

Piss and Vinegar

Diabolic

You dumbhead! You scared him! He changed his tune the minute he heard the name Diabolik. Get five thousand copies of this printed and circulate them

I'm a grown man still full of piss and vinegar
More sinister than Satan possessing a Christian minister
I twist the indica, spitting the shit to finish ya
'Cause life's a bitch, I convinced to let me stick my dick in her
My first assignment's rhyming with perfect timing
Finding the words describing what's driving a person climbing
Required to spit fire, the fire that burns inside him
Is even more berserk than meteors and Earth colliding
But I've been converting a feeling, cursed and violent
With others lost like Jack on that deserted island
I'm trapped, making noise when all I heard was silence
Now worshipped like my birth was sliding through a virgin hymen
I vibe with lower classes, rose from smoking ashes
So cold, when solar flashes explode, I froze the gases
(On top of the world) Reverse the polar axis
'Til both of Atlas' shoulders crack into broken fragments
I roam the planet, find dough and rock the mic with
A captive audience—my live show's a hostage crisis
So tell these fools the jewels I drop are priceless
Combine the righteous side with my demonic likeness
To bless you unless you fake when lenses zooming
Starved for attention like anorexic cadets saluting
I just kept it moving, the movement's a revolution
'Cause Illuminati views my body as less than human
(They're shooting) The proof's when bullets are fired at ya
And they're flying faster than rockets Nazis supplied to NASA
This the final chapter, that deciding factor
Back to get it cracking like chiropractors with spinal fractures
Cyphers under streetlights, party on the rooftop
Boondocks with my goons, beats on my boombox
(Rock on!) 'Til the break of dawn when the dude drops
You already know the flow, so here we go
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Go find a rapper spitting as dope as this shit
I'll show you a Muslim Jew become a Jehovah's Witness
So tell your friends and foes, hoes and bitches
I'll move so many units, iTunes gets motion sickness

From social misfits living as cold and vicious
As prehistoric creatures preserved in frozen liquids
We don't roll with sixes to visit the road to riches
But I've driven getaway from heights in a stolen Civic
I'd skate, then lay low as Jakes go patrol the district
Getting blown by overprivileged hoes who drove Eclipses
(I live this) While Rocky glamorized doing Molly
And I'll probably lose somebody tonight to blues and oxys
I'm like an alien inside a human body
Been nice since Giuliani was prosecuting Gotti
I might use a shottie, a knife, and even razors
To slice these vegan skaters precise as beaming lasers

With spite, a freak of nature on mics, I'm homicidal
I'll follow primal urges to murder when dropping vinyl
I read demonic bibles, drinking holy water
Then piss on the deals Interscope and Sony offer
I got a cult following full of lonely stalkers
Who'd shoot the president so they could f*ck Jodie Foster
This for the orphaned kids whose home's a battle fortress
Where bullets to the head are dying of natural causes
Not for the corporate corn chips who want to pass the torches
To kids as corny as Mac Miller and Asher Roth is
Imagine what would happen if I was that supported
They'd travel towards it like the Sun pulling a planet's orbit
The game's that distorted—smoke and circus mirrors
Lyrics don't matter, it's a matter of perseverance
Since my first appearance became a classic feature
I'd kick it like I learned the crane stance from Pat Morita
I'll smash a fashionista, snatch her platinum Visa
And make it rain codeine 'til rappers have a seizure
Rush to Cedar Sinai, giving anesthesia
While I'm going in your pockets and boosting a bag of reefer
This will not stop 'til I'll rock a packed arena
And I'm bigger than the f*cking wine mixer in Catalina
Here's the thing: it's the Catalina f*cking wine mixer. Okay?
POW!
Are you saying, "Pow?"

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