Right Here

Diabolic

I'd like to thank ya'll,
For this opportunity to drop the jewellery,
And get this shit poppin' musically.

Feels like I'm locked in hells gate and god's my cell-mate,
Sayin' plot this jail-break, pop the cops who tailgate,
You sealed your fate prying inside my business,
To find a mind as scientific as Mayan hieroglyphics,
As god's my witness, I'll spit viral sickness,
Like bible scripted black plague in the last day's final minutes,
On a primal vicious grind, till my vinyl shipments climb,
Through the great vine and be defined as vintage wine,
Sky's the limit? Fine, I'm in your atmosphere,
To racketeer the sky and to fall it on your rap career,
And I ain't stackin' near the millions I'm worth,
Coz' sayin' somethin' ill in a verse and havin' skills are a curse,
But still, I got a feelin' that this villain at work'll be,
More chillin' than still born children at birth,
I'm the king; my underlings are building my church,
And when your mom close her eyes to pray I'm stealing her purse.
Now, god willing I become the illest on Earth,
Where love is hate so I just pray your feelings get hurt,
My life is tragic, so it's only right I write the madness,
Like being psychopathic's my right of passage,
And don't care what the price of gas is,
I'll splash it on you while I'm lighting matches,
And put out the flames with nitric acid,
Spiteful bastard, I'm back with a vengeance,
A fifth of Jack and a Mac-11 to capture the essence.

I'm just an artist gettin' closer to the edge,
So when I go over know I put my soul in what I said,
For real, Bolic ain't focused on the bread,
I had enough of that, so if you with me where the fuck you at?

Where the fuck you at? We right here,
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Fuck your gun fights, all I need is one mic and crowd-time,
And I could outshine the sunlight on cloud nine,
For now I'm climbin' uphill and grindin',
Till I chill reclining on a diamond studded silver lining,
Feel this priming, but those sceptics don't get it,
Most said I dig my own grave, I'm too poetic,
Stressed like Po said, let's organise confusion,
I'm just a microphone fiend, always high,
Using the rush, intoxicated me and fortified the movement,
And plus I get to slaughter guys all for my amusement,
Drawn my conclusion, don't need a label budget,
So I'm sayin' "fuck it", like I'm way above it, you can hate or love it,
Raised in Suffolk, fighting like I'm Razor Ruddock,
Without a pot to piss in; urinate in public,
In the home of Rakim, Eric Sermon, R.A. The Rugged,
Diabolic's dancing with the devil angel dusted,
Bring the ruckus; let's rumble in the slums,

So I can punch you in the ribs till there punchering your lungs,
I’m just wondering, how the fuck you doubling your funds,
By lieing about scratching off the numbers on the gun,
Coz’, the muthafuckas where I’m from feel inside,
That even though Dilla died, hip-hop is still alive,
And it will survive the fake thugs talkin’ tough,
When I click the nine to get a dial tone and call your bluff.

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