

Ren, Dumb King Come (King Dotta Diss)

We're gathered here today at the grave of Dotta
Here, I bought you some Viagra
You went too soft on me, brother!
I must reject tradition, and speak ill of the dead
After Knox decapitated you, I'll bury the head, uh

King, dumb come
You dumb, king, calm down
What's a king without a crown? Just a peasant or a clown?
Jealous little bitch, and for anyone in doubt
He's a jealous little bitch, lashing out to get the clout
King Dotta, not a king, I know a crown when it rust
I eat you up, then shit you out; I call that a royal flush
Going by the laws of Physics, when you die, you'll combust
Because you've got your own center of gravity, fat fuck!
I've seen you play the race card a couple of times
Saying people only fuck with me because I am white
And then you go and backtrack, and you say I'm not right
You feeling mixed in your emotions, like a horny ex-wife
The reason people don't fuck with you is 'cause you a-shy
"Oh, you a big dog?" Well, I'm a sick puppy
I slap you daft, you little punk, that's how you get lucky!
'Cause if you lose, you're still winning, it's clear
More views on your diss than your whole career
So come-
I'm actually sorry about this one, Dotta
I'm-I'm sorry
So come on, fattie, keep up! You're losing the race!
Your YouTube views lower than your calorie intake
Stop watching what I'm doing and start watching your weight
I'll kick down your front door, screaming: "Put down the cake!"
Little steak on my plate, you startin' beef, but it's butchered
'Cause you're butcherin' the culture, you ain't brewing Kombucha
How could you have kids, man? You're hardly a looker
I wonder how much it cost to buy a surrogate hooker
I'm sorry, Dotta
I'm sorry, I'm only joking, it's only hip-hop
Time to take my dick out of your mouth and put my zip up
I'm sure Michelle Show will be obliged to clean this shit up
Then bend over backwards while you're looping from the tip up
Michelle, [?] is weird and your channel is dead
It's like I'm watching Pokémon, but ugly, with dreads
This ain't a battle, it's a fuckin' massacre
You're on my planet Earth, I am David Attenborough
Blood-sucking Dracula, with parasite vernacular
Collateral, I run up like I'm Battlestar Galactica, uh
I didn't even make a beat for this shit
You're not worth the fucking time, Dotta, you're last on the list
I wrote this in ten minutes with a flick of the wrist
I speak about five syllables, you cease to exist
So real, maybe think twice, my friend
About stepping to the mark in the world of Ren
'Cause you are just a road and it is my cement
Crushing skulls like I'm Lenny, tale of Jenny again
Instead of Jenny, it's-a Dotta on the tip of the blade
Tie a screech while I drive-by, I'm violent, deranged
You're just part of a machine, against you, I will rage
And I'm killing in the name of a king that I slay
Bully! I've seen you dissing Duane, and then [?]
Miss a kill, shot on Knox, because you're bitter as shit
Then you made the big mistake, you put me on the list
I'm a fucking psychopath, Dotta, don't take the piss!
Irrelevant rapper, wastin' my time
People only heard of ya because of this rhyme

Oh, you're a murderer? That's so cool, my guy!
Got your time in the spotlight, so enjoy the shine!

Wait, wait

I genuinely mean it when I say you should shine
I just played you at your game, so welcome to mine
I want all of my fans to show Dotta the time
'Cause he's actually sick at rapping, go and like and subscribe
There's a new counterculture in this world of division
Where we bicker over politics and race and religion
There is war, there is peace, that's a human decision
[?], you could be my brother or another collision
And the media, they love it when we hate each other
'Cause the money lines their pockets if you're not my brother
In this black versus white, that's divide and conquer
Ignorance, it is formed in the womb of monsters
If there's war in the East, in the streets, they're getting paid
If there's war on the streets, there's a mother and a grave
If I pander to my ego, then I'm just another slave
A casualty of vanity, hate just breeds hate
So, Dotta, I think I've got to leave it at that
'Cause I'm not a battle rapper, but I do like to rap
Now a million new eyes will be on where you're at
I hope you roll with it, my friend, put yourself on the map
Dotta, Dotta, you're sick