

Permanent Enemy

The Jokerr

[Intro]

Ha ha ha, thanks for the introduction
So Funk Volume fans, I can't rap, right? Well, I bet you the next one hundred and ten bars say otherwise!
And let me start by showing you how to address somebody with less fans than fans than you!

[Verse 1]

I'm about to eat and pleasantly shit out Shizzy sizzle
And the little Niggy tickles, So I guess I did it for shits and giggles
You found a way to elicit my rage
All your little short bus fans posting your bullshit diss on my page
So you like to skateboard?
I like to sit and think what I hate more, your stupid fucking face, your lisp, or your braids
I'm sorry Shizzy, but I had to mention
With that lisp, your whack ass could take first in the Special Rap Olympics
You're uglier than Swizz's ass, go kiss in his cage
You two go together like Jarren Benton's dick and some AIDS
Why am I dissing you? Hey, I ain't too much of a prideful coward bitch to acknowledge some shit when it sprays
Funk volume? More like punk volume!
I been slapping them silly and they just sit and take it like bitches for days!
Look at them shaking in the corner, sharing their body warmth
While the almighty Hopsin sits and gets rich from his slaves
I think it's funny that your fans think I'm not raw
When everyone of y'all kissed my ass, DJ Hop saw
But he's a two face pretentious pussy pop doll
With Hopsin's hot sauce-covered cock and lock jaw
Look at these punks trying to play dope
You faggots are faker than a pack of drag queens on a parade float
It's time to let you bitches know, I'm so "reel", I should be stuck to a fishing pole
Listen, this is punk volume!

[Hook]

Hey, you can run, you can hide, but can't escape from the vibe
I'm giving you punk volume!
Look around and you'll see they're all living a lie, and I'm telling you why
Yo, it's never gonna stop, on and on I'll go
Until the whole world hears it and they all will know
That punk volume is going down in flames at the end of the night
And I'm telling you why!

[Verse 2]

Yo, so Hopsin's the greatest rapper alive, right?
I bet you if you scratch his black off
You'll probably get a 1999 bright blond hair, blue eye, white new guy
With five Spice Girls sitting next to Dr. Dre saying 'Hi', right?
Let's put the facts together, he ain't a rapper
He's the worlds' biggest blackest Marshall Mathers swagger jacker ever
It's fucking sad but clever, every single thing he does, Eminem did ten years in the past and better
He's just a big clone! Somebody took white contacts and stuck them on a slim shady dip cone
And Eminem's own fans kids were just stoned enough for it to work, now he's

dancing in the end-zone
Look at this leech bitch preaching against reefer
While SwizZz, Jarren, and Dizzy Khalifa sit and get blown
Hits home doesn't it, bitch? Go on and push me
I got hours of audio that confirms you're a pussy
It's funny as fuck watching your fans trying to defend you
And deny all the allegations I filed against you
And you said it with your own words, 'I was like a brother'
Who discovered your only loyal to those that benefit you
I was there when you were broke and nourished you
Helping you flourish, pursue your true purpose, encouraged and asserted you
But when it came time to go to bat for me, you jumped ship
And gave me some cash and told me keep it on the hush tip, like what the fuck, bitch?
Money can't erase the pain of your best friend punching you right in your fucking face!
And you only apologize when I turn the heat on
And Dame's like, 'He's gone, let by-gones be peons!
We're Funk Volume! We don't need him, fuck Jokerr, he mad!
He just wants to use you to get fans he wishes he had!
And what? I'm using you too? Pfft, that's some crazy shit!
Remember when you couldn't pay your rent and I came and gave you it?
Remember when you tossed your deal with Ruthless out the window?
And all your little homies disappeared when you went broke?
When everybody else left, me and SwizZz would still kick it"
Duh Marcus, what the fuck you think? You're their meal ticket!
You're more naive than a battered wife
You think Dame would've given you a fucking cent if you were half as nice?
You think if you were just some dude he'd sacrifice
His time to help you get back your life? Ha ha ha! Right!
Like when you met that good girl who was so fine
Knew that you were a famous rapper but paid it no mind!
You almost cried, Hop, don't lie
Remember when you discovered she was sneaking off and smoking the whole time
?
And you fucking stayed with her, like I said, no spine
And she's nine years younger than you, bro, whoa, lines!
And you're supposed to be a Christian? Shit!
Don't be surprised if Jesus shows up and kicks your dick
You're a fraud! The lowest of the low kind
You sell your fans bullshit and they all sniff it like a coke line!
If that's how you want it, bro, fine!
I'll show you how far I'm willing to go with this shit in no time! This is punk volume!

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Hey yo, this last verse is for the fans, you idolize these mother fuckers
You're like putty in their porkish hands
And first they do it for the love, 'til you fork 'em grands
Then they're like, "Eh, this works." Fuck it about the plan
You wonder why your favorite rappers all start out dope?
Then start to suck ass when they stepped in the corporate land?
Cause when the money comes they toss integrity out the window
When you keep buying the shit and support the scam!
But I'm a big hater
Yeah, I'm the bad guy for standing up and telling you they're selling you a fat lie
They hold up a turd and tell you it's gold and your ass buys!
I tell you it's a turd and walk away with black eyes!
You think I diss cause I'm upset?
You think I diss cause I'm just a big hater and mad cause I ain't make it ye

t?

Well, let me tell you something, all these dudes that you respect
Are greedy cowards and only look at you as human checks
I knew Hopsin before the fame
I loved him like a brother and he fucking hated Dame, So what made him change?
The money that he says he's hates
He turned over control of his company to a snake, now he can't escape!
And you let him do it, you never told him no
You still buy the records, you still go to shows
You know it isn't right, you can feel it inside
But someone famous said it was, so you compromised
And you shoot the messenger cause all you think I do is hate
And call me a pussy in clown makeup, while you chew the bait
Huh, when all I did was give it to you straight
And stood the fuck up to Dame when he threw his weight
So ask yourself, am I the nerdy queer?
Who's just jealous Funk Volume had a perfect year?
Or am I the only one who respects you enough
To tell you all the truth, even if it hurts to hear!

[Outro: The Jokerr talking]

Hopsin was like a brother to me, I would have done anything for him
And when it came time to have my back
He took sides with the same person who was trying to destroy me because he makes Hopsin money
He used to stand against everything Funk Volume is doing now
But he fell in love with the money and fame and now he sits there like a coward while you guys defend his bullshit
When he said out of his own mouth he hates what Funk Volume has become
But there's too much money involved to walk away from it
So I why do I diss? I diss cause I don't look at you like a money bag
I diss because unlike Hopsin, I look at you as intelligent individuals
Who deserve to know the truth about the people you're supporting
My loyalty is to you and they're fucking lying to you!
And anybody lying to you has a permanent enemy in me!
If you hate me for that, I don't know what to tell you!