

The Real One

The Jokerr

[Intro]

The sound is unacceptable
And, my bullshit levels are unsurpassable
And uh' Next year I'mma be in your top 5
And I'm definitely not talking about Myspace
Even though nobody uses Myspace anymore
Because it's cumbersome and the music player pops out and it's annoying
And uh, why'd they do that' Wait, nevermind, yo, yo, let's get 'em
Tha Joker, ugh'

[Verse 1]

My name is Joker, rap name poacher
I eat so much shit, I got dukey in my toaster
I need to run and hide beneath the ground like a gopher
Either that or change my name or my career might be over
I sound like I'm 10 and I'm not much older
I don't know if I could rap any slower
My punchlines are just cute little plays on words
And adaptations of corny internet jokes that I use to make dumb fucking 12 y
ear olds
Think that I'm a dope rapper

Now allow me to put an end to this shit once and for all, listen'

[Verse 2]

Let me show you how the real Jokerr gets down
Having trouble hearing me' Motherfucker then come a little closer
Now I've been out ripping this shit since you were nothing but a little bitc
h
And I got a chipped shoulder cause I'm older
And I took a whole year and a half of my life at the trademark office
Trying to get the rights to the name on lock
And guess what (punk) your little stint's over
Cause there ain't enough room in the city for the both of us
And I got a certificate hanging up that'll prove it
I've been around since 2002 (bitch)
You were like 12 I was 8 years older
Already ripping motherfuckers apart, already kicking 100 bars
Already running the studio and getting paid
When my nigga Pennywise was moving them keys you was out front slanging that
lemonade

[Verse 3]

First off, I don't even know this fag
But I ain't ever heard a joke as bad
Bitch you ain't rich and you ain't a beast on the mic
I've heard better from an open vag
You get your ass kissed by your YouTube fans
Take that shit back into doo-doo land
Thinking you stand a chance in a battle with a real rhymer
You could be the chief of the koo-koo clan
Yeah (yeah, yeah) I know all about ya
Rhyme it slow and rhyme with swag
I'll crush you to bits and rip you open, like a Top Ramen bag
And that'd be a perfect example of them corny metaphors you use
And of course you choose my rap name bitch, Joker' You're just a normal dude

Tell 'em what it is Jade
Tell 'em how you get punked when you in the 'A'
Tell 'em how you gotta take your momma's credit card and get you a limo
Then try to front like you're getting paid
Front like you ain't been looking for a record deal for the last 3 years
Ain't nobody giving you a chance
Cause you're nothing but a little kid with a little dream
And you're never gonna see a record company advance
Cause in the event you get any bigger you might get sued
If I happen to be in a self-righteous mood
Cause I own the motherfucking trademark
Bitch you don't even own that cheap ass mic you use
You're not original at all, don't pretend to be
You're nothing but a fraud with a gimmick
See you took my name, you sing like Wayne and
Well, you look like B.O.B's mini-me

Hey, I'm a gangsta, Ah
I got swag, bitches, broads
I like smoking big cigars
Sipping on Crys' in expensive cars
Ha-ha, I like weed
Big butts, I like thongs
I'm a dope rapper, I got bars
And I use auto-tune in my songs

And I sound like a faggot when I'm singing
I'm nasally and annoying, lacking any meaning
I'm jacking Lil Wayne with his trendy melody
While I sing about standard rapper shit, how typical can I be'
Well my name is Jade Harris and I think I can rap
But I'm not really that good
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah

[Hook x2]

(I'm The Real One)

Well I guess it's Here We Go, Welcome to the Show
It's only a matter of time before the whole world knows

(I'm The Real One)

I'm back from the dungeon, and I hit the ground running
You can hear me coming and I'm screaming'

(I'm The Real One)

There just ain't enough room for the both of us homie I'm sorry but hey
You know the way it goes, so'

(I'm The Real One)

I'm taking over and I'm not doing it for fun
There's only one, homie, there's only one'

[Outro]

You know what Jade' You put a face on all that bullshit that everybody's sick off'

Wack ass little kids with almost no lyrical talent rapping about how much we
ed they smoke

How many bitches they pull, how much money they got

Knowing good and well you're broke as fuck like everybody else'

And what do I bring to the table' I bring years of perfecting the art of entertainment

Spectacle, lyricism, vocal performance, musicianship'

You ain't The Jokerr, you're just another garbage ass hip hop clone

Now get off my throne chump!