bitch factor, that's wh
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