

# 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 weed 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!