

Fightin Words

Diabolic

Check one, check two. 'Bolic to the rescue
F-U-C-K the world when I step through
Got that fresh, new, real, raw, uncut
Dumbed down underground, I educate these dumb f*cks
Poured out blood guts, filled it with some lime green
Crystallized purple hairs to burn and share with my team
f*ck y'all. Cops seen the picture on the wide screen
And the Rebel Army'll calmly leave the crime scene
Exhibit A: baggy pants on the footage live stream
No hipster shit, so my dick can fit inside jeans
Nineteen Nineties shit—New York's a warzone
Knock your lights out, cut the power to your jawbone
Lord knows Diabolic's about to make a pit stop
Where these pussies hang like those pics of Little Kim's twat
Psycho with a sick plot like Alfred Hitchcock
Hip hop, stomp you out in flip flops with gym socks

Soldiers, lace your boots up. Ladies, lose your high heels
I'm not what you're used ta—difference is I'm real
And I feel it's my job to do something about that
f*ck the guys feeling otherwise—meet me out back
{One time (Come on!), two times (Come on!)}
{Three times (Come on!)}. These are Fightin Words
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Yo, check the game plan. I don't want to shake hands
Rather see you face-plant like Weezy on a skate ramp
Caveman missing links in my DNA strands
My supporters would slap the shit out Little Wayne fans
I don't like the radio. I don't care where Jay stands
I don't Watch the Throne or Kanye in his Ray-Bans
State champ treated like Elvis out in Graceland
They pale in comparison, albino to a spray tan
Fat cats, paint cans, break dance cardboard
Art form Mashed Out—“How About Some Hardcore?”
Sharp sword or razor blade, ain't afraid to start wars
Hard body, Diabolic's bones'll break a shark's jaw
Far more raw, that “Frontline” bomb drop
Nonstop, slaughter every corn pop on top
Songs hot like your mom's twat feeling Sean's cock
Full-court buzzer-beater, winning was a longshot

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Soldier, move up. I don't give two f*cks
Who, what, when, why, where. Don't confuse us
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DJ's ill breaks, Serato was a milk crate
Rhyme to beats on a maxi single, mass appeal tape
Labels making stacks. Table scraps on my meal plate
Kept it real with a record deal and it feels great
Kill snakes, cut throats, strategize the utmost
Art of war, paint a masterpiece with every brush stroke
Shooting for the stars—crosshairs on my gun scope
Training like Rocky Balboa with a jump rope
Chugged Colt 45, caught a high from blunt smoke
Now Big L and Pun's ghost live through what I just wrote
Come close, focus on the beast as he mutates
Screw-faced like your boombox ate my Clue tape
Fools shake 'cause I booby trapped their escape hatch
Payback, fighting 'til the death in a cage match
May slap your favorite DJ until he plays that
Rare dope, hypodermic needle in the haystack

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