Introvert

Diabolic

Yo, I'm just a normal guy, living like I'm born to die
Borderline insane but on a higher plane than y'all could fly
Taking lethal action, tear this beat to fragments
Put the pieces back in place the way that we imagined
I'll release the Kraken, a violent beast attacking
A fire-breathing dragon flying by the people rapping
Now let's see what happens when I'll free the rage inside
To vaporize the way that I feel, see if they survive
My attitude's f*cked up, my brain is fried
Today, I stayed alive. Tomorrow may just be the day I die
Act accordingly—in fact, I act disorderly
And cordially invite you forgeries to go to war with me
My metaphors got underground heads supporting me
I gain respect, boosting label checks I'm getting quarterly
Still never sold my soul to pop them gold bottles
I wrote novels while this cult follows like we're role models

(x2)
I'm on another level (Level). For you, it's such a pity (Pity)
f*ck these other guys (Guys). My people run the city (City)
My name is Diabolic (What?). My shit is rough and gritty (Yeah)
So tell a friend, tell a foe nobody's f*cking with me

Yo, I'll make a million stacks chilling, being ill at rap
Y'all pussies couldn't pull that shit off with a Brazilian wax
Saying shit so groundbreaking, children snap
As the beams making up the foundation of this building crack
How real is that? Villains back in full effect
Wolves who test took their best shot and got no bullets left
Too many garbage artists marketing the semi cartridge
While we're looking at you like, “Don't worry about him. He's harmless”
And regardless, one swing'll sting your jaw
And I would swing before you lift a finger toward that thing you draw
I'm just thinking more. What I put in ink is raw

Swinging swords like samurai in Singapore bring to war
And while the king performs, he gets overthrown
Like he missed the cutoff man and the tying run is going home
I'm the lunatic who'd do the shit you don't condone
That bipolar chromosome, so watch your f*cking vocal tone
(x2)
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Yo, they say I'm antisocial, they say I'm introverted
But I just feel what y'all say and talking isn't worth it
Forget the gimmicks. I kept my image picture-perfect
And flipped the cursive for the critics here to misinterpret
I'm just spitting verses classified as urban legend
Cats who try to battle die, this ax to grind's the murder weapon
And I'll be satisfied, natural high the herbal essence
Less advanced like there's no second chance for first impressions
'Bolic murked the session, then released a classic
Wreaking havoc like an alien that's bleeding acid
Beneath the madness in an underground secret passage

We rebel ‘til either Hell freezes or the people catch it
Keeping at this ‘til I meet a fiery death
Or this shit gets out of control like I got IBS
Highly blessed, some would say I'm heaven-sent
‘Cause when I die, I'll resurrect, come back, and represent

(x2)
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