

Justas Where Are You

The Jokerr

[Intro]

A little under a week ago, a phone call took place between the jokerr and Justus,
Justus wanted to squash the beef between the two,
So the joker wouldn't be afraid to appear and battle him live on the stage at an event
Of course Justus would coordinate,
Now Justus coordinates this event,
And to follow he would be the primary benefactor of all monetary profits generated by the event,
So in essence, he wants the joker to come battle and to put money in his pockets,
I don't think so

[Verse 1]

It finally happened, everyone was waitin for it, you like to cook the beef stew,
But ain't got the mustle to taste and pour it
You woke a sleepin giant,
Yeah I'm straight enormous you can feel the ground shakin from me in my basement snoring there's a reason my reputation proceeds me,
It's cuz I'm beastly, and I smash bitches like you easily,
I might be jeezy, but jokerr's like ouiji,
If you an emcee, and you can't touch me,
You can't read me,
I'm bout to place some power cords,
Negate ya crowd reports start sniffin out the wackest hater with the brownest drawers
The chicken's always get to dissin when the falcon soars but I see right through you motherfuckers like shower doors
I out weigh you,
Out write you,
Out think you,
I out spit you, and when I fart, I out stink you,
And guess what, I'm coming at you, and I'm finna catch you,
I didn't wanna smash you,
But I guess I'm gonna have to,
Cuz you don't know where to draw the line,
You just like to press buttons called you a chicken,
Said quit the bitchin,
But you kept cluckin
Or put your money where your mouth is,
And bet something your head is so fucking big,
I hear you neck bucklin
You're not knowing me,
I'm ready for anything you can throw at me,
From on wax,
To spoken word poetry on stage,
Off stage, guns, rocks, blaze pillars, grenades,
You try to slander me socially
It doesn't matter,
Jokers the mad hatter,
With a chocolate lab bladder,
Pissin on you fire hydrant ass rapper's
I stop shit,
I ain't havin it,
I could reach up to stop a helicopter roter blade just by grabbing it ha,

I ain't loyal to friends you just mad cuz nothing
You've writtens been worthy to be bitten like foiled and cringe the turmoil
begins, but you couldn't go toe to toe with me if we were Siamese twins,
Joined at the shins

[Break]

Hehehehe, oh man what a line,
What a line,
What a line you think this is a gimmick,
You're not with this corny gimmick shit,
You're fucking 30 years old,
And still talkin about runnin up on people for sayin shit,
Like you need to defend your manhood or something, heh,
Allow me to break down what's really going on,
Since nobody else wants to do it, heh,
Listen

[Verse 2]

You wack as fuck, and can't accept the rap careers a bit impractical,
You bit my homie's myspace page,
Shit is laughable,
It's cool you've been at it for twelve years, in fact it's admirable
But all you got from it's a drug habit and lack of capital,
You've opened up for nationals, old ticket's, and packed bars,
But A&R's showed up and rolled quicker than nascar you don't leave an impres
sion,
You don't even leave a stench, you can stomp through powdered snow,
And not even leave prints,
Now you might pick up a couple weak spirited muthafuckas,
Here and there,
From your tenured appearances suckle hustle,
But the real spitters ain't feeli the crap you try and publish,
Illest lines a mile of rubbish,
With poorly designed covers,
You're a dime a dozen, punk, struggling rhytm puppet,
Stuck up in a cloud of smug, and unable to rise above it,
You front like you runnin shit,
But inside, you cry and covet,
You're the poster child for modern suburban cyber thuggin,
Justus yeah I said your name bitch,
Do something bout it,
I've been huggin down in my bunker,
But I'm bustin out if, fuckin cowards ran the men in that slam,
And under the guise of honor
Actin like you got something invested in Kavy's involvement,
It's sad to acknowledge the Kavy beef cuz it's obivious,
It ain't about the beef,
It's my statue you got a problem with
I'm the rapper who leaves other rappers in gasp and appalled I'll make you q
uestion if you should even be rappin at all if I'm Eminem,
You're not even the dirty dozen,
Just a thirty something,
Getting murdered by the nerdy youngin,
You payin attention,
This is how you supposed to rhyme homie
You had a chance, 09, it's jokerrs time only,
So put me up against the cheetah,
I can sprint faster threaten me,
I'll just collapse in a tensed laughter
I don't flinch bastards,
You can hit me with a wreckin ball,
I wouldn't move a thousandth of an inch backwards,
I'm on to you,

Plottin your little convoluted chronicle
 Wantin the jokerr to come play the dope in your little carnival,
 Please, homie, real niggas recognize real,
 So when real spitters hear the jokerr wreckin they like I'll,
 It ain't jealous resentment,
 Just mutual shrugs and acknowledgment,
 We open the hand, and pass love through the palm of it
 You're just bitter cuz you ain't make the club
 You an alderman, and now you got bigger problems than Obama's economist,
 I called you out back in august,
 You didn't respond to it
 And now you request my presence,
 For you to make a dollar with fuck that,
 That's a bunch of bullshit and I'm gone with it,
 I know you won't show up,
 You feel threatened
 I ain't gon fall for it comin at me on some street shit,
 You can swallow it all the niggas I know,
 Know all the niggas you mobbin with the source magazine party and club misse
 d following pete throw him around,
 Like a couple groupies stalkin him,
 He told me bout you two runnin up on his ass,
 Jockin him like a couple fans, with his fam standin there watchin it,
 So if you say it ain't happen,
 You're callin him a liar,
 Then in that case, you got an entire empire to brawl against
 See you don't wanna kick off the Arizona apocalypse,
 I never claimed to be street,
 Bu everyone on my roster is,
 That's why I see through your little brash,
 Glass cockiness street muthafuckas don't need to talk,
 Cuz there walikin it,
 But in the case of bitches like you,
 It's just the opposite
 You got a bigger mouth than a yardie hippopotamus,
 Talkin the bla to the Arizona beats populence from a corner cubicle of your
 jobs corporate offices
 But all your talkin yielded you an unintended consequence, a, landmine was p
 lanted,
 And you just stumbled onto em,
 So here's your official decree,
 I recommend you honor it
 Any rapper steppin to jokerr, murder and abolish them, this ain't a gimmick,
 I ain't fuckin around,
 I ain't some insecure producer dressed up as a clown,
 I ain't some punk bitch who's never felt the pain of the streets,
 I know exactly what I'm doin when I'm paintin my cheeks
 I'm paintin the scars,
 Paintin the blood,
 Stitches and scabs, and bitches like you,
 Claimin I'm just a gimmick and plague,
 But jokerrrs are all the people who you dissed em as needy
 You're the reason the jokerr exists,
 You just couldn't see it,
 So where you at Justus,
 Haha, yeah

So where you at Justus,
 Hahahahahaha
 Let's hear it Justus, come on, come on,
 Where you at Justus
 Give me your best shot!